

THE
ATLANTIC MONTHLY:

A Magazine of Literature, Science, Art, and Politics.

VOL. LVI. — JULY, 1885. — No. CCCXXXIV.

THE NEW PORTFOLIO.

XI.

THE INTERVIEWER ATTACKS THE
SPHINX.

WHEN Miss Euthymia Tower sent her oar off in flashing splinters, as she pulled her last stroke in the boat-race, she did not know what a strain she was putting upon it. She did know that she was doing her best, but how great the force of her best was she was not aware until she saw its effects. Unconsciousness belonged to her robust nature, in all its manifestations. She did not pride herself on her knowledge, nor reproach herself for her ignorance. In every way she formed a striking contrast to her friend, Miss Vincent. Every word they spoke betrayed the difference between them: the sharp tones of Lurida's head-voice, penetrative, aggressive, sometimes irritating, revealed the corresponding traits of mental and moral character; the quiet, conversational contralto of Euthymia was the index of a nature restful and sympathetic.

The friendships of young girls prefigure the closer relations which will one day come in and dissolve their earlier intimacies. The dependence of two young friends may be mutual, but one will always lean more heavily than the other; the masculine and feminine elements will be as sure to assert them-

selves as if the friends were of different sexes.

On all common occasions Euthymia looked up to her friend as her superior. She fully appreciated all her varied gifts and knowledge, and deferred to her opinion in every-day matters, not exactly as an oracle, but as wiser than herself or any of her other companions. It was a different thing, however, when the graver questions of life came up. Lurida was full of suggestions, plans, projects, which were too liable to run into whims before she knew where they were tending. She would lay out her ideas before Euthymia so fluently and eloquently that she could not help believing them herself, and feeling as if her friend must accept them with an enthusiasm like her own. Then Euthymia would take them up with her sweet, deliberate accents, and bring her calmer judgment to bear on them.

Lurida was in an excited condition, in the midst of all her new interests and occupations. She was constantly on the lookout for papers to be read at the meetings of *her* Society, — for she made it her own in great measure, by her zeal and enthusiasm, — and in the mean time she was reading in various books which Dr. Butts selected for her, all bearing on the profession to which, at least as a possibility, she was looking forward. Privately and in a very still way, she

was occupying herself with the problem of the young stranger, the subject of some delusion, or disease, or obliquity of unknown nature, to which the vague name of antipathy had been attached. Euthymia kept an eye upon her, partly in the fear that over-excitement would produce some mental injury, and partly from anxiety lest she should compromise her womanly dignity in her desire to get at the truth of a very puzzling question.

"How do you like the books I see you reading?" said Euthymia to Lurida, one day, as they met at the Library.

"Better than all the novels I ever read," she answered. "I have been reading about the nervous system, and it seems to me I have come nearer the springs of life than ever before in all my studies. I feel just as if I were a telegraph operator. I was sure that I had a battery in my head, for I know my brain works like one; but I did not know how many centres of energy there are, and how they are played upon by all sorts of influences, external and internal. Do you know, I believe I could solve the riddle of the 'Arrowhead Village Sphinx,' as the paper called him, if he would only stay here long enough?"

"What paper has had anything about it, Lurida? I have not seen or heard of its being mentioned in any of the papers."

"You know that rather queer-looking young man who has been about here for some time, — the same one who gave the account of his interview with a celebrated author? Well, he has handed me a copy of a paper in which he writes, 'The People's Perennial and Household Inquisitor.' He talks about this village in a very free and easy way. He says there is a Sphinx here, who has mystified us all."

"And you have been chatting with that fellow! Don't you know that he'll have you and all of us in his paper?"

Don't you know that nothing is safe where one of those fellows gets in with his note-book and pencil? Oh, Lurida, Lurida, do be careful! What with this mysterious young man and this very questionable newspaper-paragraph writer, you will be talked about, if you don't mind, before you know it. You had better let the riddle of the Sphinx alone. If you must deal with such dangerous people, the safest way is to set one of them to find out the other. — I wonder if we can't get this new man to interview the visitor you have so much curiosity about. That might be managed easily enough without your having anything to do with it. Let me alone, and I will arrange it. But mind, now, you must not meddle; if you do, you will spoil everything, and get your name in the Household Inquisitor in a way you won't like."

"Don't be frightened about me, Euthymia. I don't mean to give him a chance to work me into his paper, if I can help it. But if you can get him to try his skill upon this interesting personage and his antipathy, so much the better. I am very curious about it, and therefore about him. I want to know what has produced this strange state of feeling in a young man who ought to have all the common instincts of a social being. I believe there are unexplained facts in the region of sympathies and antipathies which will repay study with a deeper insight into the mysteries of life than we have dreamed of hitherto. I often wonder whether there are not heart-waves and soul-waves as well as 'brain-waves,' which some have already recognized."

Euthymia wondered, as well she might, to hear this young woman talking the language of science like an adept. The truth is, Lurida was one of those persons who never are young, and who, by way of compensation, will never be old. They are found in both sexes. Two well-known graduates of one of our

great universities are living examples of this precocious but enduring intellectual development. If the readers of this paper cannot pick them out, they need not expect the writer of it to help them. If they guess rightly who they are, they will recognize the fact that just such exceptional individuals as the young woman we are dealing with are met with from time to time in families where intelligence has been cumulative for two or three generations.

Euthymia was very willing that the questioning and questionable visitor should learn all that was known in the village about the nebulous individual whose misty environment all the eyes in the village were trying to penetrate, but that he should learn it from some other informant than Lurida.

The next morning, as the Interviewer took his seat on a bench outside his door, to smoke his after-breakfast cigar, a bright-looking and handsome youth, whose features recalled those of Euthymia so strikingly that one might feel pretty sure he was her brother, took a seat by his side. Presently the two were engaged in conversation. The Interviewer asked all sorts of questions about everybody in the village. When he came to inquire about Maurice, the youth showed a remarkable interest regarding him. The greatest curiosity, he said, existed with reference to this personage. Everybody was trying to find out what his story was, — for a story, and a strange one, he must surely have, — and nobody had succeeded.

The Interviewer began to be unusually attentive. The young man told him the various antipathy stories, about the evil-eye hypothesis, about his horse-taming exploits, his rescuing the student whose boat was overturned, and every occurrence he could recall which would help out the effect of his narrative.

The Interviewer was becoming excited. "Can't find out anything about him, you said, did n't you? How do

you know there's anything to find? Do you want to know what I think he is? I'll tell you. I think he is an actor, — a fellow from one of the city theatres. Those fellows go off in their summer vacation, and like to puzzle the country folks. They are the very same chaps, like as not, the visitors have seen in plays at the city theatres; but of course they don't know 'em in plain clothes. Kings and Emperors look pretty shabby off the stage sometimes, I can tell you."

The young man followed the Interviewer's lead. "I should n't wonder if you were right," he said. "I remember seeing a young fellow in Romeo that looked a good deal like this one. But I never met the Sphinx, as they call him, face to face. He is as shy as a woodchuck. I believe there are people here that would give a hundred dollars to find out who he is, and where he came from, and what he is here for, and why he does n't act like other folks. I wonder why some of those newspaper men don't come up here and get hold of this story. It would be just the thing for a sensational writer."

To all this the Interviewer listened with true professional interest. Always on the lookout for something to make up a paragraph or a column about; driven oftentimes to the stalest of repetitions, — to the biggest pumpkin story, the tall cornstalk, the fat ox, the live frog from the human stomach story, the third set of teeth and reading without spectacles at ninety story, and the rest of the marvellous commonplaces which are kept in type with *eoy* or *e6m* (every other year or every six months) at the foot; always in want of a fresh incident, a new story, an undescribed character, an unexplained mystery, it is no wonder that the Interviewer fastened eagerly upon this most tempting subject for an inventive and emotional correspondent.

He had seen Paolo several times, and

knew that he was Maurice's confidential servant, but had never spoken to him. So he said to himself that he must make Paolo's acquaintance, to begin with. In the summer season many kinds of small traffic were always carried on in Arrowhead Village. Among the rest, the sellers of fruit, — oranges, bananas, and others, according to the season, — did an active business. The Interviewer watched one of these fruit-sellers, and saw that his hand-cart stopped opposite the house where, as he knew, Maurice Kirkwood was living. Presently Paolo came out of the door, and began examining the fruit in the hand-cart. The Interviewer saw his opportunity. Here was an introduction to the man, and the man must introduce him to the master.

He knew very well how to ingratiate himself with the man, — there was no difficulty about that. He had learned his name, and that he was an Italian whom Maurice had brought to this country with him.

"Good morning, Mr. Paul," he said. "How do you like the look of these oranges?"

"They pretty fair," said Paolo: "no so good as them las' week; no sweet as them was."

"Why, how do you know without tasting them?" said the Interviewer.

"I know by his look, — I know by his smell, — he no good yaller — he no smell ripe, — I know orange ever since my head no bigger than he is," and Paolo laughed at his own comparison.

The Interviewer laughed louder than Paolo. "Good!" said he, — "first-rate! Of course you know all about 'em. Why can't you pick me out a couple of what you think are the best of 'em? I shall be greatly obliged to you. I have a sick friend, and I want to get two nice sweet ones for him."

Paolo was pleased. His skill and judgment were recognized. He felt grateful to the stranger, who had given him an opportunity of conferring a fa-

vor. He selected two, after careful examination and grave deliberation. The Interviewer had sense and tact enough not to offer him an orange, and so shift the balance of obligation.

"How is Mr. Kirkwood, to-day?" he asked.

"Il Signor? He very well. He always well. Why you ask? Anybody tell you he sick?"

"No, nobody said he was sick. I have n't seen him going about for a day or two, and I thought he might have something the matter with him. Is he in the house now?"

"No: he off riding. He take long, long rides, — sometime gone all day. Sometime he go on lake, — paddle, paddle in the morning, very, very early, — in night when the moon shine; sometime stay in house, and read, and study, and write, — he great scholar, Misser Kirkwood."

"A good many books, has n't he?"

"He got whole shelves full of books. Great books, little books, old books, new books, all sorts of books. He great scholar, I tell you."

"Has n't he some curiosities, — old figures, old jewelry, old coins, or things of that sort?"

Paolo looked at the young man cautiously, almost suspiciously. "He don't keep no jewels nor no money in his chamber. He got some old things, — old jugs, old brass figgers, old money, such as they used to have in old times: she don't pass now." Paolo's genders were apt to be somewhat indiscriminately distributed.

A lucky thought struck the Interviewer. "I wonder if he would examine some old coins of mine?" said he, in a modestly tentative manner.

"I think he like to see anything curious. When he come home I ask him. Who will I tell him wants to ask him about old coin?"

"Tell him a gentleman visiting Arrowhead Village would like to call and

show him some old pieces of money, said to be Roman ones."

The Interviewer had just remembered that he had two or three old battered bits of copper which he had picked up at a tollman's, where they had been passed off for cents. He had bought them as curiosities. One had the name of Gallienus upon it, tolerably distinct, — a common little Roman penny; but it would serve his purpose of asking a question, as would two or three others with less legible legends. Paolo told him that if he came the next morning he would stand a fair chance of seeing Mr. Kirkwood. At any rate, he would speak to his master.

The Interviewer presented himself the next morning, after finishing his breakfast and his cigar, feeling reasonably sure of finding Mr. Kirkwood at home, as he proved to be. He had told Paolo to show the stranger up to his library, — or study, as he modestly called it.

It was a pleasant room enough, with a lookout on the lake in one direction, and the wooded hill in another. The tenant had fitted it up in scholarly fashion. The books Paolo spoke of were conspicuous, many of them, by their white vellum binding and tasteful gilding, showing that probably they had been bound in Rome, or some other Italian city. With these were older volumes in their dark original leather, and recent ones in cloth or paper. As the Interviewer ran his eye over them, he found that he could make very little out of what their backs taught him. Some of the paper-covered books, some of the cloth-covered ones, had names which he knew; but those on the backs of many of the others were strange to his eyes. The classics of Greek and Latin and Italian literature were there; and he saw enough to feel convinced that he had better not attempt to display his erudition in the company of this young scholar.

The first thing the Interviewer had to do was to account for his visiting a person who had not asked to make his acquaintance, and who was living as a recluse. His took out his battered coppers, and showed them to Maurice.

"I understood that you were very skilful in antiquities, and had a good many yourself. So I took the liberty of calling upon you, hoping that you could tell me something about some ancient coins I have had for a good while." So saying, he pointed to the copper with the name of Gallienus.

"Is this very rare and valuable? I have heard that great prices have been paid for some of these ancient coins, — ever so many guineas, sometimes. I suppose this is as much as a thousand years old."

"More than a thousand years old," said Maurice.

"And worth a great deal of money?" asked the Interviewer.

"No, not a great deal of money," answered Maurice.

"How much, should you say?" said the Interviewer.

Maurice smiled. "A little more than the value of its weight in copper, — I am afraid not much more. There are a good many of these coins of Gallienus knocking about. The peddlers and the shopkeepers take such pieces occasionally, and sell them, sometimes for five or ten cents, to young collectors. No, it is not very precious in money value, but as a relic, any piece of money that was passed from hand to hand a thousand or fifteen hundred years ago is interesting. The value of such relics is a good deal a matter of imagination."

"And what do you say to these others?" asked the Interviewer. Poor old worn-out things they were, with a letter or two only, and some faint trace of a figure on one or two of them.

"Very interesting, always, if they carry your imagination back to the times when you may suppose they were

current. Perhaps Horace tossed one of them to a beggar. Perhaps one of these was the coin that was brought when One said to those about Him, 'Bring me a penny, that I may see it.' But the market price is a different matter. That depends on the beauty and preservation, and above all the rarity, of the specimen. Here is a coin, now," — he opened a small cabinet, and took one from it. "Here is a Syracusan decadrachm with the head of Persephone, which is at once rare, well preserved, and beautiful. I am afraid to tell what I paid for it."

The Interviewer was not an expert in numismatics. He cared very little more for an old coin than he did for an old button, but he had thought his purchase at the tollman's might prove a good speculation. No matter about the battered old pieces: he had found out, at any rate, that Maurice must have money and could be extravagant, or what he himself considered so; also that he was familiar with ancient coins. That would do for a beginning.

"May I ask where you picked up the coin you are showing me?" he said.

"That is a question which provokes a negative answer. One does not 'pick up' first-class coins or paintings, very often, in these times. I bought this of a great dealer in Rome."

"Lived in Rome once?" said the Interviewer.

"For some years. Perhaps you have been there yourself?"

The Interviewer said he had never been there yet, but he hoped he should go there, one of these years. "I suppose you studied art and antiquities while you were there?" he continued.

"Everybody who goes to Rome must learn something of art and antiquities. Before you go there I advise you to review Roman history and the classic authors. You had better make a study of ancient and modern art, and not have everything to learn while you are going

about among ruins, and churches, and galleries. You know your Horace and Virgil well, I take it for granted?"

The Interviewer hesitated. The names sounded as if he had heard them. "Not so well as I mean to before going to Rome," he answered. "May I ask how long you lived in Rome?"

"Long enough to know something of what is to be seen in it. No one should go there without careful preparation beforehand. You are familiar with Vasari, of course?"

The Interviewer felt a slight moisture on his forehead. He took out his handkerchief. "It is a warm day," he said. "I have not had time to read all the works I mean to. I have had too much writing to do, myself, to find all the time for reading and study I could have wished."

"In what literary occupation have you been engaged, if you will pardon my inquiry?" said Maurice.

"I am connected with the press. I understood that you were a man of letters, and I hoped I might have the privilege of hearing from your own lips some account of your literary experiences."

"Perhaps that might be interesting, but I think I shall reserve it for my autobiography. You said you were connected with the press. Do I understand that you are an author?"

By this time the Interviewer had come to the conclusion that it was a *very* warm day. He did not seem to be getting hold of his pitcher by the right handle, somehow. But he could not help answering Maurice's very simple question.

"If writing for a newspaper gives one a right to be called an author, I may call myself one. I write for the 'People's Perennial and Household Inquisitor.'"

"Are you the literary critic of that well-known journal, or do you manage the political column?"

"I am a correspondent from different places and on various matters of interest."

"Places you have been to, and people you have known?"

"Well, yes, — generally, that is. Sometimes I have to compile my articles."

"Did you write the letter from Rome, published a few weeks ago?"

The Interviewer was in what he would call a tight place. However, he had found that his man was too much for him, and saw that the best thing he could do was to submit to be interviewed himself. He thought that he should be able to pick up something or other which he could work into his report of his visit.

Well, I — prepared that article for our columns. You know one does not have to see everything he describes. You found it accurate, I hope, in its descriptions?"

"Yes, Murray is generally accurate. Sometimes he makes mistakes, but I can't say how far you have copied them. You got the Ponte Molle — the old Milvian bridge — a good deal too far down the stream, if I remember. I happened to notice that, but I did not read the article carefully. May I ask whether you propose to do me the honor of reporting this visit and the conversation we have had, for the columns of the newspaper with which you are connected?"

The Interviewer thought he saw an opening. "If you have no objections," he said, "I should like very much to ask a few questions." He was recovering his professional audacity.

"You can ask as many questions as you consider proper and discreet — after you have answered one or two of mine: Who commissioned you to submit me to examination?"

"The curiosity of the public wishes to be gratified, and I am the humble agent of its investigations."

"What has the public to do with my private affairs?"

"I suppose it is a question of majority and minority. That settles everything in this country. You are a minority of one opposed to a large number of curious people that form a majority against you. That is the way I've heard the chief put it."

Maurice could not help smiling at the quiet assumption of the American citizen. The Interviewer smiled, too, and thought he had his man, sure, at last. Maurice calmly answered, "There is nothing left for minorities, then, but the right of rebellion. I don't care about being made the subject of an article for your paper. I am here for my pleasure, minding my own business, and content with that occupation. I rebel against your system of forced publicity. Whenever I am ready I shall tell the public all it has any right to know about me. In the mean time I shall request to be spared reading my biography while I am living. I wish you a good-morning."

The Interviewer had not taken out his note-book and pencil. In his next communication from Arrowhead Village he contented himself with a brief mention of the distinguished and accomplished gentleman now visiting the place, whose library and cabinet of coins he had had the privilege of examining and whose courtesy was equalled only by the modesty that shunned the public notoriety which the organs of popular intelligence would otherwise confer upon him.

The Interviewer had attempted the riddle of the Sphinx, and had failed to get the first hint of its solution.

The many tongues of the village and its visitors could not remain idle. The whole subject of antipathies had been talked over, and the various cases recorded had become more or less familiar to the conversational circles which met

every evening in the different centres of social life. The prevalent hypothesis for the moment was that Maurice had a congenital aversion to some color, the effects of which upon him were so painful or disagreeable that he habitually avoided exposure to it. It was known, and it has already been mentioned in this paper, that such cases were on record. There had been a great deal of discussion, of late, with reference to a fact long known to a few individuals, but only recently made a matter of careful scientific observation and brought to the notice of the public. This was the now well-known phenomenon of color-blindness. It did not seem very strange that if one person in every score or two could not tell red from green there might be other curious individual peculiarities relating to color. A case has already been referred to where the subject of observation fainted at the sight of any red object. What if this were the trouble with Maurice Kirkwood? It will be seen at once how such a congenital antipathy would tend to isolate the person who was its unfortunate victim. It was an hypothesis not difficult to test, but it was a rather delicate business to be experimenting on an inoffensive stranger. Miss Vincent was thinking it over, but said nothing, even to Euthymia, of any projects she might entertain.

XII.

MISS VINCENT AS A MEDICAL STUDENT.

The young lady whom we have known as The Terror, as Lurida, as Miss Vincent, Secretary of the Pansophian Society, had been reading various works selected for her by Dr. Butts, — works chiefly relating to the nervous system and its different affections. She thought it was about time to talk over the general subject of the medical profession

with her new teacher, — if such a self-directing person as Lurida could be said to recognize anybody as teacher.

She began at the beginning. "What is the first book you would put in a student's hands, doctor?" she said to him one day. They were in his study, and Lurida had just brought back a thick volume on *Insanity*, one of Bucknill and Tuke's, which she had devoured as if it had been a pamphlet.

"Not that book, certainly," he said. "I am afraid it will put all sorts of notions into your head. Who or what set you to reading that, I should like to know?"

"I found it on one of your shelves, and as I thought I might perhaps be crazy some time or other, I felt as if I should like to know what kind of a condition insanity is. I don't believe they were ever very bright, those insane people, most of them. I hope I am not stupid enough ever to lose my wits."

"There is no telling, my dear, what may happen if you overwork that busy brain of yours. But did n't it make you nervous, reading about so many people possessed with such strange notions?"

"Nervous? Not a bit. I could n't help thinking, though, how many people I had known that had a little touch of craziness about them. Take that poor woman that says she is Her Majesty's Person, — not Her Majesty, but Her Majesty's Person, — a very important distinction, according to her: how she does remind me of more than one girl I have known! She would let her skirts down so as to make a kind of train, and pile things on her head like a sort of crown, fold her arms and throw her head back, and feel as grand as a queen. I have seen more than one girl act very much in that way. Are not most of us a little crazy, doctor, — just a little? I think so. It seems to me I never saw but one girl who was free from every hint of craziness."

"And who was that, pray?"

"Why, Euthymia, — nobody else, of course. She never loses her head, — I don't believe she would in an earthquake. Whenever we were at work with our microscopes at the Institute I always told her that her mind was the only achromatic one I ever looked into, — I did n't say looked through. — But I did n't come to talk about that. I read in one of your books that when Sydenham was asked by a student what books he should read, the great physician said, 'Read Don Quixote.' I want you to explain that to me; and then I want you to tell me what is the first book, according to your idea, that a student ought to read."

"What do you say to my taking your question as the subject of a paper to be read before the Society? I think there may be other young ladies at the meeting, besides yourself, who are thinking of pursuing the study of medicine. At any rate, there are a good many who are interested in the subject; in fact, most people listen readily to anything doctors tell them about their calling."

"I wish you would, doctor. I want Euthymia to hear it, and I don't doubt there will be others who will be glad to hear everything you have to say about it. But oh, doctor, if you could only persuade Euthymia to become a physician! What a doctor she would make! So strong, so calm, so full of wisdom! I believe she could take the wheel of a steamboat in a storm, or the hose of a fire-engine in a conflagration, and handle it as well as the captain of the boat or of the fire-company."

"Have you ever talked with her about studying medicine?"

"Indeed I have. Oh, if she would only begin with me! What good times we would have studying together!"

"I don't doubt it. Medicine is a very pleasant study. But how do you think practice would be? How would you like being called up to ride ten miles in a midnight snow-storm, just when one

of your raging headaches was racking you?"

"Oh, but we could go into partnership, and Euthymia is n't afraid of storms or anything else. If she would only study medicine with me!"

"Well, what does she say to it?"

"She does n't like the thought of it. She does n't believe in women doctors. She thinks that now and then a woman may be fitted for it by nature, but she does n't think there are many who are. She gives me a good many reasons against their practising medicine, — you know what most of them are, doctor, — and ends by saying that the same woman who would be a poor sort of doctor would make a first-rate nurse; and that, she thinks, is a woman's business, if her instinct carries her to the hospital or sick-chamber. I can't argue her ideas out of her."

"Neither can I argue you out of your feeling about the matter; but I am disposed to agree with your friend, that you will often spoil a good nurse to make a poor doctor. Doctors and side-saddles don't seem to me to go together. Riding habits would be awkward things for practitioners. But come, we won't have a controversy just now. I am for giving women every chance for a good education, and if they think medicine is one of their proper callings let them try it. I think they will find that they had better at least limit themselves to certain specialties, and always have an expert of the other sex to fall back upon. The trouble is that they are so impressible and imaginative that they are at the mercy of all sorts of fancy systems. You have only to see what kinds of instruction they very commonly flock to in order to guess whether they would be likely to prove sensible practitioners. Charlatanism always hobbles on two crutches, the tattle of women, and the certificates of clergymen, and I am afraid that half the women doctors will be too much under both those influences."

Lurida believed in Dr. Butts, who, to use the common language of the village, had "carried her through" a fever, brought on by over-excitement and exhausting study. She took no offence at his reference to nursery gossip, which she had learned to hold cheap. Nobody so despises the weaknesses of women as the champion of woman's rights. She accepted the doctor's concession of a fair field and open trial of the fitness of her sex for medical practice, and did not trouble herself about his suggested limitations. As to the imaginative tendencies of women, she knew too well the truth of the doctor's remark relating to them to wish to contradict it.

"Be sure you let me have your paper in season for the next meeting, doctor," she said; and in due season it came, and was of course approved for reading.

XIII.

DR. BUTTS READS A PAPER.

"Next to the interest we take in all that relates to our immortal souls is that which we feel for our mortal bodies. I am afraid my very first statement may be open to criticism. The care of the body is the first thought with a great many, — in fact, with the larger part of the world. They send for the physician first, and not until he gives them up do they commonly call in the clergyman. Even the minister himself is not so very different from other people. We must not blame him if he is not always impatient to exchange a world of multiplied interests and ever-changing sources of excitement for that which tradition has delivered to us as one eminently deficient in the stimulus of variety. Besides, these bodily frames, even when worn and disfigured by long years of service, hang about our consciousness like old garments. They are used to us, and we are used to them. And all

the accidents of our lives, — the house we dwell in, the living people round us, the landscape we look over, all, up to the sky that covers us like a bell glass, — all these are but looser outside garments which we have worn until they seem a part of us, and we do not like the thought of changing them for a new suit which we have never yet tried on. How well I remember that dear ancient lady, who lived well into the last decade of her century, as she repeated the verse which, if I had but one to choose, I would select from that string of pearls, Gray's *Elegy*! —

'For who to dumb forgetfulness a prey
This pleasing, anxious being e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one lingering look behind?'

Plotinus was ashamed of his body, we are told. Better so, it may be, than to live solely for it, as so many do. But it may be well doubted if there is any disciple of Plotinus in this Society. On the contrary, there are many who think a great deal of their bodies, many who have come here to regain the health they have lost in the wear and tear of city life, and very few who have not at some time or other of their lives had occasion to call in the services of a physician.

"There is, therefore, no impropriety in my offering to the members some remarks upon the peculiar difficulties which beset the medical practitioner in the discharge of his laborious and important duties.

"A young friend of mine, who has taken an interest in medical studies, happened to meet with a very familiar story about one of the greatest and most celebrated of all English physicians, Thomas Sydenham. The story is that, when a student asked him what books he should read, the great doctor told him to read *Don Quixote*.

"This piece of advice has been used to throw contempt upon the study of books, and furnishes a convenient shield for ignorant pretenders. But Syden-

ham left many writings in which he has recorded his medical experience, and he surely would not have published them if he had not thought they would be better reading for the medical student than the story of Cervantes. His own works are esteemed to this day, and he certainly could not have supposed that they contained all the wisdom of all the past. No remedy is good, it was said of old, unless applied at the right time in the right way. So we may say of all anecdotes, like this which I have told you about Sydenham and the young man. It is very likely that he carried him to the bedside of some patients, and talked to him about the cases he showed him, instead of putting a Latin volume in his hand. I would as soon begin in that way as any other, with a student who had already mastered the preliminary branches, — who knew enough about the structure and functions of the body in health.

“But if you ask me what reading I would commend to the medical student of a philosophical habit of mind, you may be surprised to hear me say it would be certain passages in ‘Rasselas.’ They are the ones where the astronomer gives an account to Imlac of his management of the elements, the control of which, as he had persuaded himself, had been committed to him. Let me read you a few sentences from this story, which is commonly bound up with the ‘Vicar of Wakefield,’ like a woollen lining to a silken mantle, but is full of stately wisdom in processions of paragraphs which sound as if they ought to have a grammatical drum-major to march before their tramping platoons.

“The astronomer has taken Imlac into his confidence, and reveals to him the secret of his wonderful powers:—

“‘Hear, Imlac, what thou wilt not without difficulty credit. I have possessed for five years the regulation of the weather and the distribution of the seasons: the sun has listened to my

dictates, and passed from tropic to tropic by my direction; the clouds, at my call, have poured their waters, and the Nile has overflowed at my command; I have restrained the rage of the dog-star, and mitigated the fervors of the crab. The winds alone, of all the elemental powers, have hitherto eluded my authority, and multitudes have perished by equinoctial tempests, which I found myself unable to prohibit or restrain.’

“The reader naturally wishes to know how the astronomer, a sincere, devoted, and most benevolent man, for forty years a student of the heavens, came to the strange belief that he possessed these miraculous powers. This is his account:—

“‘One day, as I was looking on the fields withering with heat, I felt in my mind a sudden wish that I could send rain on the southern mountains, and raise the Nile to an inundation. In the hurry of my imagination I commanded rain to fall, and by comparing the time of my command with that of the inundation I found that the clouds had listened to my lips.’

“‘Might not some other cause,’ said I, ‘produce this concurrence? The Nile does not always rise on the same day.’

“‘Do not believe,’ said he, with impatience, ‘that such objections could escape me: I reasoned long against my own conviction, and labored against truth with the utmost obstinacy. I sometimes suspected myself of madness, and should not have dared to impart this secret but to a man like you, capable of distinguishing the wonderful from the impossible and the incredible from the false.’

“The good old astronomer gives his parting directions to Imlac, whom he has adopted as his successor in the government of the elements and the seasons, in these impressive words:—

“‘Do not, in the administration of the year, indulge thy pride by innovation; do not please thyself with thinking that

thou canst make thyself renowned to all future ages by disordering the seasons. The memory of mischief is no desirable fame. Much less will it become thee to let kindness or interest prevail. Never rob other countries of rain to pour it on thine own. For us the Nile is sufficient.'

"Do you wonder, my friends, why I have chosen these passages, in which the delusions of an insane astronomer are related with all the pomp of the Johnsonian vocabulary, as the first lesson for the young person about to enter on the study of the science and art of healing? Listen to me while I show you the parallel of the story of the astronomer in the history of medicine.

"This history is luminous with intelligence, radiant with benevolence, but all its wisdom and all its virtue have had to struggle with the ever-rising mists of delusion. The agencies which waste and destroy the race of mankind are vast and resistless as the elemental forces of nature; nay, they are themselves elemental forces. They may be to some extent avoided, to some extent diverted from their aim, to some extent resisted. So may the changes of the seasons, from cold that freezes to heats that strike with sudden death, be guarded against. So may the tides be in some small measure restrained in their inroads. So may the storms be breasted by walls they cannot shake from their foundations. But the seasons and the tides and the tempests work their will on the great scale upon whatever stands in their way; they feed or starve the tillers of the soil; they spare or drown the dwellers by the shore; they waft the seaman to his harbor or bury him in the angry billows.

"The art of the physician can do much to remove its subjects from deadly and dangerous influences, and something to control or arrest the effects of these influences. But look at the records of the life-insurance offices, and see how uniform is the action of nature's de-

stroying agencies. Look at the annual reports of the deaths in any of our great cities, and see how their regularity approaches the uniformity of the tides, and their variations keep pace with those of the seasons. The inundations of the Nile are not more certainly to be predicted than the vast wave of infantile disease which flows in upon all our great cities with the growing heats of July, — than the fevers and dysenteries which visit our rural districts in the months of the falling leaf.

"The physician watches these changes as the astronomer watched the rise of the great river. He longs to rescue individuals, to protect communities from the inroads of these destroying agencies. He uses all the means which experience has approved, tries every rational method which ingenuity can suggest. Some fortunate recovery leads him to believe he has hit upon a preventive or a cure for a malady which had resisted all known remedies. His rescued patient sounds his praises, and a wide circle of his patient's friends joins in a chorus of eulogies. Self-love applauds him for his sagacity. Self-interest congratulates him on his having found the road to fortune; the sense of having proved a benefactor of his race smooths the pillow on which he lays his head to dream of the brilliant future opening before him. If a single coincidence may lead a person of sanguine disposition to believe that he has mastered a disease which had baffled all who were before his time, and on which his contemporaries looked in hopeless impotence, what must be the effect of a series of such coincidences even on a mind of calmer temper! Such series of coincidences will happen, and they may well deceive the very elect. Think of Dr. Rush, — you know what a famous man he was, the very head and front of American medical science in his day, — and remember how he spoke about yellow fever, which he thought he had mastered!

"Thus the physician is entangled in the meshes of a wide conspiracy, in which he and his patient and their friends, and Nature herself are involved. What wonder that the history of Medicine should be to so great an extent a record of self-delusion !

"If this seems a dangerous concession to the enemies of the true science and art of healing, I will remind you that it is all implied in the first aphorism of Hippocrates, the Father of Medicine. Do not draw a wrong inference from the frank statement of the difficulties which beset the medical practitioner. Think rather, if truth is so hard of attainment, how precious are the results which the consent of the wisest and most experienced among the healers of men agrees in accepting. Think what folly it is to cast them aside in favor of palpable impositions stolen from the records of for-

gotten charlatanism, or of fantastic speculations spun from the squinting brains of theorists as wild as the Egyptian astronomer.

"Begin your medical studies, then, by reading the fortieth and the following four chapters of *Rasselas*. Your first lesson will teach you modesty and caution in the pursuit of the most deceptive of all practical branches of knowledge. Faith will come later, when you learn how much medical science and art have actually achieved for the relief of mankind, and how great are the promises it holds out of still larger triumphs over the enemies of human health and happiness."

After the reading of this paper there was a lively discussion, which we have no room to report here, and the Society adjourned.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

THE SINGULAR CASE OF JESHURUN BARKER.

If any of my readers, familiar with the medical journals of 1845 or thereabouts, should recall any statements then published concerning this peculiar and interesting case, they may also remember something of the attention it attracted at the time, and the discussion it awakened not only in this country but also in France and Germany. Briefly summarized and stripped of its elaborate wrappings of scientific terms and medical phraseology, the fact stated was of a curious malformation in the case of a boy, then some ten or twelve years of age. There was no outward defect, no physical deformity, but only a peculiar transposition of the mental organs, "by which," to quote the felicitous language of a writer of the day, "that wonderful mirror in the brain, which we call memory, was simply reversed, so that instead

of reflecting the past it reflected the future, and the boy, instead of remembering backward like ordinary people, remembered forward."

However, the majority of people must have long since forgotten the circumstance, as would doubtless have happened with my later knowledge of it, acquired from old volumes on file in my father's office, had not more recent events revived it, and given me a week or two of strange experience. Our family consists of my aunt, my aunt's rheumatism, my sister Lizzie, and myself. The rheumatism is certainly entitled to mention as one of the family, since it not only sits at our table and lodges under our roof, but always forms a majority in our family councils. It was the rheumatism which decided that we should spend the summer of 1880 at

Hot Springs. My aunt asked our advice about it one morning at the breakfast-table, calmly prefacing her request with the information that she had decided to go. When an elderly lady with gold spectacles, a rather pronounced nose and chin, and a still more pronounced fortune in her own right asks advice in that way of the younger members of her family, the result can readily be surmised. On the whole, the movement was less objectionable than many decisions of our majority, since, as Lizzie pensively observed, "Even a hot watering-place is not without its attractions." It chanced, too, that I had business in the neighborhood of Little Rock which could be as well transacted at that time as another, and so would enable me to be near my aunt and sister without the enforced leisure which I detested. After securing and settling one's self in desirable quarters for such a sojourn, the next item of interest is, naturally, one's neighbors; and here we congratulated ourselves upon being peculiarly fortunate.

"Guests enough to save us from anything like dullness or monotony, without the tiresomeness and discomfort of a crowd," murmured my aunt complacently, as she surveyed the cool, pleasant dining-hall at our first breakfast.

Near us was a quiet group, which presently attracted attention by its proximity — a middle-aged gentleman with his wife and daughter, apparently. Dress and manner marked them as persons of refinement, a certain easy adaptation to their surroundings hinted of familiarity with travel, and they did not appear to be invalids, though there was an air of watchfulness about them, a scarcely defined repression, that marked them as differing somewhat from mere pleasure-seekers.

"Perhaps they have an invalid son or daughter with them, who is not able to come down to meals," observed Aunt Dill, unconsciously answering this comment, which no one had expressed.

Now and then, in the pauses of our own conversation, sentences from our neighbors floated to us unavoidably. There was a beautiful child wandering up and down the hall, belonging to some one accustomed to the house evidently, and feeling himself on his native heath, for he strayed from one group to another at will, and was petted by all. Presently he stopped, and surveyed with grave baby eyes the party near us.

"What a lovely child!" exclaimed the young lady, coaxing him near with a bonbon.

"Yes, and he resembles — Why — I can't think where I have ever seen him," remarked the gentleman in a tone of perplexity.

"Nowhere, dear; of course you never did," interposed his wife, with what seemed like anxious haste. "None of us have ever seen him until now."

"But he reminds me of some one," persisted the gentleman musingly. "Ah, I remember! It is your little boy, Nellie. He is very like your little boy."

A flush swept over the young lady's face, the dark red flush of annoyance or pain. Her answer was inaudible, but she sent the little one away.

"A young widow, who has lost her child?" suggested Aunt Dill in a low voice to Lizzie, under cover of passing the rolls.

"Too young, and not in mourning," answered Lizzie, in the same tone.

She looked very young, — not over eighteen, — and very pretty and graceful also, as she left the room a little later, passing directly by us. They were our neighbors again at dinner, and in the afternoon I met the gentleman on one of the smooth wide walks — "the beach," some of our friends had christened it — of the grounds. A small velocipedist had just succeeded in upsetting himself, and the gentleman paused to rescue the wailing urchin, when a malicious gust of wind whisked away the rescuer's hat. I captured the

flying property and returned it, to meet not only thanks but a pleasant smile of recognition.

"Dr. Wilkinson, I believe?"

He must have noticed us in the dining-hall, then, though he had not seemed to do so; but how had he learned my name? I wondered. The M. D. on my office sign was still so uncomfortably fresh that I could scarcely imagine my reputation had preceded me. He read my glance and answered it.

"I met you on the morning train for Little Rock—going up to attend the Cashville trial; I am interested in that too—and we lunched together at Melico's."

That was exactly my plan for the morrow, but it assuredly was what I had not done on this first day of my arrival, nor on any preceding day. There was some mistake, but I had neither time to explain nor ask for explanation. His daughter, who had been detained a moment by a friend, called to him:—

"I am ready, papa!"

It was a sweet, quick voice, holding in it the slightest possible hint of one who did not care to wait, and he yielded to it at once, replying to my somewhat confused statement that he had "the advantage of me," by handing me his card as he turned away. It was only after he had gone that I reflected that the Cashville trial would not begin until the next day, and so I grew more puzzled still. The card was inscribed "Jeshurun Barker," and the name had a familiar look and sound; but I could not link it with any one I had ever known, and so was forced to drop the matter. However, if I had not met him before, I met him frequently afterward. We journeyed to Little Rock together the next morning, lunched at the same place, and found ourselves on the same return train in the evening. Fate had determined, it appeared, that our two parties should be thrown together. We encountered them in the

halls, on the piazzas, and on the grounds; and between the ladies there soon sprang up one of the sudden friendships that belong to such places. Lizzie found a strong attraction in Miss Barker.

"And she is *Miss Barker*,—I've learned that much," announced Aunt Dill complacently, after the first morning together. "Of course I hesitated a little between Mrs. and Miss after what I had heard her father say, but she laughed as if it were the funniest thing in the world that I should 'accord her any such matronly dignity,' as she said. When I told her what I had overheard, though, for I did tell her, she flushed in just that odd way again, and answered quickly:—

"'Oh, no, that was not what papa meant. He—misspeaks sometimes. He was thinking of—of an older daughter of his.'"

"That is exactly the way in which she put it—not 'my sister,' you notice, nor 'my little nephew,' as any one would naturally say, but only 'an older daughter of papa's.' They are very pleasant people, but I'll warrant there is a twist in their family history somewhere,—a daughter who has married disreputably, perhaps."

I longed to remind my aunt of certain maxims concerning the vulgarity of undue interest in other people's affairs which had been lavishly bestowed upon me in the days of my youth. But it is not always safe to return these kindnesses of one's childhood. Our elders, I have observed, are prone to regard their choicest admonitions in the light in which the celebrated Miss McFlimsey viewed her betrothal:—

"A sort of engagement, you see,

Which is binding on you, but not binding on me."

Lizzie and I consoled ourselves by ascribing these lapses on Aunt Dill's part to the rheumatism. Aunt Dill was so closely allied to us in family and blood

that we could not shirk responsibility where she was concerned, but the rheumatism was only a relation-in-law, as it were, and could be disapproved of when necessary.

"Mrs. Barker remarked incidentally, to-day, that Nellie was her only child," said Aunt Dill, an evening or two later. "Now, how do you reconcile that with a runaway daughter?"

"Dear me, auntie! That runaway daughter is purely your own invention, and nobody else needs to be reconciled to her," laughed Lizzie. "It is possible that Miss Nellie may have lost a half dozen brothers and sisters, older and younger, and now be an only child, is n't it? Besides, she only spoke of an 'older daughter of papa's,'—which may have meant a half sister or a step sister."

"H'm," responded Aunt Dill disdainfully, but she caught at the last suggestion, unfortunately, and proceeded to test it. To do her justice, she managed the matter with admirable *finesse*, and it was only during an easy after-dinner chat, which had somehow fallen upon the subject of odd marriages and second marriages, that she adroitly seized upon a remark of Mr. Barker's with the playful question:—

"You speak feelingly! Surely you have had no experience in second marriages?"

"I?" It really seemed for a moment as if the gentleman did not know whether he had or not. He drew his hand across his brow and looked toward his wife, who was standing by an opposite window; then his dark eyes softened. "Indeed, no!" he said, with his peculiar smile that always held a tinge of melancholy. "I doubt whether there are two women in the world who are brave enough for that."

His wife caught his glance and joined our group directly. They were a very affectionate family, the Barkers. Their devotion to each other was so intense as

to be even a trifle annoying occasionally, for whenever I had engaged the gentleman in a conversation that bade fair to be more than ordinarily interesting, his wife or daughter appeared upon the scene and appropriated him at once. Under ordinary circumstances it must be confessed that Miss Nellie might have proved a very agreeable intrusion, with her pretty, flushing face and winning, graceful ways. But any such attractions were dispelled, for me, by a hand at home, which wore a ring in the same state of untarnished newness as my office sign. Moreover, young Sayles had followed the Barkers to the springs, had been welcomed as an old acquaintance, and seemed successfully bent upon proving himself a very intimate one. His fine physique, to say nothing of his enraptured glances, made it evident that he had not come for any benefit from the springs; and he would not have needed them in any case, as Miss Nellie must have kept him continually in hot water by her inopportune flyings-off after "dear papa."

It was only upon rare occasions that Mr. Barker could be drawn into anything like conversation. Usually, he contented himself with courteous but very brief replies when directly addressed, and for the rest listened smilingly but silently while others talked. It was only reticence, however, not dullness, as one could readily see by watching the expression of his mobile features, and the interest in his deep, peculiar eyes. There were times, too, when his interest overleaped the barriers of restraint, and the views he expressed were striking and original.

Two or three times, when we were together, I had chanced to awaken him upon some medical topic, and was surprised and delighted to hear of discoveries which were new to me, though I considered myself particularly well read. But, as I have said, such conversations were always interrupted by

either his wife or daughter. It was an absurd fancy, of course, but it really seemed at times as if they were jealous of any attention he bestowed upon others. The man puzzled and fascinated me with his quiet, gentle, almost melancholy air, and his strange reserve, which was only a veil for opinions so unique, so startling, and so positive that, when once expressed, they carried with them the force of knowledge. Then, too, his name still perplexed me with its odd familiarity. I was haunted by some flitting ghost of association which I could not materialize.

It was young Sayles who solved the problem for me at last. The number of guests increased as the season advanced, augmented not only by those who were needing to be built up physically, but by some who were seeking to build up financially. The attraction for these was not the mineral water, but a mineral more solid, as represented by Judge Leach, president of the Great Synket Silver Mine, — “the richest mine in Mexico, sir,” as the pompous judge was fond of informing the knot of listeners who always hung about him. He had come North on business connected with the mine, it was stated, and the local papers devoted considerable space to the object of his visit, his success and movements generally, calling him “one of our great silver kings.” His presence had created no small stir in certain circles at Little Rock and at the Springs, where, for some reason, he preferred to spend a part of his time. There were eager groups constantly about the magnate, discoursing with feverish excitement of stocks, shares, and dividends.

Our comfortable quiet was gone. The very swings on the grounds suggested derricks, and one could “no longer view the forks and spoons on the table without a desire to have them assayed,” young Sayles declared in disgust. It was this feeling of being crowded that suggested the idea of a day’s respite

by a picnic excursion to a neighboring grove. The Barkers and ourselves, feeling that we were a sort of aborigines among these new-comers, were drawn more closely together, and Mr. Sayles had kindly included us in his picnic project.

“Now, if it’s only a pleasant day to-morrow,” he said, as we discussed final arrangements. “Miss Nellie, suppose we ask your father what he thinks of the weather? He always seems to prophesy correctly.”

Miss Nellie hesitated, colored, and looked appealingly at her mother, as if, for some reason, the simple suggestion were a very embarrassing one. But Mr. Barker was sitting by a window, newspaper in hand, and Mr. Sayles had turned toward him as he spoke.

“Shall we have a fine day for our excursion, do you think, sir? What is the prospect for to-morrow?”

“Excursion?” Mr. Barker repeated the words as if he had not heard of the project before. “Oh, yes, the weather is fine enough to-morrow, and — why, no, we did n’t go on any excursion, with Nellie sick in her room with a headache, and the whole plan spoiled because of one inadvertent remark. I really cannot see any sense in it.”

Neither could any one else. We all stared at him blankly except Mrs. Barker. There was meaning enough in her quick glance, and her laugh was forced and uneasy.

“My dear, what a mixture of tenses! Your mind must be all on your newspaper. Nobody but yourself has made any inadvertent remark.”

Warning, reminder, appeal, were in her eyes and voice, but it is probable that Mr. Barker’s mind was still a little abstracted by his reading, for he only looked bewildered and answered hastily: —

“Yes, yes, it was my own, of course; though I can’t think just now what it was, nor why Nellie need feel so about

it, since Sayles is one of the family. If a man can't speak before his son-in-law" —

The sudden start and rustle in his audience convinced Mr. Barker that something was wrong. He looked helplessly at his wife, questioningly at the rest of us, and added emphatically, as if his word had been doubted: —

"I assure you, I have given my consent next week."

That picnic council unceremoniously dissolved — dissolved is the proper word. There was a swift little rush of soft draperies and ribbons, and Miss Nellie had vanished through the door and up the stairway, followed by her mother. Aunt Dill and Lizzie were in the back parlor discoursing volubly on the mysteries of afghan-stitch — whatever that may be — and Mr. Sayles was discovered on a side porch, a moment later, his face very red from looking up at a hornet's nest in the roof, and he remarked, with true scientific interest, that it was "curious to watch how those reptiles could be such ingenious little insects, you know."

For myself, I had received a revelation. The Singular Case of Jeshurun Barker, as I had read of it years before, flashed clearly upon my memory, and unraveled at once all the perplexing tangles of the last few days. This was the man, and his peculiar manner, his inexplicable speeches and keen insight were accounted for. To confess that Miss Nellie's mortification, the disappointment of the picnic party, and the general embarrassment were completely forgotten by me in the prospective delight of studying this rare phenomenon is, probably, to accuse myself of selfishness. I can only plead guilty, feeling sure that with any enthusiastic member of the medical profession I shall need no commendation to mercy.

Of course the matter was soon explained to the others. I told my aunt and sister what I knew, though Lizzie

learned far more the next day from Miss Nellie herself, after spending the forenoon in an atmosphere of sympathy and camphor by that young lady's bedside. Miss Nellie had wept herself into a furious headache, and declared between her fits of sobbing that she never could be induced to go down stairs again — never!

"It has always been so ever since I can remember. We never stay anywhere long, no matter how delightful it is. Something always happens, and we have to go away," she said plaintively. "Fancy having a father who, instead of remembering how pretty you looked in your first short dress, should only remember how you will look in your first spectacles or when your front teeth are gone, or some such wretched thing! But the worst of it is n't any discomfort to ourselves, — anything that we can keep to ourselves, I mean, — mamma and I have grown used to that; it is the embarrassments with other people. We have to be always watching and explaining and doing things that are odd, and even then the best that usually comes of it is that people think him slightly insane. Why, do you know, in one place where they found out about his queer memory they ran after us to have their fortunes told. Exactly as if we had been a party of gypsies! Nobody could make them believe that he did n't know anything about their old fortunes. And there was a jury trial once — Oh dear! I could tell you no end of things, but it is n't any use. Of course I don't blame poor dear papa; he can't help it, and he won't remember the least thing that he said to Mr. Sayles last night. But how would you feel to be fairly thrown at a man's head in that horrid way?"

Mr. Sayles, however, when he had recovered from the suddenness of the onslaught, was not only delighted with the missile, but in ecstasies at the accuracy of the aim; so that difficulty was overcome, and Miss Nellie was soon

lured back to her wonted place among us. In our own little circle, as we had come to call our two families (Mr. Sayles included), all concealment of Mr. Barker's peculiarity was now at an end. By a sort of tacit agreement we aided his wife and daughter in shielding him from any encounter that might awaken the curiosity of strangers; but among ourselves there was a dropping of constraint and surveillance that certainly must have been a relief to the good gentleman, even though he remembered nothing of his previous position, nor any causes which had led to a change.

Silence and reserve had become habitual with him, nevertheless it was possible to overcome this barrier occasionally, and as our conversations were no longer watched and interrupted, they became more frequent and even confidential.

"You see how it is," he said somewhat sadly one day. "I live in a different world from yours—a different world from all those about me. It is only joined to theirs by the narrow isthmus of to-day. People who are always wishing they could 'see ahead' do not know what they ask. It is isolation, sir, isolation."

"I suspect no one would wish it at the expense of not being able to see backward," I replied. "But how did you first become aware of this difference between yourself and others?"

He looked at me a moment, and shook his head with a smile.

"If I could answer that question, Dr. Wilkinson, I should not be different from others."

I laughed as I realized the absurdity of the inquiry, yet it was an error into which I was constantly and naturally falling in all our intercourse.

"Your past is a blank, then?" I said.

"No, not a blank. I do not *know* it any more than you know your future, but it holds dreams and probabilities. Your future is not really a blank to you.

And from what exists at present I can imagine the past, as you forecast the future."

"But aspirations, plans, and hopes are the chief mediums through which I view the future," I suggested.

"True; and they cannot apply to the past, nor, in any great measure, to a future that is known; for a man does not hope for what he knows. As for plans—I know what I must do to-day by knowing what results from it to-morrow."

"But there is where you must have the advantage of ordinary people," I urged. "If you foresee danger, you can avoid it."

"I don't foresee, I only remember, and a man can't remember what does n't happen, can he?" insisted Mr. Barker. "You could n't avoid breaking your leg last summer by remembering it now, could you? And I can't avoid breaking mine next summer by remembering it now, either. It's a compound fracture, too," he added, ruefully.

Thinking over his case one night—and I really bestowed more thought upon this curious freak of nature than upon anything else during those few weeks at the springs—there suddenly occurred to me the possibility of superseding Gates Ajar and kindred speculations of the day by something like positive testimony. I questioned Mr. Barker upon the subject.

"How far forward does your knowledge extend? Can you remember into any state beyond this life?—any eternity to which we go?"

"No more than you can remember back into the eternity from which you came. Memory is only memory, I suppose, whichever way it faces. It is a mirror, which simply reflects the room it is in, and mine is hung on the opposite wall from most people's. Your remembrance runs back, growing less and less distinct—at least I judge it must be so—as it reaches your earliest years,

until only isolated facts appear in a vague, shadowy way, and these finally fade into nothingness. Mine runs forward in exactly the same way. Beyond this world I can hope, and, though you may not have appreciated it, Dr. Wilkinson, it is a blessed thing to hope."

After a moment's pause, he added slowly:—

"I cannot say that I really do not know what hope is in regard to anything in this world. One can remember only what one in some way has knowledge of, and, of course, there are many things in the future of my friends and the history of the world of which, as they are not directly linked with my own experience, I am ignorant. Concerning these I can hope. There is a hope, too, connected with this peculiarity of my own. I have a theory that it is due to a very slight displacement—a reversing—of a small portion of the brain, and that by a critical examination of that organ, and a careful, scientifically conducted comparison of it with a brain in its normal condition, the defect might be discovered, and thus the exact seat of memory located. What a gain that would be to science! In my will, which I make in a year or two, I give directions for a post-mortem examination by the most eminent surgeons. Who knows what benefit to the race may grow out of it?"

An intense longing to take part in such an investigation made me for a moment forget that the desired subject for scalpel and microscope was still in my friend's head.

"Y-e-s," I said, rather inanely. "You think it might throw new light upon the relation of mind and matter?"

"Why may it not prove of great practical value?" pursued Mr. Barker earnestly. "In my case the defect—transposition, call it what you will—does not affect other faculties. Will, reason, judgment, are unaltered. Now, may it not be among the possibilities of surgi-

cal skill to reproduce this exact condition in other brains?"

"Reverse other people's memories, do you mean?" I inquired, somewhat aghast at the prospect. There might be some comfort, no doubt, in being able to extract an aching memory as one would an aching tooth; but what would be the effect on society if bankers and railroad presidents, for instance, were afforded any new facilities for forgetting that the money in their possession belonged to somebody else, and remembering only the to-morrows in which they expected to appropriate it to their own use?

"In certain cases, yes," replied Mr. Barker. "Just consider what such a possibility might be to a confirmed drunkard or opium-eater! Placed in a hospital where the diseased tissues and fibres—or whatever you medical men call it—might have time to heal, while by a simple operation all memory of old habits, old associates, and any delight of intoxicating orgies was completely obliterated, what cures might not be effected? Then our penitentiaries—how much more safely criminals might be pardoned and released if they left the memory of all past vices behind them with their prison garments. And our reform-schools—sir, the possibilities are limitless. Could there be a greater boon to such youthful and depraved minds than, by a whiff of chloroform and a surgeon's knife, to be forever freed from all the evil associations and vicious knowledge of the past? No, Dr. Wilkinson, I am not without hope. I am cheered by the thought that my life, whatever it misses of happiness, may yet prove a great benefit to the race."

I fully intended that it should prove a great benefit to me. Daily intercourse with a case so interesting and so unique would, I am sure, have appealed to any member of my profession as one of the great opportunities of a lifetime, and I

fondly hoped for disclosures and suggestions which should make the name of John Wilkinson, M. D., not unknown to fame. There arose in our conversation at different times many topics of interest, foreshadowings of future history, which charmed me. I recollect his giving, one day, a thrilling account of his adventure on an electric bicycle — in the summer of 1890, I believe. But to me the most absorbing subject was the discoveries and inventions in medicine and surgery, as they came under his own observation, or as he read of them in newspapers and journals fifteen or twenty years hence. Some of these were indeed wonderful, and though, owing to his lack of a scientific or medical education, Mr. Barker could only describe workings and effects without any accurate knowledge of construction and causes, I hoped, by careful questioning, and a little series of experiments, to gain some valuable and practical information while we were together.

But all such plans were speedily and hopelessly frustrated by a little occurrence in the hotel parlors one evening. Judge Leach was there, surrounded by a crowd as usual, and Mr. Barker, also as usual, sat apart with his newspaper — a yesterday's newspaper; that was his way of reading up. Judge Leach had noticed Mr. Barker, it seemed, and either attracted by something in that quiet gentleman's manner, or piqued by the fact that he never joined the silver-mining circle, the judge suddenly turned and asked his opinion upon the point under discussion.

"Perhaps you are not interested in mining and the different qualities of ore, sir?" said the great man, blandly.

Mr. Barker surveyed him absently, as if he had no recollection of ever having seen him.

"It's Judge Leach, you know. Surely you know Judge Leach?" interposed one of the satellites, in a tone which seemed to say that not to know

Judge Leach would be to fail of life's chief object.

"I know him — know of him — yes," answered Mr. Barker, in a slow reflection. "I am trying to think what I read about him — next week. The papers were full of the great Synket-Mine Swindle; the worthlessness of the shares, and the amount of money that had been gobbled up here before any one was wise enough to write on and make inquiries of disinterested parties in Mexico."

"Sir?" thundered Judge Leach, growing very black in the face.

"It was a complete fraud, but the 'judge' was safely off to Europe with the spoils," proceeded Mr. Barker, as calmly as if his remark had no bearing upon any one present.

"Sir! Do you mean to say" — began the judge, advancing threateningly, while an angry murmur, like the breath of a coming storm, ran through the crowd around him.

Mr. Barker might not have been in danger of instant annihilation, but Mrs. Barker thought he was. She started forward with a scream, and then, woman-like, fainted. It was the best possible move under the circumstances, as it dissolved the angry conclave, and created a diversion which enabled the Barkers to retire. They packed their trunks that night, and left the place the next morning before other guests were astir.

"Of course we couldn't stay in any comfort after last night," Miss Nellie said to my sister at their tearful parting.

Whether Mr. Barker's statement precipitated matters, I do not know, but little whispers of distrust concerning the Great Synket began to be circulated almost immediately, growing more distinct and ominous as the days passed. Judge Leach was suddenly and privately summoned away on important business, and failed to return — as did also the investments. There was a great deal of disappointment, chagrin, and wordy

newspaper indignation; but my own burden of regret was for the sudden closing of the mine of knowledge I had hoped to explore.

"I consider Jeshurun Barker one of the greatest marvels of nature," I said.

"And I consider him an awful warning to those people who are forever forgetting past mercies, and borrowing trouble about the future," responded Aunt Dill, severely. "There are people who make themselves so miserably like him in that way that they ought

to fear having their memories turned wrong side out to stay."

We have never heard from the Barkers since, except that, two years ago, there came from Italy the wedding-cards of young Sayles and Miss Nellie. Under the peculiar circumstances, I must say that I consider young Sayles a brave man. I have heard more than one irate person wish his parents-in-law "in the middle of next week," but to actually possess one who abides there might be attended with difficulties.

John Wilkinson.

THE TWO ELIZABETHS.

A. D. 1209.

AMIDST Thuringia's wooded hills she dwelt,
A high-born princess, servant of the poor,
Sweetening with gracious words the food she dealt
To starving throngs at Wartburg's blazoned door.

A blinded zealot held her soul in chains,
Cramped the sweet nature that he could not kill,
Scarred her fair body with his penance-pains,
And gauged her conscience by his narrow will.

God gave her gifts of beauty and of grace,
With fast and vigil she denied them all;
Unquestioning, with sad, pathetic face,
She followed meekly at her stern guide's call.

So drooped and died her home-blown rose of bliss
In the chill rigor of a discipline
That turned her fond lips from her children's kiss
And made her joy of motherhood a sin.

To their sad level by compassion led,
One with the low and vile herself she made,
While thankless misery mocked the hand that fed,
And laughed to scorn her piteous masquerade.

But still, with patience that outwearied hate,
She gave her all while yet she had to give;
And then her empty hands, importunate,
In prayer she lifted that the poor might live.

Sore pressed by grief, and wrongs more hard to bear,
And dwarfed and stifled by a harsh control,
She kept life fragrant with good deeds and prayer,
And fresh and pure the white flower of her soul.

Death found her busy at her task: one word
Alone she uttered as she paused to die,
"Silence!" — then listened even as one who heard
With song and wing the angels drawing nigh!

Now Fra Angelico's roses fill her hands,
And, on Murillo's canvas, Want and Pain
Kneel at her feet. Her marble image stands
Worshipped and crowned in Marburg's holy fane.

Yea, wheresoe'er her Church its cross uprears,
Wide as the world her story still is told;
In manhood's reverence, woman's prayers and tears,
She lives again whose grave is centuries old.

And still, despite the weakness or the blame
Of blind submission to the blind, she hath
A tender place in hearts of every name,
And more than Rome owns Saint Elizabeth!

A. D. 1780.

Slow ages passed: and lo! another came,
An English matron, in whose simple faith
Nor priestly rule nor ritual had claim,
A plain, uncanonized Elizabeth.

No sackcloth robe, nor ashen-sprinkled hair,
Nor wasting fast, nor scourge, nor vigil long
Marred her calm presence. God had made her fair,
And she could do His goodly work no wrong.

Their yoke is easy and their burden light
Whose sole confessor is the Christ of God;
Her quiet trust and faith transcending sight
Smoothed to her feet the difficult paths she trod.

And there she walked, as duty bade her go,
Safe and unsullied as a cloistered nun,
Shamed with her plainness Fashion's gaudy show,
And overcame the world she did not shun.

In Earlham's bowers, in Plashet's liberal hall,
In the great city's restless crowd and din,
Her ear was open to the Master's call,
And knew the summons of His voice within.

Tender as mother, beautiful as wife,
 Amidst the throngs of prisoned crime she stood,
 In modest raiment faultless as her life,
 The type of England's worthiest womanhood!

To melt the hearts that harshness turned to stone
 The sweet persuasion of her lips sufficed,
 And guilt, which only hate and fear had known,
 Saw in her own the pitying love of Christ.

So wheresoe'er the guiding Spirit went
 She followed, finding every prison cell
 It opened for her sacred as a tent
 Pitched by Gennesaret or by Jacob's well.

And Pride and Fashion felt her strong appeal,
 And priest and ruler marvelled as they saw
 How hand in hand went wisdom with her zeal,
 And woman's pity kept the bounds of law.

She rests in God's peace; but her memory stirs
 The air of earth as with an angel's wings,
 And warms and moves the hearts of men like hers,
 The sainted daughter of Hungarian kings!

United now, the Briton and the Hun,
 Each, in her own time, faithful unto death,
 Live sister souls! in name and spirit one,
 Thuringia's saint and our Elizabeth!

John Greenleaf Whittier.

CHILDHOOD IN MEDIÆVAL ART.

THE power of Christianity lies in its prophecy of universality, and the most significant note of this power is in its comprehension of the poor and the weak, not merely as the objects of a benediction proceeding from some external society, but as themselves constituent members of that society, sharing in all its rights and fulfilling its functions. When the last great prophet of Israel and forerunner of Judaic Christianity sent to inquire what evidence Jesus of Nazareth could give that he was the Christ, the answer which came back

had the conclusive words, "To the poor the gospel is preached." The same Jesus, when he would give his immediate followers the completest type of the kingdom which was to prevail throughout the world, took a child, and set him in the midst of them. There is no hardly gained position in the development of human society which may not find its genetic idea in some word or act of the Son of Man, and the proem to the great song of an expectant democracy is in the brief hour of the first Christian society, which held all things in common.

The sketch of a regenerated human society, contained in the New Testament, has been long in filling out, and the day which the first generation of Christians thought so near at hand has thus far had only a succession of prophetic appearances; but from the first the note of the power of Christianity, which lies in the recognition of poverty and weakness, has never been wanting, and has been most loudly struck in the great epochs of Christian revival. In the struggle after purity of associated life, which had its witness in the orders of the church, poverty was accepted as a necessary condition, and the constructive genius of the human mind, dealing with the realities of Christian faith, rose to its highest point in presenting, not the maturity, but the infancy of Jesus Christ. Each age offers its contribution to the perfection of the Christian ideal, and while, in the centuries lying on either side of the Renaissance, the church as an ecclesiastical system was enforcing the dogma of mediatorial sacrifice as something outside of humanity, the spirit of God, in the person of great painters, was drawing the thoughts of men to the redemption of the world, which lies in the most sacred of human relations. The great efflorescence of art, which we recognize as the gift of these centuries, has left as its most distinctive memorial the type of Christianity expressed in the Madonna.

I.

In the Holy Family the child is the essential figure. In the earliest examples of the mother and child, both Mary and Jesus are conceived as symbols of religious faith, and the attitude of the child is unchildlike, being that of a dispenser of blessings with uplifted hand. The group is not distinctly of the mother and child, but of the Virgin and the Saviour, the Saviour being represented as

a child in order to indicate the ground of the adoration paid to the Virgin. They stand before one as possessed of coördinate dignity. It is a curious and suggestive fact that the Byzantine type of the Madonna, which rarely departed much from this symbolic treatment, has continued to be the preference of those whose conceptions of the religious life are most closely identified with a remote sacramentarianism. The Italian lemonade-seller has a Byzantine Madonna in his booth; the Belgian churches abound in so-called sacred pictures; the Russian merchant salutes an icon of the same type; and the ritualistic enthusiast of the Anglican revival modifies his æsthetic views by his religious sympathy, and stops short in his admiration with Cimabue and Giotto.

In the development of the Madonna from its first form as a rigid symbol to its latest as a realistic representation of motherhood, we are aware of a change in the minds of the people who worship before the altars where the pictures are placed, and in the minds of the painters who produce the almost endless variations on this theme. The worshiper, dispossessed of a belief in the fatherhood of God, came to take refuge in the motherhood of Mary. Formally taught the wrath of God, he found in the familiar relation of mother and child the most complete type vouchsafed to him of that love which the church by many informal ways bade him believe lay somewhere in the divine life.

Be this as it may, the treatment of the subject in a domestic and historical form followed the treatment in a religious and ecclesiological mode. In the earlier representations of the Madonna there was a twofold thought exhibited. The mother was the queen of heaven, and she derived her dignity from the child on her knee. Hence she is sometimes shown adoring the child, and the child looks up into the mother's face with his finger on his lip, expressive of

the utterance, I am the Word. This adoration of the child by the mother was, however, but a transient phase: the increasing worship paid to the Virgin forbade that she should be so subordinated; and in the gradual expansion of the theme, by which saints and martyrs and angels were grouped in attendant ministry, more and more importance was attached to the person of the Virgin. The child looks up in wonder and affectionate admiration. He caresses her, and offers her a child's love mingled with a divine being's calm self-content.

For throughout the whole period of the religious presentation of the Madonna, even when the Madonna herself is conspicuously the occasion of the picture, we may observe the influence of the child, — an influence sometimes subtle, sometimes open and manifest. It is not enough to say that this child is Jesus, as it is not enough to say that the mother is the Virgin Mary. The divine child is the sign of an ever-present childhood in humanity; the divine mother the sign of a love which the religion of Christianity never wholly forgot. The common imagination was perpetually seeking to relieve Mary and Jesus of all attributes which interfered with the central and inhering relation of mother and child: through this type of love the mind apprehended the gospel of Christianity as in no other way.

Indeed, this apotheosis of childhood and maternity is at the core of the religion of hope which was inclosed in the husk of mediæval Christianity, and it was made the theme of many variations. Before it had ceased to be a symbol of worship, it was offering a nucleus for the expression of a more varied human hope and interest. The Holy Family in the hands of painters and sculptors, and the humbler class of designers which sprang into notice with the introduction of printing and engraving, becomes more and more emblematic of a pure and happy domestic group.

Joseph is more frequently introduced, and John Baptist appears as a playmate of the child Jesus; sometimes they are seen walking in companionship. Certain incidents in later life are symbolically prefigured in the realistic statement of homely scenes, as in the *Infant Jesus* by Giulio Romano, where the child stands in a basin, while the young S. John pours water upon him, Mary washes him, S. Elizabeth stands by holding a towel, and S. Joseph watches the scene, — an evident prefigurement of the baptism in the Jordan. Or again, Mary, seated, holds the infant Christ between her knees; Elizabeth leans over the back of the chair; Joseph rests on his staff behind the Virgin; the little S. John and an angel present grapes, while four other angels are gathering and bringing them. By such a scene Ippolito Andreasi would remind people that Jesus is the true vine.

II.

The recognition of childhood as the heart of the family is discoverable even more emphatically in the art of the northern people, among whom domestic life always had greater respect. It may seem a trivial reason, but I suspect nature holds the family more closely together in cold countries, which compel much indoor and fireside life, than in lands which tempt to vagrancy. At any rate, the fact remains that the Germanic peoples have been home-cultivating. It did not need the Roman Tacitus to find this out, but his testimony helps us to believe that the disposition was a radical one, which Christianity reinforced rather than implanted. Lord Lindsay makes the pregnant observation, "Our Saviour's benediction of the little children as a subject [is] from first to last Teutonic, — I scarcely recollect a single Italian instance of it;"¹

¹ Sketches of the History of Christian Art, iii. 270.

and in the revival of religious art, at which Overbeck and Cornelius assisted, this and similar subjects, by their frequency, mark a differentiation from art south of the Alps, whose traditions, nevertheless, the German school was consciously following.

Although of a period subsequent to the Renaissance, an excellent illustration of the religious representation of the childhood of Jesus in northern art is contained in a series of twelve prints executed in the Netherlands, and described in detail by Mrs. Jameson.¹ The series is entitled *The Infancy of our Lord God and Saviour Jesus Christ*, and the title-page is surrounded by a border composed of musical instruments, spinning-wheels, distaffs, and other implements of female industry, intermixed with all kinds of masons' and carpenters' tools. In the first of the prints, the figure of Christ is seen in a glory, surrounded by cherubim. In the second, the Virgin is seated on the hill of Sion; the infant in her lap, with outspread arms, looks up to a choir of angels, and is singing with them. In the third, Jesus slumbering in his cradle is rocked by two angels, while Mary sits by, engaged in needlework. The fourth shows the interior of a carpenter's shop: Joseph is plying his work, while Joachim stands near him; the Virgin is measuring linen, and S. Anna looks on; two angels are at play with the infant Christ, who is blowing soap-bubbles. In the fifth picture, Mary prepares the family meal, while Joseph is in the background chopping wood; more in front, Jesus sweeps together the chips, and two angels gather them. In the sixth, Mary is seen reeling off a skein of thread; Joseph is squaring a plank; Jesus is picking up chips, again assisted by two angels. The seventh shows Mary seated at her spinning-wheel; Joseph, aided by Jesus, is sawing through a large beam, the two angels standing by. The

¹ *Legends of the Madonna*, Part III.

eighth is somewhat similar: Mary holds her distaff, while Joseph saws a beam on which Jesus stands, and the two angels help in the work. In the ninth print, Joseph is busy building the frame-work of a house, assisted by one of the angels; Jesus is boring with a large gimlet, the other angel helping him; and Mary winds thread. In the next, Joseph is at work roofing the house; Jesus, in company with the angels, carries a beam up the ladder; while below, in front, Mary is carding wool or flax. The eleventh transfers the work, with an apparent adaptation to Holland, to the building of a boat, where Joseph is helped by Jesus, who holds a hammer and chisel, still attended by the angels; the Virgin is knitting a stocking, and the newly built house is seen in the background. In the last of the series, Joseph is erecting a fence round a garden; Jesus, with the help of the angels, is fastening the palings together; while Mary is weaving garlands of roses.

Here is a reproduction of the childhood of the Saviour in the terms of a homely Netherland family life, the naturalistic treatment diversified by the use of angelic machinery. The prints were a part of the apparatus used by the priests in educating the people. However such instruction may have fallen short of the highest truths of Christianity, its recognition of the simple duties of life and its enforcement of these by the example of the Son of Man make us slow to regard such interposition of the church as remote from the spirit of Christ. If, as is quite possible, these prints were employed by the Jesuits, then their significance becomes doubly noticeable. In that vigorous attempt by Loyola and his order to maintain an organic Christian unity against the apparent disruption of Christianity, such a mode as this would find a place as serving to emphasize that connection between the church and the family which the Jesuits instinctively felt to

be essential to the supremacy of the former.

III.

Whatever light the treatment of the Madonna subject may throw upon the ages in which it is uppermost in men's thoughts, the common judgment is sound which looks for the most significance in the works of Raphael. Even those who turn severely away from him, and seek for purer art in his predecessors, must needs use his name as one of epochal consequence. So many forces of the age meet in Raphael, who was peculiarly open to influences, that no other painter can so well be chosen as an exponent of the idea of the time; and as one passes in review the successive Madonnas, one may not only detect the influence of Perugino, of Leonardo, of Michelangelo, and other masters, but may see the ripening of a mind, upon which fell the spirit of the age, busy with other things than painting.

Of the early Madonnas of Raphael, it is noticeable how many present the Virgin engaged in reading a book, while the child is occupied in other ways, sometimes even seeking to interrupt the mother and disengage her attention. Thus in one in the Berlin museum, which is formal, though unaffected, Mary reads a book, while the child plays with a goldfinch; in the Madonna in the Casa Conestabile, at Perugia, the child plays with the leaves of the book; in the Madonna del Cardellino, the little S. John presents a goldfinch to Jesus, and the mother looks away from her book to observe the children; in that at Berlin, which is from the Casa Colonna, the child is held on the mother's knee in a somewhat struggling attitude, and has his left hand upon the top of her dress, near her neck, his right upon her shoulder, while the mother, with a look of maternal tenderness, holds the book aside. In the middle

period of Raphael's work this motive appears once at least in the St. Petersburg Madonna, which is a quiet landscape-scene, where the child is in the Madonna's lap: she holds a book, which she has just been reading; the little S. John kneels before his divine companion with infantine grace, and offers him a cross, which he receives with a look of tender love; the Madonna's eyes are directed to the prophetic play of the children with a deep, earnest expression.

The use of the book is presumably to denote the Madonna's piety; and in the earlier pictures she is not only the object of adoration to the worshiper, who sees her in her earthly form, yet endowed with sinless grace, but the object also of interest to the child, who sees in her the mother. This reciprocal relation of mother and child is sometimes expressed with great force, as in the Madonna della Casa Tempi, in the Pinacothek at Munich, where the Virgin, who is standing, tenderly presses the child's head against her face, while he appears to whisper words of endearment. In these and other of the earlier Madonnas of Raphael, there is an enthusiasm and a dreamy sentiment which seems to seek expression chiefly through the representation of holy womanhood, the child being a part of the interpretation of the mother. The mystic solemnity of the subject is relieved by a lightness of touch, which was the irrepressible assertion of a strong human feeling.

Later, in what is called his middle period, a cheerfulness and happy contemplation of life pervade Raphael's work, as in the Bridgewater Madonna, where the child, stretched in the mother's lap, looks up with a graceful and lively action, and fixes his eyes upon her in deep thought, while she looks back with maternal, reverent joy. The Madonna of the Chair illustrates the same general sentiment, where the mother appears as a beautiful and blooming woman, looking out of the picture in the tranquil

enjoyment of motherly love ; the child, full and strong in form, leans upon her bosom in a child's careless attitude, the picture of trust and content.

The works of Raphael's third period, and those executed by his pupils in a spirit and with a touch which leave them sometimes hardly distinguishable from the master's, show a profounder penetration of life, and at the same time a firmer, more reasonable apprehension of the divinity which lies inclosed in the subject. Mary is now something more than a young man's dream of virginal purity and maternal tenderness, — she is also the blessed among women ; the infant Christ is not only the innocent, playful child, but the prophetic soul, conscious of his divinity and his destiny. These characteristics pervade both the treatment which regards them as historic personages and that which invests them with adorable attributes as having their throne in heaven. The Holy Family is interpreted in a large, serious, and dignified manner, and in the exalted, worshiped Madonna there is a like vision of things eternal seen through the human form.

To illustrate this an example may be taken of each class. The Madonna del Passeggio, in the Bridgewater gallery, is a well-known composition, which represents the Madonna and child walking through a field ; Joseph is in advance, and has turned to look for the others. They have been stopped by the infant S. John Baptist, clad in a rough skin, who presses eagerly forward to kiss Jesus. The mother places a restraining hand upon the shoulders of S. John, and half withdraws the child Jesus from his embrace. A classic grace marks Jesus, who looks steadfastly into the eyes of the impassioned John. The three figures in the principal group are conceived in a noble manner : S. John, prophesying in his face the discovery of the Lamb of God ; Mary, looking down with a sweet gravity which marks the holy children,

and would separate Jesus as something more than human from too close fellowship with John ; Jesus himself, a picture of glorious childhood, with a far-reaching look in his eye, as he gently thrusts back the mother with one hand, and with the other lays hold of the cross which John bears.

On the other hand, an example of the treatment of the adorable Madonna is that of San Sisto, in the Dresden gallery. It is not necessary to dwell on the details of a picture which rises at once to every one's mind. The circumstance of innumerable angels' heads, of the attendant S. Sixtus and S. Barbara, the sweep of cloud and drapery, the suggestion of depths below and of heights above, of heaven itself listening at the Madonna's feet, — all these translate the mother and babe with ineffable sweetness and dignity into a heavenly place, and make them the centre of the spiritual universe. Yet in all this Raphael has rested his art in no elaborate use of celestial machinery. He has taken the simple, elemental relation, and invested it with its eternal properties. He gives not a supernatural and transcendent mother and child, but a glorified humanity. Therefore it is that this picture, and with it the other great Madonnas of Raphael, may be taken entirely away from altar and sanctuary, and placed in the shrine of the household. The universality of the appeal is seen in the unhesitating adoption of the Sistine Madonna as an expression of religious art by those who are even antagonistic to the church which called it forth.

IV.

The concentration of Raphael's genius to so large an extent upon the subject of the Madonna was not a mere accident of the time, nor, when classic forms were renewing their power, was it a solecism. The spirit of the Renaissance

entered profoundly into Raphael's work, and determined powerfully the direction which it took. When he was engaged upon purely classic themes, it is interesting to see how frequently he turned to the forms of children. His decorative work is rich with the suggestion which they bring. One may observe the graceful figures issuing from the midst of flower and leaf; above all, one may note how repeatedly he presents the myth of Amor, and recurs to the Amorini, types of childhood under a purely naturalistic conception.

The child Jesus and the child Amor appear side by side in the creations of Raphael's genius. In the great Renaissance, of which he was so consummate an exponent, the ancient classic world and the Christian met in these two types of childhood: the one a childhood of the air, unmixed with good or evil; the other a childhood of heaven and earth, proleptic of earthly conflict, proleptic also of heavenly triumph. The coincidence is not of chance. The new world into which men were looking was not, as some thought, to be in the submersion of Christianity and a return to Paganism, nor, as others, in a stern asceticism, which should render Christianity an exclusive church, standing aloof from the world as from a thing wholly evil. There was to be room for truth and love to dwell together, and the symbol of this union was the child. Raphael's Christ child drew into its features a classic loveliness; his Amor took on a Christ-like purity and truthfulness.

Leslie, in his *Handbook for Young Painters*, makes a very sensible reflection upon Raphael's children, as distinguished from the unchildlike children of Francia, for example. "A fault of many painters," he says, "in their representations of childhood is, that they make it taking an interest in what can only concern more advanced periods of life. But Raphael's children, unless the subject requires it should be otherwise,

are as we see them generally in nature, wholly unconcerned with the incidents that occupy the attention of their elders. Thus the boy, in the cartoon of the Beautiful Gate, pulls the girdle of his grandfather, who is entirely absorbed in what S. Peter is saying to the cripple. The child, impatient of delay, wants the old man to move on. In the Sacrifice at Lystra, also, the two beautiful boys placed at the altar, to officiate at the ceremony, are too young to comprehend the meaning of what is going on about them. One is engrossed with the pipes on which he is playing, and the attention of the other is attracted by a ram brought for sacrifice. The quiet simplicity of these sweet children has an indescribably charming effect in this picture, where every other figure is under the influence of an excitement they alone do not partake in. Children, in the works of inferior painters, are often nothing else than little actors; but what I have noticed of Raphael's children is true, in many instances, of the children in the pictures of Rembrandt, Jan Steen, Hogarth, and other great painters, who, like Raphael, looked to nature for their incidents."

There was one artist of this time who looked to nature not merely for the incidents of childhood, but for the soul of childhood itself. It is impossible to regard the work of Luca della Robbia, especially in that ware which receives his name, without perceiving that here was a man who saw children and rejoiced in their young lives with a simple, ingenuous delight. The very spirit which led this artist to seek for expression in homely forms of material, to domesticate art, as it were, was one which would make him quick to seize upon, not the incidents alone, but the graces, of childhood. Nor is it straining a point to say that the purity of his color was one with the purity of this sympathy with childhood. The Renaissance as a witness to a new occupation

of the world by humanity finds its finest expression in the hope which springs in the lovely figures of Luca della Robbia.

It is significant of this Renaissance — it is significant, I think we shall find, of every great new birth in the world — that it turns its face toward childhood, and looks into that image for the profoundest realization of its hopes and dreams. In the attitude of men toward childhood we may discover the near or far realization of that supreme hope and confidence with which the great head of the human family saw, in the vision of a child, the new heaven and the new earth. It was when his disciples were reasoning among themselves which of them should be the greatest that Jesus took a child, and set him by him, and said unto them, "Who-

soever shall receive this child in my name receiveth me." The reception of the Christ by men, from that day to this, has been marked by successive throes of humanity, and in each great movement there has been a new apprehension of childhood, a new recognition of the meaning involved in the pregnant words of the Saviour. Such a recognition lies in the children of Raphael and of Luca della Robbia. There may have been no express intimation on their part of the connection between their works and the great prophecy, but it is often for later generations to read more clearly the presence of a thought by means of light thrown back upon it. The course of Christianity since the Renaissance supplies such a light.

Horace E. Scudder.

THE PROPHET OF THE GREAT SMOKY MOUNTAINS.

XIII.

THERE came a change in the weather. A vagueness fell upon the landscape. The farthest mountains receded into invisibility, and the horizon was marked by an outline of summits hitherto familiar in the middle distance. The sunshine was languid, slumberous. A haze clothed the air in a splendid visible garb of translucent, gold-tinted folds, and trailing across the dim blue of the ranges invested them with many a dreamy illusion. Athwart the sky were long sweeps of fibrous white clouds presaging rain. Since dawn they were thickening; silent in the intense stillness of the noontide, they gathered and overspread the heavens and quenched the sun, and bereaved the vapors hanging in the ravines of all the poetic glammers of reflection. A rain-crow was huskily cawing on the trough by the roadside where he had perched. Dorinda heard the guttural note, and

went out to gather up the fruit spread to dry on boards that were stretched from stone to stone. Dark clouds were rolling up from the west. She paused to see them submerge Chilhowee, its outline stark and hard beneath their turbulent whirl; toward the south their heavy folds broke into sudden commotion, and they were torn into fringes as the rain began to fall. The mist followed and isolated the Great Smoky from all the rest of the world.

And now the little house was as lonely as the ark on Ararat. The mists possessed the universe. They filled the forests and lay upon the corn and hid the "gyarden-spot," and came skulking about the porch, peering through the vines in a ghostly fashion. Presently they sifted through, and whenever the door was opened it showed them lurking there as if wistfully waiting or with some half humanized curiosity. Night stole on, and the ruddy flare of the fire

had heightened suggestions of good cheer and comfort, because of these waifs of the rain and the air shivering in chilly guise about the door. The men came to supper and all went again, except Pete. He was ailing, he declared, and betook himself to bed betimes. The house grew quiet. The grandmother nodded over her knitting, with a limp falling of the lower jaw, occasional spasmodic gestures, and an absorbed, unfamiliar expression of countenance. Dorinda in her low chair sat in the glow of the fire. As it rose and fell it cast a warm light or a dreamy shadow on her delicately rounded cheek and her shining eyes. One disheveled tress of her dense black hair fell over the red kerchief twisted around her neck. Her blue homespun dress lay in lusterless folds about her. The shadowy and rude interior of the room—the dark brown of the logs of the wall and the intervening yellow clay daubing; the great clumsy warping-bars; the pendent peltry and pop-corn and strings of red pepper swaying from the rafters; the puncheon floor gilded by the firelight; the deep yawning chimney with its heaps of ashes and its pulsating coals—all formed in the rich colors and soft blending of detail an harmonious setting for her vivid, definite face, as she settled herself to work at her evening “stent.” Her reel was before her; the spokes, worn smooth and dark and glossy by age and use, reflected with polished lustre the glimmer of the fire. She had a broche in her hand, just taken from the spindle. For the lack of the more modern broche-holder she thrust a stick through the tunnel of the shuck on which the yarn was wound, placing the end of it, to hold it steady, in her low shoe; catching the thread between her deft fingers she threw it with a fine free gesture across the periphery of the reel. And then the whirling spokes were only a rayonnant suggestion, so swiftly they sped round and

round in the light of the fire, and a musical low whirl broke forth. Now and then the reel ticked and told off another cut, and she would bend forward to tie the thread with a practiced, dextrous hand.

The downpour of the rain had a dreary, melancholy persistence, beating upon the roof and splashing from the eaves into the puddles beneath. At intervals a drop fell down the wide chimney and hissed upon the coals.

Suddenly there was another splash, differing in its abrupt energy; a foot had slipped outside and groping hands were laid upon the wall. Dorinda sprang up with a white face and tense muscles. The old woman was suddenly bolt upright in her corner, although not recognizing the sound.

“Hurry ’long, D’rindy,” she said peremptorily, “you-uns ain’t goin’ ter reel a hank ef ye don’t mosey. What ails the gal?” she broke off, her attention attracted to her granddaughter’s changed expression.

“Thar’s suthin’ out o’ doors,” said Dorinda, in a tremulous whisper. “I hearn ’em step whenst ye war asleep.”

“I ain’t batted my eye this night,” said her grandmother, with the force of conviction. “I ain’t slep’ a wink. An’ ye never hearn nuthin’.”

There was a bolder demonstration outside; a foot-fall sounded on the porch and a hand tried the latch.

“Massy on us! Raiders!” shrieked the old woman, rising precipitately, her knitting falling from her lap, the ball of yarn rolling away and the kitten springing after it.

Dorinda ran to the door—perhaps to put up the bar. But with sudden courage she lifted the latch. Outside were the ghostly vapors, white and visible in the light from within. She peered out doubtfully for a moment. A sudden rush of color surged into her face; she made a feint of closing the door and ran back to her work, looking over her

shoulder with radiant eyes; she caught up the broche, sticking it deftly in her shoe, seated herself in her low chair, and with her light free gesture led the thread across the reel.

"Massy on us!" shrilled the old woman aghast. "D'rindy, shet the door! Be ye a-lettin' the lawless ones in on us! raiders an' sech, scoutin' 'roun' in the forg — an' nobody hyar but Pete, ez could n't be waked up right handy with nuthin' more wholesome 'n a bullet — a" —

There was a man's figure in the doorway — a slow, hesitating figure, and Rick Tyler, his face grave and dubious, embarrassed by the complicated effort to look at Dorinda and yet seem to ignore her, trod heavily in, and with a soft and circumspect manner closed the door.

"I kem over hyar, Mis' Cayce," he remarked, "ez I 'lowed mebbe the boys war at the still an' ye felt lonesome, bein' ez it war rainin' right smart, an'" — he hesitated.

"Howdy, Rick — howdy!" she exclaimed, cordially. He had the benefit of her relief in finding the visitor not a raider. "Jes' sot yer bones down hyar by the fire. Airish out o' doors, ain't it? I'm powerful glad ter see ye. D'rindy ain't much company when she air busy, an' the weavin' ain't done yit."

"I 'lowed ez I mought resk comin' up hyar wunst in a while now," he said, with a covert glance at Dorinda. "I ain't keerin' much fur the new sher'ff, kase he air a town man, an' don't know me; an' the new constable, he 'lowed over yander ter the store ez he war a off'cer o' the law, an' not a shootin' mark fur folks ez war minded ter hide out; an' Gid Fletcher hev been told ez he'd hev others ter deal with ef he undertook ter fool along arrestin' me agin. So I hev got no call ter stay ez close in the bresh ez I hev been, though I ain't a-goin' ter furgit these hyar consarns, nuther."

He glanced down at the glimmer of steel in his belt, where Dorinda recognized her father's pistols.

"Bes' be on the safe side," said the old woman approvingly, her nimble needles quivering in the light. "But law! I useter know a man over yander on Chillhowee Mounting, whar I lived afore I war merried, an' he hed killed fower men, — though I b'lieve one o' 'em war a Injun, — an' he hed no call ter aggervate hisse'f with sher'ffs, nor shootin'-irons, nuther. He walked 'round ez favored an' free ez my old tur-r-key gobbler. Though some said he hed bad dreams. But ez he war a hearty feeder they mought hev kem from the stummick stiddier the heart."

The young man listened with a doubtful mien. He was thrown back at his ease in the splint-bottomed chair. One stalwart leg, the boot reaching over his trowsers to the knee, was stretched out to the fire; from the damp sole the steam was starting in the warm air. On his other knee one of the shooting irons in question rested; he held it lightly with one hand. The other hand was thrust into the belt that girded his brown jeans coat. His tawny yellow hair, the ends of a deeper tint, being wet hung to his coat collar. His hat, from the broad brim of which rain-drops were still trickling, was deposited beneath the chair, and the kitten was investigating it with a dainty, scornful white mitten. He bore the marks of his trials in his sharpened features; his face took on readily a lowering expression, and a touch of anger kindled the smouldering fire in his brown eyes.

"But I hev killed no man," he said, with emphasis. "I hev hurt nobody. Ef I hed, 't would n't be no more 'n I oughter do ter g'long with the sher'ff an' leave it ter men. But I ain't done no harm. An' I don't want ter stay in jail, an' be tried, an' kem ter jedgmint, an' sech, an' mebbe hev them buzzardy lawyers fix suthin' on me ennyways."

All through this speech the old woman tried to interrupt.

"Laws-a-massy, Rick," she said at length, "ye hev got mighty tetchy sence ye hev been hid out. I ain't sayin' nuthin' agin you-uns, ez I knows on — nor agin that man that lived on Chilhowee Mounting, nuther. I can't sot myself ter jedge o' him. He war a perfessin' member, an' he hed a powerful gift in 'quirin'; useter raise the chune reg'lar at all the meetin's ez fur back ez I kin remember."

Her interest in the visit was impaired in some degree by this collision; she would have rejoiced to express her mental estimate of Rick as the "headin'-est critter in the kentry," but her hospitable instincts constrained her, and she nobly swallowed her vexation. His presence, however, "hected her," and she seized an excuse to absent herself presently, saying that she had to get her clean plaid coat to mend, "bein' ez when it last hung on the clothes-line that thar fresky young hound named Bose stood on his hind legs ter gnaw it, an' I hev ter put a wedge in it afore I kin wear it."

She creaked away into the next room, and as the door shut he turned his eyes for the first time on Dorinda. The fire-light played on the reel, whirling in a lustrous circle before her, on the broche stuck in the rough little shoe, on her arm, uplifted in a graceful curve as she held the thread. Her brilliant eyes were grave and intent; her dense black hair and her dark blue dress heightened the fairness of her face, and the crimson kerchief about her throat was hardly more vivid than the flush on her cheeks.

The knowledge that her embarrassment was greater than his own made him bolder. They sat, however, some time in silence. Then, his heart waxing soft in the coveted domestic atmosphere and the contemplation of the picture before him, he said, gently,—

"They air all agin me, D'rindy."

She forgot herself instantly. She looked full at him with soft melancholy deprecation.

"They don't hender ye none," she said.

"You-uns don't sot no store by me nuther, these days, D'rindy," he went on, with a thrill of elation in his heart belying the doubt and despair in his speech.

The reel ticked and told off another cut. She leaned forward to tie the thread. She could not lift her eyelids now; still he saw the vivid sapphire iris, half eclipsed by the long black lash.

He patted the pistol on his knee.

"Would ye be afeard, D'rindy, ter marry a man ez would hev ter keep his life, and yourn, mebbe, with this pistol? Would ye be afeard ter live in his house along o' him, a hunted critter, — an' set an' sing in his door, when the muzzle of a rifle or the sher'ff's revolver mought peek through the rails of the fence? Would ye be afeard?"

He put the weapon slowly into his belt. "Would ye be afeard?" he reiterated.

The reel stopped. She turned her eyes, dilated with a splendid boldness, full upon him. *How they flouted fear!*

Such audacity of courage seemed to him gallant in a man; in a woman, expressing faith in his valiance, it was enchanting. He lost his slow decorum. He caught the hand that held the thread. She could not withdraw it from that strong ecstatic clutch, and as she started, protesting, to her feet, he rose too, overturning the reel; and the kitten made merry confusion in the methodical cuts.

"D'rindy," he exclaimed, catching her in his arms, "thar ain't no need ter be afeared! Word kem up the mounting — I got it from Steve Byers — ez when Abednego Tynes war tried he plead guilty, an' axed ter go on the

stand an' make a statement. An' he told the truth at last — at last! An' he war sentenced, an' the case war nolle prosequed agin me! An' ye war n't afeard! Ye would hev married me an' resked it. Ye war n't afeard!"

She was tall, and her agitated up-turned face was close to his shoulder. He knew it was simply unpardonable, according to the rigid decorums of their code of manners, but the impetuosity of his joy overbore him, and he bent down and kissed her lips.

Dorinda's courage! — it was gone. She looked so frightened and amazed that he relaxed his clasp. "Ye know, D'rindy," he said apologetically, "I'm fairly out'n my head with joy."

She stood trembling, her hand pressed to her beating heart, her head whirling. And then, he never forgot it, of her own accord she laid her other hand on his breast. "I always believed ye war *good, good, good!*"

And the wild winds whirled around the Great Smoky, and the world was given over to the clouds and the night, and the rain fell, and the drops splashed with a dreary sound down from the eaves of the house.

They did not hear. How little they heeded. Within, all the atmosphere was suffused by that wonderful irradiation of love, and happiness, and hope that was confidence. The fire might flare if it listed. The shadows might flicker if they would. It seemed to them at the moment each would never see aught, care for aught, save what was expressed in the other's eyes.

The kitten had waxed riotous in the unprecedented opportunities of the reel, still lying with all its tangled yellow yarn upon the floor. As it sprang tigerishly in the air and fell, fixing its predatory claws in another cut, Dorinda looked down with a startled air.

"Granny'll be axin' mighty p'inted how that thar spun-truck kem ter be twisted so," she said, crestfallen and

prescient. "It looks like a hurrah's nest."

"Tell her ez how 't war the cat," suggested Rick.

Dorinda shook her head dubiously.

"The cat could n't hev got it ef the reel hed n't been flunged on the floor."

"Let's wind it inter balls, then," suggested Rick, quick at expedients. "She'll never know it war tangled. I'll hold it fur ye."

It was no great hardship for Rick. She lightly slipped the skeins over the wrists that had known sterner shackles. The task required her to sit near him; her face and head were bent toward him as she absorbed herself in the effort to find the end of the thread; sometimes she lifted her eyes and looked radiantly at him. He had not known how beautiful she was, — because he saw her face more closely, he thought, not averted, nor coy, as always before, — or was it embellished by that ineffable joy that filled her heart? Well for them both, perhaps, that those few moments were so happy, — or is it well to remember a supreme felicity, for this is fleeting. Yellow yarn! she was winding threads of gold. How his pulses thrilled at the lightest flying touch of her fleet hands! He looked at her, — into her eyes if he might, — at her round crimson cheek, at her clearly cut chin, at the long lashes, at the black hair drawn back from her brow, where a curling tendril drooped over the temple. And he held the yarn all awry.

It was no first class job, for this reason and her haste.

"What ails ye ter hustle 'long so, D'rindy?" he asked at last. "Ye ain't so mighty afeard o' yer granny."

"Naw," Dorinda admitted, "but brother Pete, he be at home ter-night, an' he air toler'ble fractious ef he sees his chance, an' I don't want him a-laffin' at we-uns; kase I hev hearn him say ez when young folks gits ter windin'

yarn tergether 't ain't fur love o' the spun-truck, but jes' fur one another."

Rick laughed a little, slowly. Then growing grave, "Ef ye'll b'lieve me, Pete told the word yander ter the still ez Amos Jeemes — a mis'able addled aig he be! — 'lowed ter the men at the mill ez he b'lieved ez 't war the Cayces ez rescued me, the day o' the gaynder pullin', from the sher'ff."

She paused, the bright thread in her motionless hand, her fire-lit face bent upon him.

"Amos Jeemes hed better be keerful how he tries ter fix it on we-uns!" she cried, with the tense vibration of anger, "tellin' the mill an' sech! I hev hearn the boys 'low ez 't war ten year in the pen'tiary fur rescuing a man from the sher'ff, ef it got fund out."

"Pete say ez how he jes laffed at him an' named him a fool."

"Pete air ekal ter that," she returned, with some sarcasm.

She was deftly winding the yarn once more, the fire showing a deeper thoughtfulness upon her face. Its flicker gave the room a sense of motion; the festoons of scarlet pepper-pods, the long yellow and red strings of pop-corn, the peltry hanging from the rafters, apparently swayed as the light rose and fell; and the warping-bars, with their rainbow of spun-truck stretched from peg to peg, seemed to be dancing a clumsy measure in the corner. The rocking-chair where granny was wont to sit was occupied now by a shadow, and now was visibly vacant.

She looked up into his face with an absorbed unnoting eye. He was pierced by the knowledge that though she saw him, she was thinking of something else.

"Won't the Court let the pa'son go free now, sence they know ye done no crime?" she asked.

"Naw. The pa'son air accused of a rescue, an' whether the man he rescued air convicted or no it air jes' the same ter the law ez agin him. The *rescue*

air the thing he hev got ter answer fur."

She dropped her hands in her lap and threw herself back in her chair.

"Ten year in prison!" she exclaimed. Her face was all the tenderest pity; her voice was full of yearning sympathy; she cast her eyes upward with a look that was reverence itself.

"How good he war! I s'pose he knowed ye never done no harm, an' he war willin' ter suffer stiddier you-uns. I never hearn o' sech a man! 'Pears ter me them old prophets don't tech him! I never hearn o' *them* showin' sech love o' God an' thar feller-man. He rescued ye jes' fur that!"

Rick Tyler looked at her for a moment with a kindling eye. He sprang to his feet, throwing the golden skein — it was only yarn after all, a coarse yellow yarn — upon the floor. He strode across the ample rude hearth and leaned against the mantel-piece, which was as high as his head. The light fell upon his changed face, the weapons in his belt, his long tawny hair, the flashing fire in his eye. He raised his right hand with an importunate gesture.

"D'rindy Cayce, ye air in love with that man!" he said, in a low passionate voice and between his set teeth. "I hev seen it afore — long ago; but sence ye hev promised ter marry me, ef ye say his name agin, I'll kill him — I'll shoot him through the heart — dead — dead — do ye hear me — *dead!*"

She was shaken by the spectacle of his sudden anger, and she was angered in turn by his jealous rage. There was a dull aching in her heart in the voids left by the ebbing of her ecstatic happiness. This was too precious to lightly let go. She walked over to him and took hold of his right arm, although his hand was toying nervously with his pistol.

"Ye don't b'lieve no sech word, Rick," she said, "deep down in yer heart, ye don't b'lieve it. An' how kin

ye grudge me from thinkin' well o' the man, an' feelin' frien'ly, — oh, mighty frien'ly, — when he will hev ter take ten year in the pen'tiary fur givin' ye yer freedom? He rescued ye! An' I'll thank him an' praise him fur it ev'y day I live. My love, ef ye call it love, will foller him fur that all through the prison, an' the bolts an' bars, an' gyards. An' yer pistols can't holp it."

He put her from him with a mechanical gesture and a perplexed brow. He sat down in the chair he had occupied at first; his hat was still under it, one leg was stretched out to the fire, on the other knee his hand rested; he looked exactly as when he first came into the room, but she had a vague idea, as she stood opposite on the hearth, that it was long ago, so much had happened since.

"D'rindy," he said, "he never done it. The pa'son never rescued me."

She stood staring at him in wide-eyed amaze.

He was silent for a moment, and then he broke into a bitter laugh. "I do declar," he said, "it fairly tickles me ter hear o' one man bein' arrested fur rescuin' me, an' another set bein' s'pected o' the same thing, when not one of 'em in all the Big Smoky, not one, lifted a hand ter holp me. Whether the gallus or a life sentence, 't war all the same ter them. Accusin' yer dad an' the boys at the still — shucks! Old Groundhog loant me a rifle, an' ter hear him talk saaft sawder 'bout'n it ter Amos Jeemes ye'd hev thunk he war the author o' my salvation! An' arrest the pa'son! he war a likely one ter rescue a-body! — too 'feard o' Satan! An' ef all they say air true 'bout'n the word he spoke yander at the meetin' 'fore they tuk him off, he hev got cornsider'ble call ter be afeard o' Satan. Naw, sir! he never rescued nuthin' but the gaynder! Nobody helped me! Nobody on the Big Smoky held out a hand! I ain't goin' ter furgit it nuther!"

She stood looking intently at his face,

with its caustic laugh upon it and his eyes full of bitterness. She knew that he secretly upbraided her as well as her people that they had made no move to save him from the clutches of the sheriff. She involuntarily turned her eyes to the gun-rack where the barrel of "Old Betsy" gleamed, and she remembered the mark it bore to commemorate the foregone conclusion of Micajah Green's death. For this she had held her hand. She felt humble and guilty, since she had acted in the interests of peace. And yet that shrewd sense, that true conscience, which coexisted with the idealistic tendencies of her nature, demanded how could she justify herself in asking the sacrifice of ten years of other men's liberty that her lover might escape the consequences of his own act; how could she dare to precipitate a collision with the sheriff, while their grievance was still fresh in their minds? Fortunately she did not lay this train of thought bare before Rick Tyler. Natures like his foster craft in the most pellucid candor.

"How'd ye git away, Rick?" she said instead.

"I won't tell ye," he replied rudely; "it don't consarn ye ter know." Then suddenly softening, "I take that back, D'rindy. I ain't goin' ter furgit ez ye owned up ye war willin' ter marry me an' live all yer life along with a hunted man in a house that mought be fired over yer head enny time, or a rifle ball whiz in at the winder. I ain't goin' ter furgit that." Alas! he could not divine how he should remember it!

He fixed his eyes on the fire, as if moodily recalling the scene. She noted that desperate hunted look in his face which it had not worn to-night.

"I war a-settin' thar," he began abruptly, "my feet tied with ropes, and with handcuffs on," — he held his hands together as if manacled; she shuddered a little, — "an' I hearn the hurrahin' an' fuss outside whilst they was all a-rowin' over the gaynder. An' then I

hearn a powerful commotion 'mongst the dogs, ez ef they hed started some sorter game or suthin'. An' the fust I knowed thar war a powerful scuttlin' 'round the back o' the blacksmith's shop, an' a rabbit squeez in a hole 'twixt the lowes' log an' the groun', — 't warnt bigger 'n a gopher's hole. An' I never thunk nuthin' 'ceptin' them boys outside would be mighty mad ef they knowed thar hounds hed run a rabbit same ez a deer."

Dorinda had sunk into her chair; her hands trembled, her face was pale.

"An' the cur'us part of it," he continued, now in the full swing of narrative, "war that the hounds would n't gin it up. They jes' kep' a-nosin' an' yapin' roun' that thar little hole. Thar sot the rabbit — she 'minded me o' my-self, got in an' could n't git out. Thar war nowhar else fur her ter sneak, though. She sot thar ez upright an' trembly ez me; jes' ez skeered, an' jes' about ez little chance. The only dif-fence 'twixt us wuz I hed a soul, an' that did n't do me enny good, an' the lack o' it did n't do her enny harm; both o' we-uns war more pertic'lar 'bout keepin' a skin full o' whole bones 'n ennything else. An' then them nosin' hounds began ter scratch an' claw up dirt. Bless yer soul, D'rindy, they hed a hole ez big ez that thar piggin, afore I thunk ennything 'bout'n it. It makes me feel the cold shakes when I 'members ez I mought not hev thunk 'bout'n it till 't war too late. Lord! how slow them hounds seemed! though the rabbit she fund 'em fast enough, I reckon. Ev'y now an' then she 'd hop along this way an' that, an' the hounds would git her scent agin — an' the way they 'd yap! The critter would hop along an' look up at me, — I never will furgit the look in the critter's eyes ez she sot thar an' waited fur the dogs. They war in a hurry an' toler'ble lively, I reckon, but 'peared ter me ez slow ez ef ev'y one war weighted with a block an' chain. Waal, the hole got bigger an' they yapped

louder, an' I got so weak waitin', an' fearin' somebody would hear 'em, an' kem ter see 'bout what they hed got up fur game, an' find that hole, I did n't know how I could bide it. The hole got big enough fur the hounds ter squeeze through, an' here they kem bouncin' in. They lept round the forge, an' flopped up agin the door so, that ef thar hed n't been all that fuss outside 'bout takin' the gaynder down, somebody would hev been boun' ter notice it. I hed ter wait fur the dogs ter ketch the rabbit an' shake the life out'n her 'fore I darst move a paig, they kep' up sech a commotion. An' when they hed dragged the critter's little carcass outside an' got ter fightin' over it, I got up. I jes' could sheffle along a leetle bit; that eternally cussed scoundrel, Gid Fletcher" — he paused. It was beyond the power of language to express the deep damnation he desired for the blacksmith. His face grew scarlet, the tears started to his angry eyes. How he pitied himself, remembering his hard straits and his cruel indignities! And how she pitied him!

He caught his breath, and went on.

"That black-hearted devil hed tied my feet so close I could sca'cely hobble, an' my hands an' wrists hed all puffed an' swelled up, whar the cords hed been — 't war the sher'ff ez gin me the handcuffs. Waal, I tuk steps 'bout two inches long till I got 'crost the shop ter the hole. Then I jes' flopped down an' croped through. I did n't stan' up outside, though 't war at the back o' the shop an' nobody could see me. Ye know the aidge o' the bluff ain't five feet from the shop; the cliff's ez sheer ez a wall, but thar's a ledge 'bout twenty feet down. It looked mighty narrer, an' thar war n't no vines ter swing by; but I jes' hed ter think o' them devils on t'other side the forge ter make me will-in' ter resk it. Waal, thar war a clump o' sass'fras, — ye know the bark's tough, — near the aidge. I jes' bruk one o' the shoots ter the root an' turned

it down over the ridge o' the bluff an' swung on ter the e-end o' it. Waal, it tore off in my hands, but I did n't fall more'n a few feet, an' lighted on the ledge. An' I tossed the saplin' away, an' then I walked, — steps 'bout'n two inches long, ef that — ez fur ez the ledge went, cornoader'ble way from the Settlement, an' 't war two or three hundred feet ter the bottom, whar I stopped. An' thar war a niche thar whar I could sit an' lay down, sorter. Thar I bided all night. I hearn 'em huntin', an' it made me laff. I knowed they war n't a-goin' ter find me, but I did n't know how I war a-goin' ter git away from thar with them handcuffs on, an' ropes 'roun' my legs; they war knotted so ez I could n't reach 'em fur the irons. I waited all nex' day, though I never hed nuthin' ter eat but some jew-berries ez growed 'mongst the rocks thar. An' the nex' morn'n' — his eye dilated with triumph, — "the swellin' o' my wrists hed gone down, an' I could draw my hands out 'n the handcuffs ez easy ez lyin'."

He held up his hands; they were small for his size, and bore little token of hard work; the wrists were supple.

"An' then," he said, with brisk conclusiveness, "I jes' ontied the ropes 'roun' my feet an' clumb up ter the top o' the mounting by vines an' sech, an' struck inter the laurel, an' never stopped a-travelin' till I got ter Cayce's still."

He drew a long sigh, not unmixed with pleasure. He had a sense of achievement. It gave, perhaps, a certain value to his harsh experience to recount his triumphs to so fair an audience. He was looking at her with a dawning smile in his eyes, and she was silently looking at him. Suddenly she burst into sobs.

"Shucks, D'rindy, it's all over an' done now," he said, appropriating the soft sympathy of her tears.

"An' I'm so glad, Rick; so glad fur that. I'd hev bartered my hope o'

heaven fur it," she sobbed. "But I war thinkin' that minit o' the pa'son. They 'rested him in his pulpit, an' they would n't gin him bail, an' they kerried him 'way from the mountings, an' jailed him, an' he'll go ter the pen'tiary, ten year mebbe, fur a crime ez he never done. Ye would n't let him do that ef ye could help it, would ye, Rick?"

She looked up tearfully at him. His eyes gleamed; his nostrils were quivering; every fibre in him responded to his anger.

"Ef I could, D'rindy Cayce, I'd hev that man chained in the lowest pits o' hell fur all time ter kem, so ye mought never see his face agin. An' ef I could, I'd wipe his mem'ry off 'n the face o' the yearth, so ye mought never speak his name."

"Law, Rick, don't!" protested the girl, aghast. "I've seen ye ez jealous o' Amos Jeemes" —

"I don't keer *that* fur Amos Jeemes," he cried, snapping his fingers. "I hev n't seen ye sit an' cry over Amos Jeemes, an' sech cattle, an' say he war like a prophet. I thought ye war thinkin' 'bout *me*, an' — an'" — he paused in mortification.

"D'rindy," he said, suddenly calm, though his eye was excited and quickly glancing, "did ye ax him ef he would do ennything fur me when I war in cust'dy?"

"Naw," said Dorinda, "nobody could do nuthin' fur you-uns, 'kase they'd hev ter resk tharse'fs an' run agin the law. But what I want ye ter do fur pa'son air fur jestic. He never done what he war accused of. An' ye *war* along o' Abednego Tynes, though innercent. Law, Rick, ef the murderer would say the word ter sot ye free, can't ye do ez much fur the pa'son, ez hev seen so much trouble a'ready?"

"In the name o' Gawd, D'rindy, what air you-uns a-wantin' me ter do?" he asked, in sheer amazement.

She mistook the question for relent-

ing. She caressed his coat sleeve as she stood beside him. All her beauty was overcast; her face was stained with weeping; tears dimmed her eyes, and her pathetic gesture of insistence seemed forlorn. He looked down dubiously at her.

"What I want ye ter do, Rick, fur him, air right, an' law, an' jestic. Nobody could hev done that fur ye, 'cept Abednego Tynes. I want ye ter go ter pa'son's trial fur the rescue, an' gin yer testimony, an' tell the jedge an' jury the tale ye hev tole me — the truth — an' they'll be obleeged ter acquit."

He flung away in a tumult of rage. It was exhausting to witness how his frequent gusts of passion shook him.

"D'rindy," he thundered, "ye want me ter gin myse'f up fur the pa'son; ye don't keer nuthin' fur me, so he gits back ter the Big Smoky an' you-uns. I mought be arrested yit on the same indictment; the nolle prosequi don't hender, — it jes' don't set no day fur me ter be tried. An' mebbe Steve Byers hev been foolin' me some. Ye jes' want ter trade me off ter the State fur the pa'son."

"Ye shan't go!" cried the girl. "I didn't know that about the nolle prosequi. Ye shan't go!"

He was mollified for a moment. He noticed again how pale she was. "Law, D'rindy," he said, "ye fairly wear yerself out with yer tantrums. Why n't ye do like other folks; the pa'son never helped me none, an' I ain't got no call ter help him."

"Ef ye war ter go afore the squair an' swear bout'n the rescue an' sech, an' git him ter write it ter the Court fur the pa'son" —

"The constable o' the deestic' ez hangs 'roun' thar at the jestic's house mought be thar an' arrest me," he said, speciously. "The gov'nor haint withdrawn that reward yit, ez I knows on."

"Naw," she said, quickly, "I'll make the boys toll the constable down

ter the still till ye git through. The jestic air lame, an' aint able ter arrest ye, an' I'd be thar an gin ye the wink, ef thar war ennything oncommon ennywhar, or enny men aroun'."

He could hardly refuse. He could not affect fear. He hesitated.

"Ez long ez I thunk he hed rescued ye, I did n't hev no call ter move. But now I know how 'twar, I'd fairly die ef he war lef' ter suffer in jail, knowin' he hev done nuthin' agin the law."

Her lip quivered. The tears started to her eyes. The sight of them, shed for another man's sake, excited again the vigilant jealousy in his breast.

"I'll do nuthin' fur Hi Kelsey," he declared. "Ef ye ain't in love with him, ye would be ef he war ter git back ter the Big Smoky. He done nuthin' fur me, an' I hev no call ter do nuthin' fur him."

He looked furiously at her, holding her at arm's length. "Ye hev tole me ye love me, an' I expec' ye ter live up ter it. Ye hev promised ter marry me, an' I claim ye fur my wife. Say that man's name another time, an' I'll kill him ef ever he gits in rifle range agin. I'll kill him! I'll kill him!" his right hand was once more mechanically toying with the pistol, while he held her arm with the other, "an' I'll kill you, too!"

He had gone too far; he had touched the dominant impulse of her nature. Her cheeks were flaring. Her courage blazed in her eyes.

"An' I tell ye, Rick Tyler, that I am not afeard o' ye! An' ef ye let a man suffer fur a word ez ye kin say in safety, an' an act ez ye kin do in ease, ye ain't the Rick Tyler I knowed, — ye air suthin' else. I 'lowed ye war good, but mebbe I hev been cheated in ye, an' ef I hev, I'll gin ye up. I ain't a-goin' ter marry no man ez I can't look up ter, an' say 'he air good!' An' ef ye'll meet me a hour 'fore sundown, at the squair's house, ter-morrow evenin', I'll

b'lieve in ye, an' I'll marry ye. An' ef ye don't, I won't."

She caught up his hat and gave it to him. Then she opened the door. The white mists stood shivering in the little porch. He turned and looked in angry dismay at her resolute face. But he did not say a word, though he knew her heart yearned for it beneath her inflexible mask. He walked slowly out, and the door closed upon him, and upon the shivering white mists. He paused for a moment, hesitating. He heard nothing within—not even her retreating step. He knew as well as if he had seen her that she was leaning against the door, silently sobbing her heart out.

"D'rindy needs a lesson," he said, sternly. And so he went out into the night.

XIV.

The rain ceased the next day, but the clouds did not vanish. Their folds, dense, opaque, impalpable, filled the vastness. The landscape was lost in their midst. The horizon had vanished. Distance was annihilated. Only a yard or so of the path was seen by Dorinda, as she plodded along through the white vagueness that had absorbed the familiar world. And yet for all essentials she saw quite enough; in her ignorant fashion she deduced the moral, that if the few immediate steps before the eye are taken aright, the long lengths of the future will bring you at last where you would wish to be. The reflection sustained her in some sort as she went. She was reluctant to acknowledge it even to herself; but she had a terrible fear that she had imposed a test that Rick would not endure. "Ef he air so powerful jealous ez that, ter not holp another man a leetle bit, when he knows it can't hurt him none, he air jes' selfish, an' nuthin' shorter."

She paused for a moment, looking about her mechanically. The few black-

berry-bushes, almost leafless, stretching out on either hand, were indistinct in the mist, and against the dense vapor they had the meagre effect of a hasty sketch on a white paper. The trees overhung her, she knew, in the invisible heights above; she heard the moisture dripping monotonously from their leaves. It was a dreary sound as it invaded the solemn stillness of the air.

"An' I'm boun' ter try ter holp him, ef I kin. I know too much, sence Rick spoke las' night, ter let me set an' fold my hands in peace. 'Pears like ter me ez that thar air all the diff'ence 'twixt humans an' the beastis, ter holp one another some. An' ef a human won't, 'pears like ter me ez the Lord hev wasted a soul on that critter."

Despite her logic she stood still; her blue eyes were surcharged with shadows as they were wistfully turned upward to the sad and sheeted day; her lips were grave and pathetic; her blue dress had gleams of moisture here and there, and a plaid woolen shawl, faded to the faintest hues, was drawn over her dense black hair. She stood and hesitated. She thought of the man she loved, and she thought of the word he denied the man in prison. Poor Dorinda! to hold the scales of Justice unblinded.

"I dunno what ails me ter be 'feard he won't kem!" she said, striving to reassure herself; "an' ennyhow"—she remembered the few immediate steps before her taken aright, and went along down the clouded curtained path that was itself an allegory of the future.

The justice's gate loomed up like fate,—the poor little palings to be the journey's end of hope or despair! A pig, without any appreciation of its subtler significance, had in his frequent wallowings at its base impaired in a measure its stability. He grunted at the sound of a footfall, as if to warn the newcomer that she might step on him. Dorinda took heed of the imperative caution, opened the gate gingerly, and it

only grazed his back. He grunted again, whether in meagre surly approval, or reproof that she had come at all, was hardly to be discriminated in his gruff disaffected tone.

She noticed that the locust leaves, first of all to show the changing season, were yellow on the ground; a half denuded limb was visible in the haze. There were late red roses, widely a-bloom, by the doorstep of the justice's house, — a large double cabin of hewn logs, with a frame-inclosed passage between the two rooms, which, but for the lack of light, might have served for another. There was glass in each of the two windows, for the justice was a man of some means for these parts; and she saw behind one of the tiny panes his bald polished head and his silver rimmed spectacles gleaming in animated curiosity. He came limping, with the assistance of a heavy cane, to the door.

"Howdy, D'rindy," he exclaimed, cheerfully. "come in, child. What sort o' weather is this!" In abrupt digression, he looked over her head into the blank vagueness of the world. But for the dim light, it might have suggested the empty inexpressiveness of the periods before the creation, when "the earth was without form and void."

"It air tol'erble airish in the fog," said Dorinda, finding her voice with difficulty.

The room into which she was ushered seemed to her limited experience a handsome apartment. But somehow the passion of covetousness is an untouched spring in the nature of these mountaineers. The idea of ownership did not enter into Dorinda's mind as she gazed at the green plaster parrot that perched in state on the high mantelpiece. She was sensible of its merits as a feature of the domestic landscape at the "jestice's house," precisely as the sight of the distant Chilhowee was company in her lonely errands about the mountain. To be deprived of either

would be like a revulsion of nature. She did not grudge the justice his possession, nor did she desire it for herself. She entertained a simple admiration for the image, and always looked to see it on its lofty perch when she first entered the room. There were several books piled beside it, which the justice valued more. There was, too, a little square looking-glass, in which one might behold a distortion of physiognomy. Above all hung a framed picture of General Washington crossing the Delaware. The mantelpiece was to the girl a museum of curiosities. A rag carpet covered the floor; there was a spinning-wheel in the corner; a bed, too, draped with a gay quilt, — a mad disportment of red and yellow patchwork, which was supposed to represent the rising sun, and was considered a triumph of handicraft. The justice's seat was a splint-bottomed chair, which stood near a pine table where ink was always displayed — of a pale green variety — writing-paper, and a pile of books. The table had a drawer which it was difficult to open or shut, and now and then "the squair" engaged in muscular wrestling with it.

He sat down, with a sigh, and drew forth his red bandanna handkerchief from the pocket of his brown jeans coat, and polished the top of his head, and stared at Dorinda, much marveling as to her mission. She had not, in her primitive experience, attained to the duplicity of a subterfuge; she declined the invitation to go into the opposite room, where his wife was busy cooking supper, by saying she was waiting for a man who had promised to meet her here to explain something to the justice.

"Is it a weddin', D'rindy?" exclaimed the old fellow, waggishly.

"'T ain't a weddin'," said Dorinda, curtly.

"Ye air foolin' me!" he declared, with a jocosely affected inspection of his attire. "I hev got another coat I allus wears ter marry a couple, an' ye

don't want ter gimme a chance ter spruce up, fur fear I'll take the shine off 'n the groom. It's a weddin'! Who is the happy man, D'rindy?"

This jesting, as appropriate, according to rural etiquette, to a young and pretty woman as the compliments of the season, seemed a dreary sort of fun to Dorinda, so heavy had her presaging heart become. There was a trifle of sensibility in the old squire, perhaps induced by much meditation in his inactive indoor life, and he recognized something appealing in the girl's face and attitude, as she sat in a low chair before the dull fire that served rather to annul the chilliness of the day than to diffuse a perceptible warmth. The shawl had dropped from her head and loosely encircled her throat; her hand twisted its coarse fringes; she was always turning her face toward the window where only the pallid mists might be seen—the pallid mists and a great glowing crimson rose, that, motionless, touched the pane with its velvet petals. The old justice forbore his jokes, his dignities might serve him better. He entertained Dorinda by telling her how many times he had been elected to office. And he said he would n't count how many times he expected to be, for it was his firm persuasion that "when Gabriel blew that thar old horn o' his'n, he'd find the squair still a-settin' in judgment on the Big Smoky." He showed her his books, and told her how the folks at Nashville were constrained by the law of the State to send him one every time they made new laws. And she understood this as a special and personal compliment, and was duly impressed.

Out-doors the still day was dying silently, like the gradual sinking from a comatose state, that is hardly life, to the death it simulates. How did the gathering darkness express itself in that void whiteness of the mists, still visibly white as ever! Night was sifting through them; the room was shadowy;

yet still in the glow of the fire she beheld their pallid presence close against the window. And the red rose was shedding its petals!—down dropping, with the richness of summer spent in their fleeting beauty, their fragrance a memory, the place they had embellished, bereft. She did not reflect; she only felt. She saw the rose fade, the sad night steal on apace; the hour had passed, and she knew he would not come. She burst into sudden tears.

The old man, whether it was in curiosity or sympathy, had his questions justified by her self-betrayal, and his craft easily drew the story from her simplicity. He got up suddenly, with an expression of keen interest. She followed his motions dubiously, as he took from the mantelpiece a tallow dip in an old pewter candlestick, and with slow circumspection lighted the sputtering wick. "I want ter look up a p'int o' law, D'rindy," he said, impressively. "Ye jes' set thar an' I'll let ye know d'rec'ly how the law stands."

It seemed to Dorinda a long time that he sat with his book before him on the table, his spectacles gleaming in the light of the tallow dip, close at hand, his lips moving as he slowly read beneath his breath, now and then clutching his big red handkerchief, and polishing off the top of his round head and his wrinkled brow. Twice he was about to close the book. Twice he renewed his search.

And now at last it was small comfort to Dorinda to know that the affidavit would not, in the justice's opinion, have been competent testimony. He called it an *ex parte* statement, and said that unless Rick Tyler's deposition were taken in the regular way, giving due notice to the attorney-general, it could not be admitted, and in almost all criminal cases witnesses were compelled to testify *viva voce*. Small comfort to Dorinda to know that the effort was worthless from the beginning, and that on it

she had staked and lost the dearest values of her life. As he read aloud the prosy, prolix sentences, they were annotated by her sobs.

"Dell-law! Dorindy, 't warn't no good, nohow!" he exclaimed, presently breaking off with an effort from his reading, for he relished the rotund verbiage, — the large freedom of legal diction impressed him as a privilege, accustomed as he was only to the simple phrasings of his simple neighbors. He could not understand her disappointment. Surely Rick Tyler's defection could not matter, he argued, since the affidavit would have been worthless.

She did not tell him more. All the world was changed to her. Nothing — not her lover himself — could ever make her see it as once it was. She declined the invitation to stay and eat supper, and soon was once more out in the pallid mist and the contending dusk. The scene that she had left was still vivid in her mind, and she looked back once at the lucent yellow square of the lighted window gleaming through the white vapors. The rose-bush showed across the lower panes, and she remembered the melancholy fall of the flower.

Alas, the roses all were dead!

Charles Egbert Craddock.

BACCHUS.

LISTEN to the tawny thief,
Hid behind the waxen leaf,
Growling at his fairy host,
Bidding her with angry boast
Fill his cup with wine distilled
From the dew the dawn has spilled:
Stored away in golden casks
Is the precious draught he asks.

Who, — who makes this mimic din
In this mimic meadow inn,
Sings in such a drowsy note,
Wears a golden belted coat;
Loiters in the dainty room
Of this tavern of perfume;
Dares to linger at the cup
Till the yellow sun is up?

Bacchus, 't is, come back again
To the busy haunts of men;
Garlanded and gayly dressed,
Bands of gold about his breast;
Straying from his paradise,
Having pinions angel-wise, —
'T is the honey-bee, who goes
Reveling within a rose!

Frank Dempster Sherman.

A MEXICAN VACATION WEEK.

FOUR o'clock in the afternoon of a mid-June day found me on the platform of the railway station at the little Mexican city of Acámbaro. The soft air had the kindly touch of the breath of the Bajío, that great depression in the central tableland which stretches from Querétaro and Morelia on the south to Lagos on the north, at a height of from five thousand to six thousand feet above the sea-level, giving beneath a tropic sun one of the gentlest climates that ever blessed the homes of men.

At half-past six o'clock that morning I had left the city of Mexico. At nine o'clock I had passed a height of over ten thousand feet above the sea, and stood shivering in the vivid sunshine and keen air of Salazar, trying to warm myself with a cup of abominable coffee, while a dozen eager-eyed curs watched anxiously for scraps of *enchiladas* and other peppery viands, which no Northern canine, I am sure, could have been persuaded even to smell of. Since then the train had dropped impetuously through pine-embowered gorges down into the magnificent great basin of the Toluca Valley, a sea-like expanse of young corn. Leaving Toluca, the highest of the Mexican state capitals, with an altitude of something like 8600 feet, we had sped all the rest of the morning through a long valley trough filled with grazing herds. In midwinter, they said, the trains sometimes ploughed their way through snow which covered this valley to a depth of several inches. This trough diminished to a narrow cañon, which opened out into all the wide world, it seemed, as we turned a corner and crept along a narrow shelf hewn for our track, halfway up the precipitous rim of a realm of checkered cultivation, spreading amongst an encampment of tent-like mountains. These

mountains, which stood in social groups, their bases cut off by the lines of the land as it fell away in terraces to the northward into the Bajío, were darkly muffled in pine mantles or savagely naked with the desolation of eternal barrenness, though often a patchwork of the delicate green of young grain was thrown tenderly over their shoulders, skirts, and knees. The descents from terrace to terrace made our way turn and curve incessantly, and with the wide-spreading landscape below, revealed map-like for vast distances, we seemed to have a bird's privilege of inspection over the world. It had been a day of varied scenic interest, as in most railway trips in Mexico.

We entered Acámbaro beside the Lerma River, one of the most considerable streams of Mexico. It had first greeted us where it takes its start towards the Pacific, a clear, strong brook near Salazar. In the Toluca Valley it was spread out into blue lagoons. Down here it was a tawny, rapid, and shallow stream, with a numerous escort of Ahuahuetes, or taxus trees, like those in the venerable grove of Chapultepec. Their great trunks were wading fearlessly mid-river, and gray mosses streamed down from their branches like the tattered banners of a veteran army.

Acámbaro had been raised into some prominence as the junction for the Pacific division of the Mexican National, the great narrow-gauge railway, with the main line. The railway station, a pine-board shanty, was something to flee from, and the sight of the narrow streets of the town, near by, was like release from a nightmare.

Nearly all Mexican towns, so far as I have seen them, have features which give them distinct individuality. These proceed from their great diversity in site

and climate, from their local building-materials and architectural forms, and from the customs of their inhabitants. For many generations they have been left to their own resources, and this isolation has encouraged these variations. How unlike the growth of the smart towns of our young West, which appear all to have been cast in the same mould, or rather, cut out by the same jig-saw!

There is notable architecture almost everywhere in Mexico. Some of the humblest villages are ennobled by churches whose domes and towers would give them a proud distinction in the greatest cities of our commonplace land. The architectural inspirations of Mexico come from Spain; the art has been transplanted, not developed here. Therefore it shows characteristics of the styles which mark Spanish architectural history. Gothic, however, is sparsely represented, and its influence is seldom traced, except in the light, aerial strivings of some purely Renaissance towers. The Romanesque and Moorish are found underlying the Renaissance, which dominated Spanish architectural thought at the time of the Conquest. The Romanesque influence is manifest almost everywhere in Mexico, and sometimes with striking nobility in almost pure examples of the style. There is also much extremely florid and undignified rococo. Fortunately, this often appears subject to Moorish influence, and in such cases its usual incoherence gives way to a piquant grace.

In Acámbaro I noted some charming architectural details. There was an old carved door, weather-beaten and richly wrought in high relief. In the upper part of the two panels large and grotesque twin heads looked grimly down, their beards uniting with the ornamental work below. A cherub head peeped out from each of the two upper corners of the doorway stonework, and the figure of some saint occupied the keystone,

looking very comfortable beneath the shelter of a rococo canopy. There were some naïve reliefs cut in the extremely hard stone of the great basin of the fountain in the market-place, including a series of comical-looking scenes from a bull-fight. The bulls and horses were of the size of dogs in proportion to the human figures, perhaps as an indication of the superiority of men to animals. A shapely column stood in the centre of the basin, with a Corinthian capital surmounted by the Mexican coat-of-arms, — the eagle, with a serpent in its beak, perched upon a prickly pear. This was painted, and so was the neighboring church. But I can forgive paint in Mexico, except in its stage of tawdry freshness; for one rainy season and the intense sunlight of a few months are enough to tone it down into beautiful pale washes of innumerable tints, the underlying hues of perhaps a century's chromatic applications showing through here and there. The church walls and tower were suffused with roseate purple and an exquisite green like that of old bronzes.

The domes of Acámbaro were below the average of prominence and excellence prevailing in Mexico, but there were some features of the surroundings of the parochial church which atoned for this defect. The churchyard, which was across the way from a lovely little public garden filled with a tangle of vivid tropical bloom, was deeply shaded by many great ash-trees, or fresnos, which occupy a similar place in Mexico to that of the elm with us, and they fill it well. A low, plain wall surrounded the yard, rising at the entrances into large arches, whose curves were interrupted by arabesque-like notches. The yard was spacious; ample for the processional ceremonies which may not take place in the public streets anywhere in Mexico since they were forbidden by the reform constitution of 1857. The buildings adjoining the church were mostly falling

into ruin. A solitary pillar, with the fragments of two arches meeting at right angles springing from it like the branches of a tree, was all that remained of the cloisters which formerly occupied a large quadrangle, at whose corner it stood. The façade of the Capilla del Hospital (Chapel of the Hospital), which fronted on this quadrangle, was of strikingly quiet, simple beauty, fitted to the placid shade and silence of the spot. An unfinished and ruined corner tower was void of all decoration, except the rich setting of a handsome little Romanesque window in its base. There was a tall rectangular surface, flanked by wall-spaces entirely plain, and framed in by projecting lines, on one side beaded and the other fluted. The ornamentation was confined to this space. A purely Romanesque doorway was surrounded by a broad band of rich carved-work, and the entire façade was sprinkled with a constellation of stars, among which large rosettes stood here and there like suns, the whole wrought in a mellow-hued stone of a yellowish brown.

The inhabitants of Acámbaro were mostly Indians. They appeared to be very little troubled by considerations of clothing. Nearly all had some slight pretenses of raiment, however. But once in a while a stalwart man or a shapely youth, who had come in from the neighboring country regions, might be seen striding through the streets in scornful disregard of urban conventionalities; nothing on but breech-clouts and sandals. In the by-streets the children disported innocent of all attire. But somehow there was no impression of real nakedness. The warm brown color of the smooth skin, glossy as satin, seemed in itself a garment. I was reminded of what some ladies once said about a voyage they made up the Nile. They were at first embarrassed at the sight of the natives on the banks, but at last they agreed among themselves to regard them as bronze statues, and

after that they got along very comfortably.

Passing through a street, I paused to look at an animated scene in a courtyard. A number of naked men were seated on the ground shelling corn, rasping it over sticks and tossing the cobs deftly over their shoulders. The brown group of laborers and the heaps of yellow ears in the sunlight made a superb color effect.

There were some pleasant-looking houses which showed the existence of a considerable upper class. In passing one handsome dwelling I saw through the open windows paintings hanging on the tastefully papered walls, and other indications of exceptional refinement. I was told that it was the home of a lady who had a library of fifteen hundred volumes or more, and who was devoted to the study of Latin and Greek literature. I found Don Alexandro, the *jefe politico*, or prefect, a genial, warm-hearted gentleman. He was a professed cosmopolitan, had spent years abroad, and was without prejudices of race or nationality. His heart went out to the American friends whose guest I was, and he did much to make their voluntary exile pleasant.

From Acámbaro northwards the railway first traversed a fertile, prairie-like valley, mountain-inclosed. One of the ranges to the westward was magnificent in form, with abrupt sides and dome-like summits, like a mass of cumulus clouds. We passed through a considerable forest of the largest mesquite-trees I had seen. They looked as if they might have been standing at the time of the Conquest, and were an indication of the finely timbered state which nearly all similar valleys of the central tableland probably once presented. These trees were larger than the average of our northern maples, although the mesquite, in its usual state, is rarely over twenty-five or thirty feet high. A mesquite growth always has an orchard-like ap-

pearance, the trees standing apart and in general form resembling apple-trees, although their foliage has a feathery fineness. In this forest the ground was covered with excellent grass, and many cattle were feeding. Some of the trees had fallen, but their prostrate trunks were putting forth foliage as vigorous as that of their erect companions. Mesquite makes one of the best of fire-woods. It is frequently the custom not to cut down the trees, but simply to lop off the branches, leaving the trunk to put forth a new growth.

The railway followed the course of the Lerma River, which led us past the important manufacturing city of Salvatierra, where the stream supplies water-power to large cotton and woolen mills. Here there were extensive fields of sugar-cane, which, we were told, was not converted into sugar, but wholly sold to be eaten in the surrounding cities, the natives being very fond of it as a *dulce*. Near by, to the northwestward, there rose the lofty mountain of Culiacan, one of the great landmarks of this part of Mexico. It is prominent from the Mexican Central Railway near Salamanca. I had seen it from nearly all directions, and from every side it appeared a perfect cone, with furrowed sides sloping uniformly to its broad base. It was evidently a volcano. There is another high mountain of the same name near the Pacific coast in the State of Sinaloa.

A friend and compatriot with me pointed out a pass in the mountains to the eastward where there was a village whose inhabitants were all bandits. He had made a trip out there one holiday with some friends. There was nothing unusual, he said, in the appearance of the place, which had its church and priest. They were courteously received and hospitably entertained, but they felt that their hosts would have cut their throats very quickly had opportunity and incentive offered.

It was near sunset when we entered

upon a wide plain and drew near the city of Celaya with its group of beautiful domes, the design of a celebrated architect of the past century, Tres Guerras, and unsurpassed in symmetrical grace. They were covered with glazed tile of an old-gold hue, and glowed in the sunset rays, against the deep clear sky, as if illumined by an inner flame.

It was ten o'clock when we reached San Miguel de Allende, at present the northern terminus of the railway. There is always a mystery about a town which one enters at night for the first time. The carriage went rattling up hill for something like a league. We finally struck rough pavements where the way grew steeper. The streets were straight, and down their centres ran threads of water, gleaming away into the distance under the light of the lanterns strung overhead like the lines of a railway track reflected from the locomotive headlight.

I was dropped at a hotel, where water was pleasantly trickling into a large tank in the court. My room was plainly furnished. The brick floor was covered with a pretty matting; the bed was hard, but clean, as usually the case in Mexico. When I awoke in the morning the air seemed peculiarly pure and fresh, with a perceptible tonic quality. As the tourist in Europe often becomes a connoisseur in wines, so the traveler in Mexico becomes a connoisseur in atmospheres, recognizing many subtle and indescribable changes, from the soothing, flower-perfumed breath of warm valley depths to the invigorating airs of wind-swept heights.

Stepping to my window I found that the town was built on a gentle slope, the houses falling away before me into a wide brown valley, whose smooth undulations were bounded by a rugged mountain range. It was a gloriously spacious view. The street beneath my balcony ran up to the main plaza, terminating in an arcade. The great Gothic

church-tower which met my eyes was an astonishing feature for Mexico. Its site, with streets falling away on three sides, and the uneven contour of the city, seemed appropriate for the presiding stateliness of the style. The tower was of great breadth, lacking the airy lightness characteristic of the Gothic at its best; but it had a majesty of its own, with something of an individual quality. An interesting contrast was furnished by a fine dome not far away, one of perfect symmetry, like those of Celaya. The Gothic tower was that of the parochial church, and I learned that it was the work of an illiterate Indian, who traced with a pointed stick in the sand the working-designs of the details for the stone-masons. I repaired to the plaza, finding almost everywhere in the streets rills of clear water, from which the laden donkeys often stopped to drink as they passed. The usual little garden which occupied the plaza was terraced on three sides to give a level surface, the square being on sloping ground. I did not like the painting of the cemented sides of the terraces in imitation of brick-work, but I did like the cheery, neat aspect of the garden itself, with its four little plashing fountains, strikingly limpid; its trimmed grass and pruned trees. It was all expressive of the thorough cleanliness of the town itself, with its well-washed countenance and not a foul smell in the streets. Buildings and towers grouped finely around this Plaza de Allende, as it was called. The great church was undergoing a transformation from a plain Renaissance into the Gothic. The great tower had been completed for some time, and the old twin flanking towers were disappearing behind the incasing of the new façade. An old chapel stood at right-angles to the church, facing the yard. It had a very plain, square tower, reminding me of the severity of mediæval architecture. The yard was populated with large cypresses, a tree which seems always to have an architect-

ural expression, so associated is it with architectural forms in southern lands; just as certain animals appear to take on the expressions of people they belong to. These cypresses played an admirable part in the composition, lending breadth and dignity to the base. Among their dark solemnity a few small young orange-trees were sporting, spangled with their golden dots. The yard was terraced three or four feet above the plaza, surrounded by a high and heavy stone balustrade, which had the charm of an indefinite coloring, produced by the weatherworn character of the latest coating of whitewash, with under-colors, from rose to aged gray and black, showing through.

Rambling through the narrow, undulating streets, I was led by my young Mexican friend, José, to the baths of El Chorro, on the southerly side of the town. We came to the foot of a precipitous slope, covered with a beautiful shady garden. Pebble-paved paths zig-zagged up the hill, and clear water came hurrying down beside them with a gossiping prattle, as if telling about the lively scenes above. Banana plants, ranged along the way, languidly marshaled an army of gay geraniums to present arms to the passers. Above was the long stone bath-house, with a graceful arcaded front facing a terrace with stone seats, where at all hours in the changing lights of the day's progression views of quiet idyllic beauty were at command, looking out from under the deep overarching shade of the tall fresnos that clothed the slope. In this bosky framework appeared the clustering domes and towers of the city sloping away to the green fields and meadows down in the valley. In front, below the terrace, a number of washerwomen were at work in places constructed for them; little compartments where they knelt before scrubbing-stones inclined away from them, dipping water from the stream running close alongside.

In this stream minnows darted about, and the children of the women sported. One chubby little fellow removed a lace-work of rags, which passed for a shirt, his only garment, revealing more than it concealed, and had a merry time. But he had more trouble dressing himself again than if he had a complete suit of clothes. It was comical to see him exploring his way among the capacious holes of his garb before he found the place where his neck belonged, while his arms worked cautiously down into the sleeves, his fists appearing several times before reaching the end.

The taciturn old fellow in charge of the place shuffled about with the air of a sexton. He took a key and unlocked a door for us with the air of showing us into a receiving tomb, but it was a grotto-like place in the upper part of the building, where the water gushed out from the rocks of the cliff, forming a number of large pools, some of which were so still, glassy, and wonderfully transparent that the presence of the water was hardly to be detected. Rills flowed out from here in considerable volume, supplying not only the bathing-tanks, but the city water-works, the water being led in pipes over the place. Each householder had the perpetual right to the water on the payment of thirty dollars, and so abundant was the supply that it was left always running in the houses, the rills in the streets being formed of the waste.

We walked over the flat roof of the building and looked down into the swimming-tank for boys, whence merry cries resounded, as from bathing children the world over. Is there anything like water-sports to induce gayety and an overflow of animal spirits? The dozen or so naked boys illustrated the diversity of blood among the Mexican people, their bodies ranging through all shades, from the delicate pinkish-white of the blonde, Goth-descended Spanish-American and the light olive of the Ibe-

rian, the dusky twilight of mixed bloods, to the ruddy bronze of the pure aboriginal. Another large bathing-tank was for women, and there were several private baths in vaulted, cell-like compartments where the bather descended into a tank of smooth brick-work with water about four feet deep. This Chorro water was tasteless, but its mineral properties were testified to by the greenish deposit which it left on the rocks and masonry. It had excellent medicinal qualities and, being slightly tepid, was pleasantly refreshing. It left the skin feeling as smooth as satin.

On descending from these baths in the delicious late afternoon air it was pleasant to stroll through the beautiful neighboring rural lanes, among rich gardens and cosy country-houses, out to the Cañada de Aguacates, or Ravine of Aguacates. There were long shadows falling athwart and forming carpet-like figures, streaked and interwoven with sunlight. These lanes, smoothly paved with small stones, rambled over the hillsides and were the favorite pleasure-walks of the place. They passed over deep ravines on arched stone bridges, amid thickets of fruit-trees, where aguacates, chirimoyas, zapotes, and figs grew side by side with apples, peaches, apricots, and pears. The shade was often deep, and there were frequent glimpses out into the tawny valley, the Guanajuato treasure range — from which many millions of silver and gold had been taken and in which many more lay buried — standing a luminous purple against the mellow sunset gilding the city buildings, with the lordly great Gothic tower resembling the Erfurt cathedral in effect.

We passed an archway surmounted with a statue of Allende, the hero whose name the city has borne since Mexican independence was gained. It was an unspeakably ugly statue, and its crudeness was heightened by the tawdry paint which set forth the general's regimentals with startling would-be realism.

All this region is heroic ground. Dolores de Hidalgo, the cradle of Mexican liberty, is but a few leagues away from San Miguel de Allende, and from the high land just back of the town it could be plainly seen were it not for a projecting spur of hills in the valley. Ignacio Allende, who was the companion of Hidalgo, was born here in San Miguel de Allende, as it was then called, on January 20, 1779. His father was a Spaniard, and the family was one of the leading ones of the place. He was a captain of dragoons, and being enthusiastic for independence, he joined in the conspiracy with the patriot priest of Dolores, together with Aldama and Abasolo, fellow-officers in his regiment. Allende was with Hidalgo and his companions at Dolores when, near midnight of September 15, 1810, the famous *grito de independencia* was raised. The revolution began the next day, and the multitude, ever swelling, reached San Miguel that evening. Here, through the influence of Allende, the royal regiment joined the revolutionists, and an army was organized with Hidalgo at the head and Allende as lieutenant-general. It was queerly equipped, being armed with lances, clubs, and various agricultural implements. It marched southward, and at the little village of Atotonilco the curate took the standard with the painting of the Virgin of Guadalupe from the church, and it was made the banner of independence. The battle-cry was: "Viva la Religion! Viva nuestra Madre Santissima de Guadalupe! Viva la America y muera el mal gobierno!" (Long live religion! Long live our most holy Mother of Guadalupe! Long live America and death to the bad government!) It is notable that while the oppression of the Spaniards was a strong incentive, a leading motive in the revolution was the fear that the church would suffer through the rule of Napoleonism in Spain, and this is said to account for the active part which the

priests took in the struggle. While the church took a leading part in the beginning, real Mexican liberty was not gained until the church itself was overthrown and forever separated from the state by Juarez, in the great civil war which resulted in the adoption of the reform constitution of 1857.

The first great step in the revolution was the taking of the large and immensely rich city of Guanajuato, which enabled Hidalgo to organize thoroughly. He then took up his march to Mexico over substantially the same route which we traversed by rail over the Mexican National. His army numbered one hundred thousand men when he reached the Monte de las Cruces overlooking the valley of Mexico. Here, by some strange fatality, while the Spaniards were almost panic-stricken and final victory seemed within grasp, Hidalgo withdrew without a battle. His fortunes thenceforward declined, and the first chapter in the eleven years' struggle for independence ended on July 30, 1811, with the shooting of Hidalgo, Allende, Aldama, and Jimenez in the city of Chihuahua.

One afternoon I went with José directly up the hill back of the town, following the course of a small aqueduct from one of the numerous springs in the neighborhood. The way was bordered with a hedge of cactus, the nopal bearing most refreshing tunas, or prickly pears, in abundance; while a tall cactus, with many upward-growing branches, like a candelabra, had a small berry-like fruit resembling set beads growing along the edges of its stalks. It was called the *charamulla*, and resembled a gooseberry. It had a bright carmine pulp filled with fine black seeds. A luxuriant *huerta*, or orchard, filled the neighboring little valley grooved into the hillside. It was a wild tangle of pear, quince, apple, and fig trees, together with grape vines, all growing so closely and disheveled that it seemed a wonder

there was any fruit at all. Abundant water and a tropic sun do wonders, however, and the fruit of San Miguel was better than the average. Improved grafts and scientific horticulture would make Mexican fruit unsurpassed. I noticed a massive wall running along the barren hillside for a considerable distance. It seemed useless in that locality, and I asked what it was for. I was told that a kind-hearted rich man had built it to give employment to the poor people, at a time when there was little for them to do and there was much distress. He might have set them about some work of utility, I thought.

The upland reached away in a moor-like expanse when we attained a height of something like a thousand feet above the valley. It was another climate already, and the cool wind swept powerfully across. Dark mountains covered with pines rose to the eastward. Immediately below was the handsome town, with streets running down hill like furrows, the lines of water in their centre glistening like silver threads.

Rambling across the fields, we came to the verge of a deep cup walled in by towering cliffs. This opened into the plain, over which there was a vast view. At our feet, seemingly almost within a stone's throw, there nestled an old stone mill. Near by were the arches of an aqueduct. A swift stream rushed past, a cascade gushed out from an opening in the wall, and lawn-like fields of green alfalfa spread around, — the whole a little landscape gem set in a sublime framework. The source of this stream was fifteen leagues away, whence it courses through an ever deepening gorge.

We scrambled down and then up beside the stream over a chaos of great boulders that strewed the way until we came to the foot of the high cascades of the Ingenio, which tumbled down in several steps over a total height of more than one hundred and seventy feet. Ingenio means a marvel, and here the

marvel was said to be that an enormous serpent had fallen and caused this split in the rocks. The walls of the narrow cañon towered perpendicularly and made a most impressive solitude. In one place this wall was covered with a beautiful mantle of the Virginia creeper, the only spot where I have ever seen it growing wild in Mexico. At its foot there was a tangle of cactus.

Below the mill the stream ran into a *presa*, or reservoir, with a dam of astounding solidity and thickness. It was built of small rubble-stone, laid in cement so hard that it seemed a part of the rock itself. The basin was empty, but twenty-four hours were enough to fill it in the rainy season. The dam had been raised for over half its length something like a century before with a view to doubling the capacity of the basin, but the work had been abandoned, since the present supply for irrigation proved sufficient for the wants of the population. Along this stream there was room for many reservoirs of the same sort. The same is the case throughout Mexico, so that, should it ever be needed, the agricultural production of the country could be many times increased.

The walk back to the town was a charming one, along a level, smooth, and winding road. The groups of towers were emulated by clusters of organ cactus, shooting up slenderly to a height of forty feet or more above the humble cots in the outskirts. The hills rolled away beside the town, brown on their slopes like cheeks well tanned by a scorching sun, their piny summits bluish black in the distance. The rich verdure of gardens and orchards filled the ravines running irregularly up the hillsides, inwreathing the town with their graceful fringe. High above, perched on a crag, rose the old convent of Santo Domingo, with square, belligerent-looking towers like a castle; elsewhere on the heights was a mass of white masonry, with graceful arcades, darkly recessed,

gleaming among groves of trees. A tree of great beauty hereabouts was the pepper tree, or *árbol de Peru*, lining the highways in places and growing unusually tall. Some trees were in blossom, others were in fruit; the bunches of scarlet berries, which are in some demand in the markets as a food for tame mocking-birds, gleaming vividly. The foliage, though drooping, had a sprightly cheeriness, and if its pendent form suggested tears at all, it would be those brought to the eyes by the piquancy of the fruit! The beauty of these trees was greatly heightened by the moss draping their branches, of a hue between orange and old gold. This moss makes the fine yellow and green dyes used extensively in local manufactures.

San Miguel has a most industrious population. It is famous for the manufacture of *zarapes* and *rebozos*, or blankets and scarfs, which are, respectively, universal articles of apparel among the male and female population of Mexico. The former are made of wool and the latter of cotton or silk, both woven on hand-looms, whose lively clatter may be heard in passing about half the houses in town. Great skill is attained in the manufacture of *zarapes*, and those of San Miguel and Saltillo are the finest in Mexico, some costing over a thousand dollars each. I saw one which had taken over a year in the making, and its value was three hundred dollars. The weaving was a marvel of fineness, and it had a very close reproduction of a painting which was shown me. In market hours, particularly on Sundays, the plaza was enlivened by the sellers of *zarapes* and *rebozos*, who went around with their goods in little piles on their shoulders, seeking customers. This plaza was the centre of activity for the place. The principal shops were there, and on one side was the fruit-market, where the venders had light tents pitched on the pavement, the fruit displayed in little heaps spread on matting on the ground.

The mushy, but delicious white zapotes, with flesh much like that of a Bartlett pear, were generally surrounded by swarms of wasps. On another side of the plaza a deal of cooking was always going on; much frying over little charcoal fires. It was no wonder that crowds of peasants were attracted to buy, for the odor of meat and onions was savory even to more civilized nostrils.

The plaza was the club-room of the place, so to speak; night after night the same young men might be seen quietly chatting together on the same benches of carved stone. Some evenings there was music, and then everybody turned out, promenading around the little garden. There was a good-sized theatre, with performances every Sunday night, and often two or three other evenings in the week. Some of the traveling dramatic and operatic companies which make the round of the Mexican provincial cities are excellent.

One afternoon I sat reading in my room while the first shower of the month was falling. The rainy season was several weeks later than usual, this year. It was a goodly shower, and the rivulets in the streets were soon converted into turbid torrents. While the rain was still pouring, though very gently, I heard music in the street. It was St. John's day, and I thought it part of the celebration. I stepped to the balcony and saw a band coming, followed by a score or more of men with lighted candles. The band was playing a lively march. Ahead there ran a little boy with what looked like a tawdrily painted box-cover. The men were nearly all of the lower class, shabbily dressed. One of them carried on his head an open coffin, containing what I at first took for a doll, having something to do with the ceremonial. It was dressed in white muslin with some gilt tinsel. But as they passed below I saw that it was a dead baby, with long eyelashes and black eyes staring up to the sky. Mean-

while the rain kept dropping pitilessly on the senseless little form. Or, I fancied, since the form was senseless, was the rain pitiless, or compassionate tears from heaven! The men sheltered from the wind with one hand the candles they were carrying. The procession marched along with the martial blare of the music sounding gayly down the narrow streets, seeming strangely inappropriate to mark the entry of a little child into the kingdom of heaven.

The rains fell daily now. Every afternoon the clouds rolled up and the skies grew black. Almost over night

the landscape underwent a magic transformation. The brown, sun-scorched plains turned to the loveliest of spring-time greens, and the fresh tint crept up over the gray rocks to the mountain summits.

When I returned to the capital I found that the railway, just below San Miguel, ran through a grand gorge, coursed by a river. On my upward trip I had missed this sight, having passed through in the dark. The river, usually a mere rill, was swollen to a powerful, broad-breasted current, with boats upon it for people to cross in.

Sylvester Baxter.

A COUNTRY GENTLEMAN.

XXI.

THE pony walked on, sometimes a little quicker, sometimes a little slower, while Geoff dreamed. No doubt Pony too had his own thoughts. His opinion was that summer had come again. He was rather a pampered little pony, who had never been put to any common use, who had never felt harness on his back, or a weight behind him, or the touch of a whip beyond that of Geoff's little switch; and he had come so far and had trotted so long that he was hot, and did not like it. He had come so far that he no longer knew which was the direction of home and the comfortable cool stable, for which he began to puff and sigh. When he came to a cross-road he sniffed at it, but never could be sure. The scent seemed to lie one time in one way, another time in another. Not being able to make sure of the way home, the pony made it up to himself in a different direction. He sauntered along, and cooled down. He took a pull at the grass, nearly snatching the loose reins out of Geoff's small hands. Then,

after having thus secured the proper length, he had a tolerable meal, a sort of picnic refreshment, not unpleasant; and the grass was very crisp and fresh. He began to think that it was for this purpose, to give him a little beneficial change of diet, that he had been brought out. It was very considerate. Corn is good, and so even is nice, dry, sweet-smelling hay. But of all things in the world, there is nothing so delightful as the fresh salad with all its juices, the sweet grass with the dew upon it, especially when it is past the season for grass, and you have been ridden in the sun.

Geoff's mind was pleasurably moved in a different way. The freedom, the silence, the fresh air, entered into his little being like wine. He had not known much of the delights of solitude. A sickly child, who has to be watched continually, and who is alone in the sense of having no playmates, no one of his own age near him, has less experience than the robust of true aloneness. He had been always with his mother, or, in his mother's brief absences, — so brief

that they scarcely told in the story of his life, — under the charge of the nurse, who was entirely devoted to him. He knew by heart all the stories she had to tell, and yet would have them repeated, with a certain pleasure in the sound of the words. But his mother, — he never could be sure what she was going to say. To question her was the chief occupation of his life, and she never was weary of replying. His days were full of this perpetual intercourse. So it happened that to get out alone into the absolute stillness, broken only by the rustle of the leaves, the sound of the wind as it brought them down, the twitter of the birds, the tinkle of the little stream, was a new delight to Geoff, unlike anything that had gone before. And to see miles and miles before him, to see all round him roads stretching into the unknown, houses and churches and woods, all nameless and new, — was he riding out to seek his fortune, was he going to conquer the world, was he the prince riding to the castle where the Sleeping Beauty lay? Was he Jack, going on unawares to the ogre's castle, where he was to kill the giant and deliver the prisoners? The little boy did not, perhaps, put these questions into form, but they were all in his mind, filling him with a vague, delicious exhilaration. He was all of these heroes put together, and little Geoff Markland beside. He was afraid of nothing: partly, perhaps, because of his breeding, which had made it apparent to him that the world chiefly existed for the purpose of taking care of Geoff; and partly from an innate confidence and friendliness with all the world. He had no serious doubt that ogres, giants, and other unpleasant people did exist to be overcome; but so far as men and women were considered, Geoff had no fear of them: and he was aware that even in the castle of the ogre these natural aids and auxiliaries were to be found. He wandered on, accordingly, quite satisfied with his fancies, until the

pony gave that first jerk to the reins and began his meal. Geoff pulled him up at first — but then began to reflect that ponies have their breakfast earlier than boys, and that even he himself was beginning to feel that the time for eating had come. "We can't both have luncheon," said the little man, "and I think you might wait, pony;" but he reflected again that, if he could put out his hand and reach some bread and butter, he would not himself, at that moment, be restrained by the thought that pony's hunger was unsatisfied. This thought induced him to drop his wrists and leave the pony free. They formed an odd little vignette on the side of the road: the pony, with its head down, selecting the juicy spots; the little boy amicably consenting, with his hands upon its neck. Geoff, however, to those who did not know that he was consenting, and had philosophically made up his mind to sanction, in default of luncheon for himself, his pony's meal, looked a somewhat helpless little figure, swayed about by the movements of his little steed. And this was how he appeared to the occupants of a phaeton which swept past, with two fine bay horses, and all their harness glittering and jingling in the sun. There was a lady in it, by the driver's side, and both greeted the little boy with a burst of laughter. "Shall I touch him up for you?" the gentleman cried, brandishing his whip over the pony's head. This insult went to Geoff's soul. He drew himself up out of his dreaming, and darted such a glance at the passers-by as produced another loud laugh, as they swept past. And he plucked the pony's head from the turf with the same startled movement, and surprised the little animal into a canter of a dozen paces or so, enough, at least, he hoped, to show those insolent people that he could go, when he liked. But after that the pony took matters into his own hand.

It was beginning to be afternoon,

which to Geoff meant the decline of the day, after his two-o'clock dinner. He had had no dinner, poor child, and that afternoon languor which the strongest feel, the sense of falling off and running low, was deepened in him by unusual emptiness, and that consciousness of wrong which a child has who has missed a meal. Pony, after *his* dinner, had a more lively feeling than ever that the stable at home would be cool and comfortable, and, emboldened by so much salad, wanted to turn back and risk finding the way. He bolted twice, so that all Geoff's horsemanship and all his strength were necessary to bring the little beast round. The little man did it, setting his teeth with childish rage and determination, digging his heels into the fat refractory sides, and holding the reins twisted in his little fists with savage tenacity. But a conflict of this sort is very exhausting, and to force an unreasonable four-footed creature in the way it does not want to go requires a strain of all the faculties which it is not easy to keep up, especially at the age (not all told) of nine. Geoff felt the tears coming to his eyes; he felt that he would die of shame if any one saw him, thus almost mastered by a pony: yet that he would give anything in the world to see a known face, some one who would help him home. Not the phaeton, though, or that man who had offered to "touch him up." When he heard the wheels behind him again Geoff grew frantic. He laid his whip about the pony's neck, with a maddening determination not to be laughed at any more. But circumstances were too strong for him. The pony made a spring forward, stopped suddenly, and Geoff, with a giddy sense of flying through the air, a horrible consciousness of great hoofs coming down, lost all knowledge of what was going to happen to him, and ended in insensibility this wild little flight into the unknown.

It was well for Geoff that some one

who had been crossing a field close by, at this climax of his little history, saw the impending accident, and sprang over the stile into the road at the decisive moment; for the driver of the phaeton, with the best will in the world, could scarcely have otherwise avoided mischief, though he pulled his horses back on their hind quarters in the sudden alarm. Theo Warrender flung himself under the very hoofs of the dashing bays. He seized the child and flung him out on the edge of the road, but was himself knocked down, and lay for a moment not knowing how much he was himself hurt, and paralyzed by terror for the boy, whom he had recognized in the flash of the catastrophe. There was a whirl of noise, for a moment, loud shrieks from the lady, the grinding of the suddenly stopped wheels, the prancing and champing of the horses, the loud exclamations of the man who was driving to the groom, who sprang out from behind, and to his shrieking companion. The groom raised Geoff's head, and laid him on the grass at the roadside, while Warrender crept out from the dangerous position he occupied, his heart sick with alarm. "He's coming to," said the groom. "There is no harm done. The gentleman's more hurt than the boy." "There is nothing the matter with me," cried Warrender, though the blood was pouring from his forehead, making bubbles in the dust. When Geoff opened his eyes he had a vision first of that anxious, blood-stained countenance; then of a bearded face in an atmosphere of cigar smoke, which reminded him strangely, in the dizziness of returning consciousness, of his father: while the carriage, the impatient bays, the lady looking down from her high seat, were like a picture behind. He could not remember at first what it was all about. The bearded man knelt beside him, feeling him all over. "Does anything hurt you, little chap? Come, that's brave. I think there's nothing wrong."

"But look at Theo! Theo's all bleeding," said Geoff, trying to raise himself up.

"It's nothing, — a trifle," said Warrender, feeling, though faint, angry that the attention of the stranger should be directed to his ghastly countenance. He added, "Don't wait on account of him. If you will let your man catch the pony, I'll take him home."

Then the lady screamed from the phaeton that the little darling must be given to her, that he was not fit to get on that pony again, that he must be driven to the village. She called her companion to her, who swore by Jove, and plucked at his mustache, and consulted with the groom, who by some chance knew who the child was. The end of the discussion was that Geoff, to his own great surprise, and not without a struggle, was lifted to the phaeton and placed close to the lady, who drew him to her, and kept him safe within her arm. Geoff looked up at the face that bent so closely over him with a great deal of curiosity, and mingled attraction and repulsion. In his giddy state, it seemed to him another phase of the dream. The sudden elevation, the rush of rapid motion, so different from his slow and easy progress, the two bays dashing through the air, the lady's perfumery and her caresses, all bewildered the boy. Where were they taking him? After all, was there really some ogre's castle, some enchanted palace, to which he was being swept along without any will of his? The little boy was disturbed by the kisses and caresses of his new friend. He was not a shy child; but he felt himself too old to be kissed, and a little indignant, and slightly alarmed, in the confusion of his shaken frame, as to where he was being taken and what was going to happen to him. The bays were grand and the lady was beautiful; but as Geoff looked at her, holding himself as far away as was possible within the tight enclosure of her arm, he

thought her more like the enchantress than the good, lovely fairy queen, which had been his first idea. She was not like the ogre's wife he knew so well, — that pathetic, human little person, who did what she could to save the poor strayed boys; but rather of ogre-kind herself, kissing him as if she would like to put a tooth in him, with loud laughter at his shrinking and indisposition to be caressed. Geoff also felt keenly the meanness of forsaking Theo, and even the pony, who by this time, no doubt, must be very sorry for having thrown him, and very much puzzled how to get home. Would the groom (left behind for the purpose) be able to catch him? All these things much disturbed Geoff's thoughts. He paid little attention to the promises that were made to him of tea and nice things to eat, although he was faint and hungry; feeling not altogether certain, in his little confused brain, that he might not, instead of eating, be eaten, though he was quite aware at the same time that this was nonsense, and could not be.

But when the phaeton turned in at the gate of the Elms, and Geoff saw the high red brick house, surrounded with its walls, like a prison, or like the ogre's castle itself, his perturbation grew to a climax. The vague alarm which takes complete possession of a child when once aroused in him rose higher and higher in his mind. When the lady sprang lightly down, and held out her arms to receive him as he alighted, the little fellow made a nervous leap clear of her, and stood shaking and quivering with the effort, on his guard, and distrustful of any advance. "Nobody is going to harm you, my little fellow," said the man, kindly enough; while the lady asked why he was frightened, with laughter which confused and alarmed him more and more; for Geoff was accustomed to be taken seriously, and did not understand being laughed at. He wanted to be civil, notwithstanding,

and was about to follow in-doors, plucking up his courage: when a glance round — which showed him how high the walls were, and that the gates had been closed, and that in the somewhat narrow space inside there was no apparent outlet by which he could communicate with the world in which his mother and Theo and everybody he knew were left behind — carried a thrill of panic, which he could not overcome, through all his being. As he paused, scared and frightened, on the threshold, he saw at the further end of the inclosure a door standing a little ajar, by which some one had entered on foot. Geoff did not pause to think again, but made for the opening with a sudden start, and, when outside, ran like a hunted hare. He ran straight on, seeing houses before him where he knew there must be safety, — houses with no high walls, cottages such as a small heart trusts in, be it beggar or prince. He ran, winged with fear, till he got as far as Mrs. Bagley's shop. It was not a great distance, but he was unused to violent exertion, and his little body and brain were both quivering with excitement and with the shock of his fall. The dread of some one coming after him, of the house that looked like a prison, of the strangeness of the circumstances altogether, subsided at the sight of the village street, the church in the distance, the open door of the little shop. All these things were utterly antagonistic to ogres, incompatible with enchantresses. Geoff became himself again when he reached the familiar and recognizable; and when he saw the cakes in Mrs. Bagley's window, his want of a dinner grew into an overpowering consciousness. He stopped himself, took breath, wiped his little hot forehead, and went in, in a very gentlemanly way, taking off his hat, which was dusty and crushed with his fall, to the astonished old lady behind the counter. "Would you mind giving me a cake or a biscuit?" he said. "I don't

think I have any money, but I am going to Mrs. Warrender's, if you will show me where that is, and she will pay for me. But don't do it," said Geoff, suddenly perceiving that he might be taken for an impostor, "if you have any doubt that you will be paid."

"Oh, my little gentleman," cried Mrs. Bagley, "take whatever you please, sir! I'm not a bit afraid; and if you was never to pay me, you're but a child, if I may make bold to say so; and as for a cake or a — But if you'll take my advice, sir, a good bit of bread and butter would be far more wholesome, and you shall have that in a moment" —

"Thank you very much," said Geoff, though he cast longing eyes at the cakes, which had the advantage of being ready; "and please might I have a chair or a stool to sit down upon, for I am very tired? May I go into that nice room there, while you cut the bread and butter? My mother," said the boy, with a sigh of pleasure, throwing himself down in Mrs. Bagley's big chair, which she dragged out of its corner for him, "will be very much obliged to you when she knows. Yes, I am only a child," he continued, after a moment; "but I never thought I was so little till I got far away from home. Will you tell me, please, where I am now?"

Mrs. Bagley was greatly impressed by this little personage, who looked so small and talked with such imposing self-possession. She set down before him a glass of milk with the cream on it, which she had intended for her own tea, and a great slice of bread and butter, which Geoff devoured without further comment. "This is Underwood," she said, "and Mrs. Warrender's is close by, and there's nobody but will be pleased to show you the way; but I do hope, sir, as you have n't run away from home?"

"Oh, no," said Geoff, with his mouth full of bread and butter, "not at all. I only came to see Theo, — that is Mr. Warrender's name, you know. To be

sure," he added, "mamma will not know where I am, and probably she is very much frightened; that is something like running away, is n't it? I hope they have caught my pony, and then when I have rested a little I can ride home. Is that a nice house, that tall red house with the wall round it, or do they shut up people there?"

"Ah, that's the Elms," said the old lady, and she gave a glance which Geoff did not understand to the young woman who was sitting at work behind. "I don't know as folks is ever shut up in it," she said, significantly; "but don't you never go there, my little gentleman, for it ain't a nice house."

"The like of him could n't get no harm, Granny, even if it was as bad as you think."

"There is nobody as would n't get harm, man or woman, or even children," cried Granny, dogmatically. "It was the last place as poor Lord Markland was ever in afore his accident, and who knows" —

Geoff put down his bread and butter. "That's my father," he said. "Did he know those people? Perhaps his horses got wild escaping from them."

Mrs. Bagley lifted up her hands in awe and wonder. "My stars!" she said, "I thought I had seen him before. Lizzie, it's the little lord."

"That is what the lady called me," said Geoff, "as if it was my fault. Do they set traps there for people who are lords?"

XXII.

It may be imagined what the sight of Theo all bound up and bleeding was to the family in the Warren. He had not at all the look of a benevolent deliverer, suffering sweetly from a wound received in the service of mankind. He had a very pale and angry countenance, and snorted indignant breath from his dilated nostrils. "It's nothing; a little water

will make it all right," he answered to the eager questions of his mother and sisters. "Has the brat got here?"

"The brat? What brat? Oh, Theo! You've been knocked down; your coat is covered with dust. Run for a basin, Chatty, and some lint. You look as if you had been fighting, or something." These cries rose from the different voices round him, while old Joseph, who had seen from a window the plight in which his master was, stood gazing, somewhat cynical and very curious, in the back-ground. The scene was the hall, which has been already described, and into which all the rooms opened.

"Well," rejoined Theo angrily, "I never said I had n't. Where's the boy? Little fool! and his mother will be distracted. Oh, don't bother me with your bathing. I must go and see after the boy."

"Let me see what is wrong," pleaded Mrs. Warrender. "The boy? Who is it? Little Markland? Has he run away? Oh, Theo, have patience a moment. Joseph will run and inquire — Minnie will put on her hat" —

"Running don't suit these legs o' mine," grumbled Joseph, looking at his thin shanks.

"And what am I to put on my hat for?" cried Minnie. "Let Theo explain. How can we tell what he wants if he won't explain?"

"I'll run," said Chatty, who had already brought a basin and water, and who flew forth in most illogical readiness, to satisfy her brother, although she did not know what he wanted. Good-will, however, is often its own reward, and in this instance it was emphatically so, for Chatty almost ran into a little group advancing through the shrubbery, — Mrs. Bagley, with her best bonnet hastily put on, holding little Geoff Markland by the hand. The boy was in advance, dragging his guardian forward, and Mrs. Bagley panted with the effort. "Oh, Miss Chatty," she

cried, "I'm so thankful to see you! The little gentleman, he's in such a hurry. The little gentleman" —

Geoff let go in a moment the old lady's hand, nearly throwing her off her balance; but he was full of his own affairs, as was natural. "It is me," he said to Chatty. "I came to see Theo; but I had an accident: and he had an accident. And they wanted to take me to that tall house, but I would n't. Has Theo come back? and where is pony? This old lady has to be paid for the bread and butter. She was very kind, and took care of me when I ran away."

"Oh," cried Chatty, "did you run away? And Lady Markland will be so unhappy."

No one paid any attention to Mrs. Bagley's declaring that she wanted no payment for her bread and butter; and Geoff, very full of the importance of the position, hurried Chatty back to the house. "Can I go in?" he said, breathless; "and will you send me home, and find pony for me? Oh, here is Theo! Was it the horse that tipped you on the head?" He came forward with great gravity, and watched the bathing of Warrender's brow, which was going on partly against his will. Geoff approached without further ceremony, and stood by the side of the table, and looked on. "Did he catch you with his forefoot?" said the boy. "I thought it was only the hind feet that were dangerous. What a lot of blood! and oh, are they going to cut off your hair? When I got a knock on the head, mamma sent for the doctor for me."

"Dear Theo, be still, and let me do it. How could you get such a blow?"

"I will tell you, Mrs. Warrender," said the little boy, drawing closer and closer, and watching everything with his little grave face. "Pony threw me, and the big bays were coming down to crush my head. I saw them waving in the air, like that, over me: and Theo

laid hold of me here and tore me, and they kicked him instead."

"What is all this about a pony and the bays? Theo, tell me."

"He tore me all here, look, in the back of my knickerbockers," said Geoff putting his hand to the place; "but I'd rather have that than a knock on my head. Theo, does it hurt? Theo, what a lot you have bled! Were you obliged to tear my knickerbockers? I say, Theo, the lady was pretty, but I did n't much like her, after all."

Theo, though his head was over the basin, put out his hand and seized the child by the shoulder. "What did you run away for, you little — Do you know your mother will be wretched about you? — your mother, who is worth a hundred of you." This was said through his teeth, with a twist of Geoff's shoulder which was almost savage.

"I say!" cried the child; then he added, indignantly. "I never ran away; I came to see you, because you are going to be my tutor. I did n't think it was such a long way. And pony got hungry. And so was I."

"Going to be his tutor!" It was Minnie's voice that said this, so sharply that the air tingled with the words, and Mrs. Warrender started a little; but it was not a moment at which any more could be said. The bathing was done, and Theo's wound had now to be brought together by plaster and bound up. It was not very serious. A hoof had touched him, but that was all, and fortunately not on a dangerous place.

"Take him away and give him something to eat," said the patient, but not in a hospitable voice.

"I want to see it all done," said Geoff, pressing closer. "Is that how you do it? Don't you want another piece of plaster? Will you have to take it off again, or will it stay till it is all well? Oh, look, that corner is n't fast. Press it there, a little closer. Oh, Theo, she has done it so nicely. You can't see a bit of the

bad place. It is all covered with plaster, like that, and then like this. I wish now it had been me, just to know how it feels."

"Take him away, mother, for heaven's sake!" cried Warrender under his breath.

"My dear, you must not worry Theo. He is going to lie down now, and be quiet for a little. Go with Minnie, and have something to eat."

"I am not so hungry now," said the boy, "but very much interested. When you are interested you don't feel hungry: and the old woman gave me something to eat. Would you pay her, please? Won't you tie something on, Mrs. Warrender, to hide the plaster? It does n't look very nice like that."

"Come," said Chatty, taking him by the hand. The elder sister had thrown herself into a chair at the mention of the tutor, and seemed unable for further exertion.

"Oh, yes, I am coming; but I am most interested about Theo. Theo, you have got a stain upon your cheek; and your coat is torn, too, as bad as my — Well, but he did tear my knickerbockers. Look! I felt the cold wind, though I did not say anything; not upon the open road, but when we got among your trees. It is so dark among your trees. Theo!"

"Come, come; I want you to come with me," Chatty said, hurrying Geoff away: and perhaps the sight of the table in the dining-room, and the tray which Joseph, not without a grumble, was placing upon it, became about this time as interesting as Theo's wound.

"We ought to send and tell his mother that the child is here."

"Or send him back," said Minnie sharply, "and get rid of him. A little story-teller! Theo his tutor! If I were his mother, I should whip him, till he learned what lies mean!"

Mrs. Warrender looked with some anxiety at her son. "Children," she

said, "make such strange misrepresentations of what they hear. But we should send" —

"I have sent already," said Theo. "She will probably come and fetch him — and, mother" —

"My dear, keep still, and don't disturb yourself. There might be a little fever."

"Oh, rubbish! Fever! I shall not disturb myself, if you don't disturb me. Look here. It is quite true; I've offered myself to be his tutor."

"His tutor!" cried Minnie once more, in a voice which was like the report of a pistol. Mrs. Warrender said nothing, but looked at him with a boundless pity in her eyes, slightly shaking her head.

"Well! and what have you to say against it?" cried Theo, facing his sister, with a glow of anger mounting to the face which had been almost ghastly with loss of blood.

"This is not a moment for discussion. Go and see to the child. Theo, my dear boy, if you care so much for Geoff as that — at another time you must tell us all about it."

"There is nothing to tell you, save that I have made up my mind to it," he said, looking at her with that prompt defiance which forestalls remark. "Geoff! Do you think it is for Geoff? But neither at this time nor at any other time is there more to say."

He looked at her so severely that Mrs. Warrender's eyes fell. He felt no shame, but pride, in his self-sacrifice, and determination to stand by it and uphold his right to make it in the face of all the world. But this very determination, and a consciousness of all that would be said on the subject, gave Warrender a double intolerance in respect to Geoff himself. To imagine that it was for the boy's sake was, he already felt, an imputation he could scarce endure. For the boy's sake! The boy would have been swept away before now if thought could have done it. From the first hour

he had been impatient of the boy. The way in which he clung to his mother had been a personal offense. And his mother! — ah, no, she could do no wrong. Not even in this matter, which sometimes tortured him, could he blame Lady Markland. But that she or any one should imagine for a moment that he was ready to sacrifice his time, his independence, so much of his life, for the sake of Geoff! That was a misconception which Warrender could not bear. “Don’t let that little — come near me,” he said to his mother, as he finally went off, somewhat feebly, to the old library, where he could be sure of quiet. “Make the girls take care of him and amuse him. She will probably come and fetch him, and I will rest — till then” — That little — ! Warrender did not add any epithet; the adjective was enough.

“Till then — till she comes! Is that all your thought?” said his mother. “Oh, my poor boy!”

He met her eyes with a pride which scorned concealment. Yes, he could own it here, where it would be in vain to deny it. He would not disavow the secret of his heart. Mothers have keen eyes: but hers were not keen, — they were pitying, — more sad than tears. She looked at him, and once more softly shook her head. The blood had rushed again to his face, dyeing it crimson for a moment, and he held his head high as he made his confession. “Yes, mother, that is all my thought.” And then he walked away, tingling with the first avowal that had he made to mortal ears. As for Mrs. Warrender, she stood looking after him with so mingled an expression that only a delicate casuist could have divined the meaning in her. She was so sorry for him, so proud of him. He was so young, not more than a boy, yet man enough to give all his heart and his life — to sacrifice everything, even his pride — for the sake of the woman he loved. His mother, who had never be-

fore come within speaking distance of a passion like this, felt her heart glow and swell with pride in him, with tender admiration beyond words. She had neither loved nor been loved after this sort; and yet it was no romance of the poets, but had a real existence, and was here, here by her side, in this monotonous little world which had never been touched by such a presence before. She said to herself that it would never come to anything but misery and pain; yet even misery was better than nothingness, and he who had loved had lived. To think that a quiet, middle-aged Englishwoman, a pattern of domestic duty, should think thus, and exult in her son’s inconceivable and, as she believed, unhappy passion, is almost too much to be credible. Yet so it was.

Geoff’s absence was not discovered until two o’clock, when Lady Markland, at the end of a long and troublesome consultation over matters only partially understood, suggested luncheon to her man of business. “Geoff will be waiting and very impatient,” she said, with a smile. Mr. Longstaffe was not anxious to see Geoff, nor disturbed that the little boy’s midday meal should have been postponed to business, though this disturbed Geoff’s mother, who had been in the habit of thinking his comfort the rule of her life. She was much startled not to find him in the dining-room, and to hear that he had not come back. “Not come back! and it is two o’clock! But Black will take good care of him,” she said, with a forced smile, to Mr. Longstaffe, “and I must not keep you waiting.” “If you please, my lady,” said the butler, “Black’s not gone with him.” At this Lady Markland stared at the man, the color dying out of her face. “You have let him go out alone!” “I had nothing to do with it, my lady. The colt’s lame, and Black” — “Oh,” she cried, with impatience, “don’t talk to me of excuses, but go, go, and look for my child!” Then she was told that

Black had gone some time since, and was scouring all the roads about; that he had come back once, having seen nothing; and that now the coachman and gardener were gone, too. From this time until the hasty messenger arrived with Theo's hurried note, Lady Markland spent the time in such distraction as only mothers know, representing to herself a hundred dangers, which reason told her were unlikely, but which imagination, more strong than reason, placed again and again before her eyes, till she felt a certainty that they were true. All these stories of kidnapping, which people in their senses laugh at, Lady Markland as much as any, being when in her right mind a very sensible woman, came before her now as possible, likely, almost certain. And she saw Geoff, with his little foot caught in the stirrup, dragged at the pony's frightened heels, the stones on the road tearing him, his head knocking against every obstacle; and she saw him lying by the roadside, white and lifeless. She saw everything that could and could not happen, and accused herself for not having sent him to school, out of danger,—for not having kept him by her side night and day.

Mr. Longstaffe naturally looked on at this anguish with a mixture of contempt and pity. He was not at all alarmed for Geoff. "The young gentleman will have gone to visit one of his friends; he will have gone further than he intended. He may, if he does n't know the country very well, have missed his way: but we don't live in a land of brigands and bandits, my dear lady; somebody will be sure to direct him safely back." He managed to eat his luncheon by himself, after she had begged him not to mind her absence, and had left him undisturbed to confide to the butler his regret that Lady Markland should be so much upset, and his conviction that the little boy was quite safe. "He'll be all right, sir," the butler said. "He is as sharp as a needle, is Mr. Geoff. I did

ought to say his little lordship, but it's hard to get into new ways." They said this, each with an indulgent smile at her weakness, in Lady Markland's absence. The lawyer had a great respect for her, and the butler venerated his mistress, who was very capable in her own house: but they smiled at her womanish exaggeration, all the same.

Warrender had been quite right in thinking she would come at once for Geoff. She had almost harnessed the horses herself, so eager was she, and they flew along the country roads at a pace very unlike their ordinary calm. Evening had fallen when she rushed into the hall at the Warren, in her garden hat, with a shawl wrapped about her shoulders, the first she had found. Terrible recollections of the former occasion when she had been summoned to this house were in her mind, and it was with a fantastic terror which she could scarcely overcome that she found herself once more, by the same waning light, in the place where she had been sent for to see her husband die. If she had been deceived! If the child should be gone, like his father! She had not, however, a second moment in which to indulge this fancy, for Geoff's voice, somewhat raised, met her ears at once. Geoff was in very great feather, seated among the ladies, expounding to them his views on things in general. "Our trees at Markland are not like your trees," he was saying. "They are just as young as me, mamma says. When I am as old as you are, or as Theo, perhaps they will be grown. But I shall not like them so big as yours. When Theo is my tutor I shall tell him what I think; it will be a fine opportunity. Why, mamma!"

She had him in her arms, kissing and sobbing over him for a moment, till she could overcome that hysterical impulse. Theo had come from his room at the sound of the wheels, and the party were all collected in the drawing-room, the door of which stood open. There was

little light, so that they could scarcely see each other, but Minnie had full time to remark with horror that Lady Markland did not even wear a widow's bonnet, or a crape veil, for decency, but had on a mere *hat*, — a straw hat, with a black ribbon. She put her hand on her heart, in the pang of this discovery, but nobody else took any notice. And, indeed, in the outburst of the poor lady's thanks and questions, there was no room for any one else to speak.

"Oh, it was all right," said Geoff, who was in high excitement, the chief spokesman, and extremely eager to tell his own story before any one could interfere. "I knew the way quite well. I wanted to see Theo, you know, to ask him if he really meant it. I wanted to speak to him all by himself; for Theo is never the same, mamma, when you are there. I knew which turn to take as well as any one. I was n't in a hurry; it was such a nice day. But pony was not interested about Theo, like me, and he remembered that it was dinner-time. That was all about it. And then those people in the phaeton gave him a start. It was nothing. I just popped over his head. There was no danger except that the bays might have given me a kick; but horses never kick with their fore-feet."

Here Lady Markland gave a shriek, and clutched her boy again. "You fell, Geoff, among the horses' feet!"

"Oh, it did n't matter, mamma; it did n't matter a bit. Theo caught me, and tore my knickerbockers (but they're mended now). He bled a great deal, and I helped Mrs. Warrender to plaster up the cut; but I was n't hurt, — not a bit; and my knickerbockers" —

It was Geoff's turn now to pause in surprise, for his mother left him, and flew to Theo, and, taking his hands, tried to kiss them, and, between laughing and crying, said, "God bless you! God bless you! You have saved my boy's life!"

Geoff was confounded by this deser-

tion, by the interruption, by the sudden cry. He put his hand up to the place where Warrender's cut was, dimly realizing that it might have been in his own head but for Theo. "Was that what it was?" he said, wondering and unobserved in the midst of the new commotion, which for the moment left Geoff altogether, and rose around Warrender, as if he had been the hero of the day.

XXIII.

They all sat round the table and took their evening meal together before Lady Markland went back. It was not a ceremonious, grand dinner, as if there had been a party. Old Joseph pottered about, and put the dishes on the table, and handed the potatoes now and then when they were not wanted, and sometimes leaned across between the young ladies to regulate the lamp, explaining why as he did so. "Excuse me, Miss Chatty, but it's a-going to smoke," he said; and in the mean time the family helped each other. But Lady Markland was not conscious of the defects in the service. She sat by Theo's side, talking to him, looking at him in a kind of soft ecstasy. They had been friends before, but it seemed that she had now for the first time discovered what he was, and could not conceal her pleasure, her gratitude, her admiration. She made him tell her how it all happened, a dozen times over, while the others talked of other things, and poured out her thanks, her happiness, her ascription of praise, as if he had been more than mortal, devoting herself to him alone. Lady Markland had never been the kind of woman who allows herself in society to be engrossed by a man. It was entirely unlike her, unlike her character, a new thing. She was quite unconscious of Minnie's sharp eyes upon her, of the remarks which were being made. All she was aware of, in that

rapture of safety after danger and relief from pain, was Geoff, blinking with eyes half sleepy, half excited, by the side of Mrs. Warrender, nothing hurt in him but his knickerbockers; and the young man by her side, with the wound upon his head, who had saved her child's life. Theo, for his part, was wrapped in a mist of delight for which there was no name. He saw only her, thought only of her; and for the first time began to imagine what life might be if it should ever come to mean a state in which this rapture should be permanent, — when she would always look at him so, always devote herself, eyes and lips and all her being, to make him happy.

The room lay in darkness beyond the steady light of the white lamp, shining on the circle of faces. There was not much conversation. Minnie was sternly silent, on the watch; Chatty sympathetically on the alert, too, though she scarcely knew why, because her sister was; Mrs. Warrender listening with a faint smile to Geoff's little chatter, occasionally casting a glance at the other end of the table, which she could see but imperfectly. Lady Markland spoke low, addressing Theo only, so that Geoff, as before, held the chief place. He was never weary of going over the adventures of the day.

"It is that tall house before you come to the village, — a tall, tall house, with a wall all round, as if to keep prisoners in. I know there are no prisoners now. Of course not! There are people all about in the fields and everywhere, who would soon tell the policeman and set you free. I was not afraid. Still, if the gates had been shut, and they refused to open, I don't know what one would do. The lady was like a picture in the Pilgrim's Progress, — that one, you know. I thought her pretty at first. But then she held me in her arm as if I had been a baby."

"Oh, it would be Those People!"

said Minnie, moved to a passing exclamation of horror.

"Never mind that now. You must not venture out again without the groom, for it makes your mother unhappy. Theo," said Mrs. Warrender, with a smile and a sigh, "when he was a little fellow like you, never did anything to make me unhappy."

"Did n't he?" said Geoff seriously. "But I did n't know. How could I tell pony would so soon get hungry? He has n't a regular dinner-time, as we have; only munches and munches all day. But I was telling you about the tall house" —

"You must tell me another time, Geoff. Theo must bring you back with him sometimes for a holiday."

"Yes," said Geoff, "that would do better. Pony would go splendid by the side of Theo's big black. I shall come often. When I do my lessons well — I have never done any lessons except with mamma. Does Theo like teaching boys?"

"I don't know, my dear. I don't think he has ever tried."

"Then why is he coming to teach me? That, at the very bottom of it, you know, is what I wanted him to tell me; for he would not tell straight out, the real truth, before mamma."

"I hope he always tells the real truth," said Mrs. Warrender gently. "I suppose, my little Geoff, it is because he is fond of you."

Upon this Geoff shook his little head for a long time, twisting his face and blinking his keen little eyes. "He is not fond of me — oh no, it is not that. I can do with Theo very well — as well as with any one; but he is not fond of me."

"I am glad to hear that you can do with Theo," said the mother, amused.

"Yes. I don't mind him at all: but he is not fond of me; and he is sure not to teach mamma's way, and that is the only way I know. If he were to want to punish me, Mrs. Warrender" —

"I hope, my dear, there will be no question of that."

"I should n't mind," said the boy, "but mamma would n't like it. It might be very awkward for Theo. You are flogged when you go to school, aren't you? At least, all the books say so. Mamma," he went on, raising his voice, "here is a difficulty, — a great difficulty. If Theo should want to flog me, what should you do?"

Lady Markland did not hear him for the moment. She was absorbed! — this was the remark made by Minnie, who watched with the intensest observation. Then Geoff, in defiance of good manners, drummed on the table to attract his mother's attention, and elevated his voice: "Can't you hear what I'm saying, mamma? If I were to be stupid with my lessons, and Theo were to flog me — (*It is only putting a case, for I am not stupid,*" he added, for Mrs. Warrender's instruction, in an undertone.)

"You must not suggest anything so dreadful," said Lady Markland from the other end of the table. "But now you must thank Mrs. Warrender, Geoff, and Mr. Theo, and every one; for the carriage has come round, and it is growing late, and we must go away."

Then Mrs. Warrender rose, as in duty bound, and the whole party with her. "I will not ask you to stay; it is late for him, and he has had too much excitement," said the mistress of the house.

"And to think I might never have taken him home at all, never heard his voice again, but for your dear son, your good son!" cried Lady Markland, taking both Mrs. Warrender's hands, putting forward her head, with its smooth silken locks in which the light shone, and the soft round of her uplifted face to the elder woman, with an emotion and tenderness which went to Mrs. Warrender's heart. She gave the necessary kiss, but though she was touched there was no enthusiasm in her reply.

"You must not think too much of that, Lady Markland. I hope he would have done it for any child in danger."

This, of course, is always perfectly true; but it chills the effusion of individual gratitude. Lady Markland raised her head, but she still held Mrs. Warrender's hands. "I wish," she said, "oh, I wish you would tell me frankly! Does it vex you that he should be so good to me? This kind, kind offer about Geoff, — is it too much? Yes, yes, I know it is too much; but how can I refuse what he is so good, so charitable, as to offer, when it is such a boon to us? Oh, if you would tell me! Is it displeasing, is it distasteful to you?"

"I don't know how to answer you," Mrs. Warrender said.

"Ah! but that is an answer. Dear Mrs. Warrender, help me to refuse it without wounding his feelings. I have always felt it was too much."

"Lady Markland, I cannot interfere. He is old enough to judge for himself. He will not accept guidance from me, — ah, nor from you either, except in one way." She returned the pressure of her visitor's hand, which had relaxed, with one that was as significant. "It is not so easy to lay spirits when they are once raised," she said.

Lady Markland gave her a sudden, alarmed, inquiring look; but Theo came forward at that moment with her cloak, and nothing could be said more.

When the visitors were gone he came back into the dining-room, expectant, defiant, fire in all his veins, and in his heart a sea of agitated bliss that had to get an outlet somewhere; not in a litany to her, for which there was no place, but at least in defense of her and of himself. It was Minnie, as usual, who stood ready to throw down the glove; Chatty being no more than a deeply interested spectator, and the mother drawing aside from the fray with that sense of sympathy which silences remonstrance. Besides, Mrs. Warrender did not know,

in the responsive excitement in herself which Theo's passion called forth, whether she wished to remonstrate or to put any hindrance in his way.

"Well, upon my word!" said Minnie, "Mrs. Wilberforce may well say the world is coming to a pretty pass. Only six months a widow, and not a bit of crape upon her! I knew she wore no cap. Cap! why, she has n't even a bonnet, nor a veil, nor *anything*! A little bit of a hat, with a black ribbon, — too light for *me* to wear; even Chat-ty would be ashamed to be seen" —

"Oh, no, Minnie; in the garden, you know, we have never worn anything deeper."

"Do you call this the garden?" cried Minnie, her voice so deep with alarm and presentiment that it sounded bass, in the silence of the night. "Six miles off, and an open carriage, and coming among people who are themselves in mourning! It ought to have given her a lesson to see my mother in her cap."

"If you have nothing better to do than to find fault with Lady Markland" — said Theo, pale with passion.

"Oh," cried Minnie, "don't suppose I am going to speak about Lady Markland to you. How can you be so infatuated, Theo? You a tutor, — you, that have always been made such a fuss with, as if there was not such another in the world! What was it all he was to be? A first class, and a Fellow, and I don't know what. But tutor to a small boy, tutor to a little lord, — a sort of a valet, or a sort of a nurse" —

"Minnie! your brother is at an age when he must choose for himself."

"How much are you to have for it?" she cried, — "how much a year? Or are you to be paid with presents, or only with the credit of the connection? Oh, I am glad poor papa is dead, not to hear of it. He would have known what to think of it all. He would have given you his opinion of a woman — of a woman" —

"Lady Markland is a very nice woman," said Chatty. "Oh, Theo, don't look as if you were going to strike her! She does n't know what she is saying. She has lost her temper. It is just Minnie's way."

"Of a woman who wears no crape for her husband!" cried Minnie, with an effort, in her bass voice.

Theo, who had looked, indeed, as if he might have knocked his sister down, here burst into an angry peal of laughter, which rang through the house; and his mother, seizing the opportunity, took him by the arm and drew him away. "Don't take any notice," she said. "You must not forget she is your sister, whatever she says. And, my dear boy, though Minnie exaggerates, she has reason on her side, from her point of view. No, I don't think as she does, altogether; but, Theo, can't you understand that it is a disappointment to us? We always made so sure you were going to do some great thing."

"And to be of a little real use, once in a way, is such a small thing!"

"Oh, Theo, you must be reasonable, and think a little. It does not want a scholar like you to teach little Geoff."

"A scholar — like me. How do you know I am a scholar at all?"

Mrs. Warrender knew that no answer to this was necessary, and did not attempt it. She went on: "And you are not in a position to want such employment. Don't you see that everybody will begin to inquire what your inducement is? For a young man who has nothing, it is all quite natural; but you — Theo, have you ever asked yourself how you are to be repaid?"

"You are as bad as Minnie, mother," he said, with scorn; "you think I want to be repaid."

She clasped her hands upon his arm, looking up at him with a sort of pitying pride. "*She* must think of it, Theo, — everybody must think of it; ah yes, and even yourself, at the last.

Every mortal, everybody that is human, — oh, Theo, the most generous! — looks for something, something in return.”

The young man tried to speak, but his voice died away after he had said “Mother!” To this he had no reply.

But though he could not answer the objection, he could put it aside; and as a matter of course he had his way. At the beginning of a thing, however apparent it may be that embarrassment is involved, few people are clear-sighted enough to perceive how great the embarrassment may come to be. Lady Markland was not wiser than her kind. She spoke of Theo’s kindness in a rapture of gratitude, and ended always by saying that after all this was nothing in comparison with the fact that he had begun by saving the boy’s life. “I owe my child to him,” she said, — “I owe him Geoff’s life; and now it almost seems natural, when he has done so much, that he should do anything that his kind heart prompts.” She would say this with tears in her eyes, with such an enthusiasm of gratitude that everybody was touched who heard her. But then, everybody did not hear Lady Markland’s account of the matter; and the common mass, the spectators who observe such domestic dramas with always a lively desire to get as much amusement as possible out of them, made remarks of a very different kind. The men thought that Warrender was a fool, but that the widow was consoling herself; the ladies said that it was sad to see a young man so infatuated, but that Lady Markland could not live without an adviser; and there were some, even, who began to lament “poor dear young Markland,” as if he had been an injured saint. The people who heard least of these universal comments were, however, the persons most concerned: Lady Markland, because she saw few people, and disarmed, as has been said, those whom she did see; and Warrender, because he was not the sort of man,

young though he was, whom other men cared to approach with uncalled-for advice. There was but one person, indeed, after his sister, who lifted up a faithful testimony to Theo. Mrs. Wilberforce, as his parish clergyman’s wife, felt that, if the rector would not do it, it was her duty to speak. She took advantage of the opportunity one evening after Christmas, when Warrender was dining at the rectory. “Are you *still* going to Markland every day?” she said. “Isn’t it a great tie? I should think by the time you have ridden there and back you can’t have much time for any business of your own.”

“It is a good thing, then,” said Theo, “that I have so little business of my own.”

“You say so,” said the rector’s wife, “but most gentlemen make fuss enough about it, I am sure. There seems always something to be doing when you have an estate in your hands. And now that you are a magistrate — though I know you did *not* go to Quarter Sessions,” she said severely.

“There are always enough of men who like to play at law, without me.”

“Oh, Theo, how can you speak so? when it is one of a gentleman’s highest functions, as everybody knows! And then there are the improvements. So much was to be done. The girls could talk of nothing else. They were in a panic about their trees. There is no stauncher conservative than I am,” said Mrs. Wilberforce, “but I do think Minnie went too far. She would have everything remain exactly as it is. Now I can’t help seeing that those trees — But you have no time to think of trees or anything else,” she added briskly, fixing upon him her keen eyes.

“I confess,” said Theo, “I never thought of the trees from a political point of view.”

“There, that is just like a man!” cried Mrs. Wilberforce. “You seize upon something one says that can be

turned into ridicule ; but you never will meet the real question. Oh, is that you, Herbert? Have you got rid of your churchwarden so soon?" — for this was the pretext upon which the rector had been got out of the way.

"He did not want much, — a mere question. Indeed," said the rector — remembering that fibs are not permitted to clergy any more than to the mere laic, and perceiving that he must expect his punishment all the same, with that courage which springs from the conviction that it is as well to be hanged for a sheep as for a lamb — "it was not the churchwarden at all; it was only a mistake of John."

"Well," said his wife significantly, "it was a mistake that was quickly rectified, one can see, as you have come back so soon. And here is Theo talking already of going home. Of course he has his lessons to prepare for to-morrow ; he is not a mere idle gentleman now."

Little gibes and allusions like these rained upon the young man from all quarters during the first six months,

but no one ventured to speak to him with the faithfulness used by Mrs. Wilberforce ; and after a time even these irritating if not very harmful weapons dropped, and the whole matter sank into the region of the ordinary. He rode, or, if the weather was bad, drove, five days in the week to his little pupil, who in himself was not to Theo's mind an attractive pupil, and who kept the temper of the tutor on a constant strain. It ought, according to all moral rules, to have been very good for Warrender to be thus forced to self-control, and to exercise a continual restraint over his extremely impatient temper and fastidious, almost capricious temperament. But there are circumstances in which such self-restraint is rather an aggravating than a softening process. During this period, however, Theo was scarcely to be accounted for by the usual rules of human nature. His mind was altogether absorbed by one of the most powerful influences of human life. He was carried away by a tide of passion which was stronger than life itself.

M. O. W. Oliphant.

TEMPTED.

YES, I know what you say :
 Since it cannot be soul to soul,
 Be it flesh to flesh, as it may ;
 But is Earth the whole ?

Shall a man betray the Past
 For all Earth gives ?
 "But the Past is dead" ? At last,
 It is all that lives.

Which were the nobler goal —
 To snatch at the moment's bliss,
 Or to swear I will keep my soul
 Clean for her kiss ?

Andrew Hedbrook.

A BIT OF BIRD-LIFE.

THE redwing blackbird is preëminently a bird of social tastes. Nearly the whole year he lives in a noisy crowd, calling, screaming, and singing from morning till night; at this time in his life his manners are of no particular interest. But in the spring, as to other birds, comes the mysterious impulse to leave the giddy throng, to retire to a quiet nook, to build a nest, and establish a family. During this pleasing episode in his ordinary history, his personality reveals itself; he is no longer simply a unit in a lively mob, but an individual with well-marked characteristics and tastes of his own, and he then becomes attractive to the student of bird ways. It is the redwing in domestic life, as the head of a family, that he comes before you now.

The blackbird nook is invariably the loveliest spot in a neighborhood, and is never hard to find, for with childlike ingenuousness he makes himself so conspicuous, and his business so apparent, that the dullest observer cannot fail to notice him. Long before you reach his vicinity you will hear his gleeful "Conk-a-ree!" (or, more correctly, "h'wa-ker-ē!") and as you approach, his loud "Chack! chack!" challenging your right to intrude, and demanding your business in his retreat. But draw near, even if, as sometimes happens, he grows belligerent and swoops down towards your face. You will find a clump of trees at the edge of the water, generally hedged in by low, thick-growing shrubs. Part the branches in defiance of his angry protests, stoop, and you shall step into a most charming spot, his chosen home. If in a park it will be a bit of wildness left as nature planned it, unfrequented and perfectly secluded, though perhaps not ten feet from a common walk. Within the thick shroud-

ing bushes the ground is bare, or thinly clad with low shrubs, and tall trees completely shade the leafy temple, which is cool and roomy, and refreshing in its peculiar green light. One side borders the water, and there, low among the reeds, is doubtless the homestead so highly regarded, and so poorly concealed.

But though the place be lonely you shall not enjoy it in peace, for this anxious parent, the most fussy and restless of feathered folk, will not cease to scold and scream so long as you stay, running along the branches and eying you from every side. Should his mate be sitting, she will keep silent and show herself more wary than her spouse, but if not thus engaged, she will soon appear. She differs so greatly from him that you may not recognize her till she adds her volubility to the *mêlée*, and you perceive that her voice is exactly like his. She is smaller, and of an inconspicuous gray and brown color, which better fits her for her maternal duties; but her manner of carrying herself, her restlessness, and the expressive use of the tail betray her relationship.

The redwing himself is the most conspicuous object in the landscape. Shining black from the point of the bill to the tip of the toes, his color harmonizes with nothing in nature, and his gold-fringed scarlet epaulets gleam through the trees like gems. Sit down quietly and watch him. Notwithstanding his "society" life, he has not the slightest repose of manner. He is incessantly in motion; to stand still while you look at him is impossible to a blackbird. He will walk along a small branch in such a way that it takes a close look to see that he does not put one foot before the other. He really *sidles*, but holds his body in the direction he is moving, so that one is easily deceived in the matter.

Then he will jump heavily to the next bough and walk the length of that, jerking his tail at every step, and all the time scolding and screaming at the top of his voice, till you are sure the whole bird world will be notified of the presence of an inquisitive stranger, with suspicious manners.

Should the young be out, you will quickly be informed of the fact by the presence of the modest gray mother, who will appear, perhaps, with a mouthful of food, which, however, will not prevent her uttering the blackbird "Chack! chack!" She will earnestly resent your intrusion, hopping uneasily about the tree, anxious to carry her load to the nest, yet fearing to have you see her, till at length she will slip behind the trunk, and silently take wing from the further side, while her ingenuous spouse, perfectly confident of the success of her ruse, delivers a triumphant "h'wa-ker-ēē." Such childlike faith is not to be betrayed. You have not the heart to follow that troubled mother to the clump of low bushes where her treasure is hidden; you are not here as a robber, or violator of homes, however small, but as a student of life. To-morrow you shall return and see the darlings of the redwing family out on the tree, which is much more satisfactory than to disturb the nest, and distress the owners of it.

If you keep still so long that the lively bird forgets your presence and becomes less noisy, you may see him sit down on a branch, to rest after his excitement, letting his tail hang straight down, and occasionally stretching out his long neck till the feathers stand apart, then swell out his throat and treat you to his song. If the hour is right you may see him bathe, and it is worth waiting for. He is exceedingly fond of water, and spatters and splashes with a good will; and though too careless a fellow to spend much time over his subsequent toilet, simply shaking himself violently and leaving the sun to com-

plete the drying, yet his coat is bright and shining.

When the young family appears on the tree the spectacle is most amusing: the father, fussy as the celebrated "hen with one chicken," hopping and running over the branches, chattering all the time and occasionally offering a dainty morsel to one of the infants; the mother, busy enough trying to fill the ever hungry mouths; and the clumsy youngsters themselves, as big as their mother and exactly like her in color, too restless to keep near each other, but sidling along the branches, and hopping awkwardly about the tree, so that the mother has to seek them in a new place every time she returns from her excursions for food. For several days the feeding goes on, till the nestlings are fully feathered and one cannot tell them from their mother; and then some morning the student creeps into the blackbird nook, to find it strangely quiet and the whole family gone. It has probably quite broken up: the father has resumed his bachelor ways in the society of his kind, the full-grown young of the neighborhood enjoying life in their own fashion in a flock by themselves. The summer home-life of the blackbird is over, and you will seek him in vain in the nook. Henceforth it is the open country and the cornfields where he is to be found, under many names, but merry and voluble as ever, and here we will not follow him.

The noises a redwing blackbird can make are of great variety, more than one would suspect who has not studied him in confinement. The close acquaintance with all the sounds natural to a bird, and the emotions indicated by the different cries and calls, is perhaps the most useful knowledge to be gained by keeping him in captivity. The blackbird in the house has made every slightest sound familiar, and you never mistake him for any other, however far off or well concealed. The song of this

bird has been variously characterized, but rarely appreciated. It is, in truth, when heard away from the crowd, a wild, rich strain, recalling the woods on long summer days, the delightful odor of fresh earth and strong vegetable growth. It is impossible to describe, but no bird's song is more expressive of his life, or more suggestive of wild nature. It consists of two strains, each of which is often varied. The most commonly heard has been well represented by Gentry by the syllables "h'wa-ker-ēē," on an ascending scale. Heard nearer, however, this strain is found to consist always of four notes (one lower in the beginning), and often of six. If the ordinary notes are supposed to be *do, mi, sol, do*, beginning on low C, — which they nearly resemble, — the bird varies it by sometimes singing *sol, mi, do, mi, sol, do*, in the same octave, and sometimes by throwing in a tone between each of the original four. The whole is given with an indescribable thrill, and the final *do* is often a well-executed trill. The second strain is of similar notes, only in a minor key. If the tones cannot be said to be of sweet quality in themselves, it must be remembered that they are adapted for distant effects; and at least they are clear, perfectly suited to the open air, and not unpleasing even in a room.

But the song is the smallest of the redwing's utterances. First is his familiar harsh "Chack, chack!" expressing various emotions, being sometimes softened into "Check" and "Chick," and even, with closed bill, into a rich "Chuck." Besides this he has a shrill scream (it can be called nothing else) on a high key, a sharp, insect-like sound, and a rough aspirate when displeased, like the first sound of *h*. In addition to all these, he has one genuinely sweet, most musical note. It is a single call, which sounds like "ee-u." He gives it sometimes when flying, and in captivity when greatly enjoying any-

thing. For instance, in bathing he will utter that note, and if one answers in a moderately close imitation, on the same key, he will repeat it. I have kept one saying it over for twenty times or more.

Poets and naturalists have exhausted adjectives in ridiculing the blackbird's song, but the reasons for the peculiar discordance of a flock — in which only they seem to have been observed — are not far to seek. In the first place, when birds begin to moult, and their usually clear, decided notes break, crack, and fail miserably, nearly every one takes refuge in silence. If he cannot sing his best, he will not sing at all; and it is extremely interesting to hear the gentle, low trials which he will give of his returning powers when this season is over, — whispered songs as it were, till he is sure he has recovered his voice, and can pour out the full, clear song in which he delights. The blackbird is the only exception that I know to this nearly universal habit of silence, and he is so brimming over with spirits and jollity that sing he must. So he is not discouraged though his attempted "h'wa-ker-ēē" ends on the first syllable in a crack, or choke, or even in a dismal squeal, as it sometimes does. He simply pauses a moment, as if to collect his energies, and then utters his whole song, every note clearly and well, as if to say, "That was only a slip; you see I can sing yet." Then again, his song needs, for full enjoyment, to be heard alone. While in the "madding crowd" of a flock of blackbirds, noisy and garrulous as a pack of school-children, the "h'wa-ker-ēē" of one is spoiled by the scream of another, and the chack, chacks of twenty more. Listen to one bird alone in his own chosen nook, and no song in the woods seems more appropriate to the place, more to breathe the very soul of wildness.

When this bird expresses his emotions in a house, the strain is a curious medley of all the sounds he can make,

in rapid succession, as "H'wa-ker-ēē! chack, chack! (scream) ēē-u! chack, chack! (scream) chick, chick! ēē-u! h'wa-ker-ēē! (scream)," and so on for fifteen minutes without pause. His morning song is the "h'wa-ker-ēē" alone, at intervals of a minute or less. In a happy captivity he will sing thus for an hour, while yet the room is dark, and he has not touched food.

I spoke of the blackbird's fondness for water: in a cage it is impossible to keep more than a quarter of an inch of water in his dish: it is simply irresistible. The first thing he does is to spatter as much out as he can, and then with every mouthful of food, before and after and in the middle of his eating, he wants more. Seeds he cracks over the dish, and picks the fragments from the top; of mocking-bird food he takes a beakful and deliberately drops it in the water, and eats the particles daintily as they float. He is the only bird I have ever seen pay particular attention to bathing his feet. The one I have will stand on the edge of his bathing-dish, fill his beak, and pass it down over each toe in succession, letting the water flow over it, refilling as needed, and apparently scraping the whole length carefully. I have watched this very closely, while not three feet from him. The same bird learned in a few days to know his regular attendant, and while remaining for months quite wild on the approach of the gentlemen of the family, whom he saw every day, was never in the least afraid of me. From the first he ate from my fingers, and before he had been in the house a week, seeing one day a thrush standing on my knee and receiving meat from my hand, he came out of his cage, flew across the room, and alighted beside the thrush,—who instantly vacated his position,—and stood there as long as I fed him, showing no fear. A little later, when he became very ill, and so weak that he hesitated to descend his three perches

for food because of his uncertain footing, he allowed me to put my hand in the cage and hold his dish up to him on the upper perch, when he would eat freely, and then, when I held up the water, drink also. For two or three days he ate in no other way, and I am confident I thus kept him alive while curing him of his ailment.

The blackbird has now lived with me eight months, and though his cage door is always open he seldom comes out, and when he does is very glad to get back. He is very observing; notices in a moment if I have anything for him to eat, and comes instantly to the side nearest to me, and calls till I offer him a bit of whatever it may be, when he descends to his beloved water-cup, tastes the morsel, and usually leaves it in one of his dishes. He had a strange experience a few months ago: he broke off the end of his bill. First the upper mandible appeared a quarter of an inch shorter than the lower, and he had great trouble in eating, though he sang as merrily as ever. In a day or two, while I was seeking advice on the subject,—which, by the way, I did not get, for no person or book, that I could find, gave any light on such a catastrophe,—he broke off the lower one to match. Since then he is as happy as ever, disturbed by nothing except the singing of one of his neighbors, whom it seems to be the aim of his life to reduce to silence. If volume would do it, success would crown his efforts, but his opponent is a plucky little fellow, and refuses to be suppressed; and so for months the unequal rivalry has continued.

The redwing blackbird is never by any chance graceful. He walks about the floor like an old man with the gout, and he has a curious fashion of thrusting his bill into a dish and then opening it, as if to pry the seed or water apart. He does the same under the edge of a towel or newspaper on the floor.

One droll little exhibition of intelli-

gence was furnished by the blackbird and a thrush. The latter chose to alight beside the cage of the former, and attempt to pull things through the wires. The indignant owner came down to the corner nearest the intruder, and began to scold, "Chack! (scream) chack! (scream)." The thrush calmly went on with his occupation, on observing which the blackbird slightly raised the wing nearest the enemy, and quivered it while repeating the remonstrance. Finding the thrush not in the least disturbed, he resorted to more severe measures, and gave a violent peck be-

tween the wires, which settled the matter. The queer thing about the performance was that both birds would pause in their demonstrations every few seconds, and look over to where I sat. I pretended not to notice them, and then they would resume hostilities, acting exactly like two quarrelsome children, who look to see if they are observed. It was certainly an intelligent acknowledgment of my position as law-maker, as well as a recognition of the possibility of my disapproval, and above all a guilty consciousness of wrongdoing.

Olive Thorne Miller.

CHINA SPEAKS FOR HERSELF.

CHINA, after being made known to Europe for over five hundred years by Europeans only, has at length spoken for herself. Colonel Tchong-Ki-Tong, military *attaché* to the Chinese embassy in Paris, published last year in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* a series of papers which have since been reprinted in a little volume called *Les Chinois Peints par Eux-Mêmes*. His picture of his own country shows it in very different colors from those to which we are accustomed, and it may be objected that this time the lion is the painter; it was certainly the lion's turn. Colonel Tchong adverts to the ignorance and injustice with which his country has been treated by travelers who are hardly familiar even with its external aspect; to the easy credence given to monstrous charges against it, as for instance that the legal punishment of unfaithful wives is being trampled to death by elephants, or that superfluous children are habitually thrown upon dung-hills to be devoured by hogs; and to the fact that the word "Chinese" is a synonym for absurdity. He claims the right for his

country to be heard through her sons, and as he has lived in Europe for fifteen years, and is versed in her history, literature, and languages, he knows the standards by which his national manners and customs must be judged. Intercourse with intelligent and cultivated Frenchmen has made him critical, and taught him caution in advancing opinions and theories which cannot be vindicated by European canons of morality and taste. He is keen and observant, with an ironical wit, which his Asiatic courtesy keeps within the bounds of offense. If he were inclined to satirize the practice of Christendom, we should probably have a treatise on the subject more severe and searching than Gulliver's Travels or Montesquieu's *Lettres Persanes*. But Colonel Tchong professes to desire only to give a true account of his people, and there could not be a moment when truth in their behalf would be more in season. If his statements are untrustworthy, there will be pens enough able and ready to refute them, so in the present article they have been repeated without comment.

The family is the corner-stone of the Chinese Empire. Chinese society may be defined as the totality of its families, and the Chinese family may be compared to an organized society. It attains the dignity of a religious order with a settled rule; its income constitutes a common fund, from which provision is made for the education of children, for marriage portions, for an allowance to young men beginning their career, for pensions to the sick, the aged, or those who are out of employment. The administration of the family fortune is the application of the apostolic system within the limits of kin. Real estate also belongs to the united family, and landmarks bearing the patronymic define the boundaries of every property. Each family has its own statutes, among which are recorded the joint possessions and the destination of certain revenues to the purposes named above. Each separate statute-book has also its penal code, fixing the punishments of such members as, by ill-conduct not amenable to law, shall injure the honor of the family, for the general welfare of which it is incumbent upon every one to sacrifice his individual peculiarities. But if circumstances, or irreconcilable differences of disposition, destroy the common harmony, there may be a division of the estate among the male heirs. The eldest of a family is the head; every important action is decided by him, and he signs legal papers in the name of the other members. It is usual for all the generations of one line to live in one house, so that the seven ages may sometimes be found under the same roof.

The family, thus erected into an institution, necessarily extends its influence over matters which elsewhere belong to other departments of life. The tie of blood being regarded by the Chinese as a religious bond, virtues which with us are considered as causes with them are set down as effects, and *vice*

versa. Five principles are inculcated to maintain its sacredness: namely, fidelity to the sovereign, respect towards parents, union between husbands and wives, concord among brothers, and constancy in friendship. The obligations of children to parents are held as so solemn that the distinction of the former redounds to the advantage of the latter, and honors are transmitted backwards: if a public functionary is ennobled, his parents are ennobled with him, and his rank, if sufficiently high, ascends to more remote progenitors. Titles are not hereditary except for military services, and in that case descend through the eldest son only; but unless sustained by personal merit, this sort of rank is not valued. Such a conception of aristocracy must act as a constant stimulus to filial reverence, and supply parents with an additional incentive for educating their sons carefully, literary attainment being the most direct road to office in China. Fraternal affection comes next in the order of virtue, and involves almost an identification of a man's interests and advantages with his brothers'; the responsibility for mutual help and relief seems to be boundless. All kindred share these claims in some degree, and even friendship recognizes them as sacred duties: to strip one's self of one's coat for a friend who has none would not be accounted a merit in China, but the least that anybody could do. These obligations are as binding upon the poor as on the rich; people who have not the means to do much individually for others raise subscriptions among themselves to provide for the more needy of their own class. Colonel Tcheng slyly remarks that in Christian countries he has noticed that practices which he has always looked upon as matters of course are held up as miracles of grace and goodness. "With us," he says, "to assist friends who have met with ill-fortune is not a virtue, but a habit." Europeans strike him as hard-hearted and wanting

in sympathy for the misfortunes of their friends and acquaintances. At the same time he admits that the idea of succoring the ills of the stranger, of humanity, in short what we term philanthropy or general benevolence, is incomprehensible to them; they have the charity that begins at home in its widest sense, but the Christian relation of the "neighbor" is unknown to them, and by inference the Good Samaritan would have been set down as a fool, in China.

The worship of ancestors is the highest expression of filial piety and blood-love among the Chinese. Their burying-grounds, like ours, are without their towns, in the prettiest situation of the environs, — on a hillside, if there be one in the neighborhood, — and "Family Vault" is to be read on the entrance of many inclosures. The richer families build temples to their ancestors, in which are mural tablets inscribed with the name, titles, and public services of each line, forming a sort of genealogical tree. Some of these edifices contain apartments, in which the surviving members of a scattered clan meet twice a year, in the spring and autumn, at the time appointed for the semi-annual veneration of the manes, seasons of thanksgiving and solemn rejoicing. They are even built occasionally with a view to being used as villas, or summer retreats, in which family festivals, such as marriages, or the celebration of successful examinations, — to be spoken of hereafter, — are held. In this way, those who have gone before, long before, are associated in the memory and gratitude of their descendants with the important events of the present life. Throughout the provinces of the empire the inhabitants of each village are generally kinsfolk, and have a common chapel dedicated to their forefathers: "This," observes Colonel Tcheng, "is our parish church."

In a country where the family is the axis of the social system, many actions, which elsewhere are considered the

special or independent concern of individual men or women, lose their personal significance, and are undertaken with reference to the *gens*, or kin-corporate. Marriage, and all that relates to it, illustrates beyond any other custom the principle of solidarity in Chinese existence. Colonel Tcheng informs us that his countrymen consider the increase of the family the sole object of marriage. This being one of the most sacred duties of man, matrimony is universal, and entered upon very early. Celibacy is condemned as a vice, and an old bachelor or an old maid is looked upon as a monster. Marriages are made while the parties are extremely young, according to our notions, and are arranged by the parents, or the next of kin, often when the future consorts are children. Love-making, courtship, engagements in our sense of the term, are unknown and impossible; women, although they go out unveiled, living in a sort of gynecæum, to which only their immediate kinsmen have access. The preliminaries are frequently managed by discreet and zealous friends, or even by respectable professional go-betweens. The first step in the alliance is a solemn ceremony of betrothal, emphasized by a festival in both families, when the contract is signed by the parents and heads of the respective houses, and the bridegroom sends the bride a pair of bracelets in token of espousal; but neither she nor he is present on this occasion. Later he sends what is known in France as the *corbeille*, or those articles of a bride's wardrobe which are not included in the *trousseau*. In China they consist of silk and cotton stuffs and embroideries, and are literally sent in a basket, or rather in several dozen very handsome ones. This is the signal for another pompous ceremony; and on the bride's part there comes in return a splendid dress to be worn on the wedding-day, which, if her future husband is already a man of rank, is

the uniform of his grade; every degree of mandarin is distinguished by his costume, and after marriage the wife wears a dress corresponding to his title. The bridegroom, moreover, sends to the lady's family presents of choice eatables, notably a peculiarly delicious sort of cake, to be distributed among the acquaintance in announcing the engagement. The marriage must be concluded within a year from this interchange of gifts. On the eve of the wedding-day there is another important transfer of goods, namely, the bride's portion, which consists of her outfit, plate, and furniture; for dower, in the sense of money, there is none. The bridegroom's family gives a state dinner, at which these objects are exhibited, and on the same evening he sends the bride a sedan-chair, trimmed with crimson satin and embroidery. The chair is accompanied by a procession of musicians and servants with lanterns and torches, a red umbrella, a green screen, and other insignia of rank. Her family also gives a grand dinner-party for the reception and display of the chair, during which the guests are regaled by the music of the band. The next day four persons belonging to the family, or friends, of the bridegroom, go to the bride's house and invite her to repair to that of her future husband. She goes in her sedan-chair, with four or eight bearers, according to his rank, and a small escort, and her arrival is announced by an explosion of fireworks. The chair is deposited in a saloon, where the family, friends, bridesmaids, and groomsmen are assembled. One of the last, — the best man, no doubt, — bearing a metallic mirror before his breast, advances to the sedan-chair, bows thrice, and a bridesmaid raises the curtains and begs the bride to descend. She accedes, still wearing her veil, and is conducted to an inner room; there the bridegroom, in his wedding-dress, receives her, and this is their first sight of each other. They are formally reconducted to the

first apartment; music is playing, and a table has been laid with wine, fruits, and perfumes burning, to symbolize an altar. The pair prostrate themselves and thank the Supreme Being for their creation, the earth for their nourishment, the emperor for his protection, and their parents for their education. There is no minister of religion or civil functionary present. The bridegroom then introduces his bride to the company, and a banquet follows, during which the music, which has not ceased during the orisons, continues to play. Throughout the evening the house is thrown open, and any one can enter and see the bride, who remains standing behind a table on which there are lighted candles. On the morrow the bride takes her husband to present him to her family, and the formalities of the previous evening are partially repeated, which completes the marriage ceremonies.

Divorce is legal in China, and was in force there several centuries before our era, but it is not in favor. When a husband surprises his wife with a lover the law permits him to kill her, which removes one cause of separation from the jurisdiction of the courts. Sterility, after a fixed age, is a plea admitted by law, and gross disrespect or disobedience on the part of husband or wife to the other's parents. Adopting a child is more frequent than divorce, when there is no offspring. Colonel Tcheng asserts that divorce is unusual between persons of good position, who prefer concessions and compromises to destroying hallowed ties and making private dissensions public; in fact, that his country-people are restrained by the same considerations that influence people of reserve and refinement everywhere.

Women, although excluded by Chinese custom from society, and consequently unable to exert their power in various ways familiar to the women of the West, have an authority in the household beyond anything known in Europe or

America. The Chinawoman is her husband's equal before the law, and can buy, sell, contract, alienate, or conduct any business negotiation in his place. She has complete control of her children and of their education. Her own, although not solid according to our notions, is practical and graceful: besides domestic accomplishments, poetry and elegant literature have a place in her studies, and are often her favorite recreations; skill in painting and embroidery is held in high esteem, and the cultivation of flowers, especially within doors, is one of the daily pleasures of every woman of leisure; that charming taste and luxury is carried far beyond anything that we imagine, even with our hothouses and conservatories. Her amusements are limited: games of cards and lotto are among the most exciting. "If Heaven gives her children," declares Colonel Tcheng, "and a good husband, she is certainly the happiest of her sex." Yet there is a domestic institution which one would suppose might seriously interfere with the happiness of a lady-mandarin who had children, flowers, the gift of rhyming, and even a good husband. Although polygamy is not permitted in China, except in cases where marriage is sterile (when, if the husband is unwilling to ask for a divorce, the law countenances a second wife), there is another conjugal relation recognized. Living under the same roof as the wedded wife, but in an inferior and dependent position, is an unwedded one, or the "lawful mistress," as Colonel Tcheng terms her. He thinks that this arrangement is altogether better than the furtive or transient connections which are the cause of so much grief and shame in Christian countries; he refers in vindication of it to patriarchal custom and to the story of Sarah and Hagar, but the instance is not well chosen to illustrate the peace and happiness of such a domestic practice. The Chinese proverb, Nine women in ten are jealous, is a comment on its moral effect.

There is another class of women who have no place in the household, yet who seem to hold an admitted and by no means infamous position, somewhat answering to that of the courtesans of ancient Greece, but to no modern denomination in the Western world. These women are the only female musicians, music and singing not being taught to ladies; they are well educated, talk agreeably, and have the much-prized accomplishment of making verses. Such "artists," as Colonel Tcheng calls them, are of great value in society, which in China is composed exclusively of men, women appearing only at family parties. A young man who wishes to entertain his friends hires a flower-boat, a large junk adorned like a florist's window and illuminated at night; he sends cards, supplied at the boat, on which he writes his own name, that of the female artist who will be present, and the time of meeting. The guests spend an hour with him upon the water, — the invitation being limited to this unless explicitly made longer, — and the time is passed in talk, music, making verses and *puns*, a favorite amusement among Celestials of polite education; for refreshment they have delicious tea, fruit, and sometimes a delicate repast, although eating has not much share in Chinese parties of pleasure. The aforementioned artists also allow dinners to be given at their houses, on the invitation of a person who hires them for the occasion, the talents and resources of the hostess, if so she may be styled, helping to make the evening agreeable. The young men who are invited sometimes engage companions of the same class to come with them, and add their accomplishments to the general enjoyment. These women are often clever and handsome, and their mode of life does not imply immorality: they may be well or ill conducted, — that is their own affair; but those who belong to the former category are often engaged to enliven family parties, which would

not be done in the other case. A Chinese novel which has been translated into French throws a curious light on this subject. The hero declares that he will not marry until he can find a woman who is beautiful, sweet-tempered, affectionate, clever, and accomplished. "You will have to look for your wife on the flower-boats, then," says his friend. This book is altogether an interesting supplement to Colonel Tcheng's.

An organized life of pleasure, such as can be found in Europe and to some degree in America, does not exist in China. The chapter of recreations does not say a word about out-of-door sports; even riding, to judge from the novel just referred to, is looked upon only as a mode of traveling. There are theatres and similar places of amusement, and one of the more magnificent modes of giving an entertainment is to engage one of these for the performance, and send out invitations to one's "dear five hundred friends." But apparently there is no habitual play-goer, nor any class which passes the time in going from one diversion to another. The Chinese are serious and studious, and after their first youth have little necessity for amusements that cannot be found in their homes or in the intercourse of their friends. There is probably an absence of animal spirits in the national temperament. Their calm and sedentary pleasures are for the most part of a social and singularly refined nature. The existence of rich people is organized so as to give them the constant indulgence of their tastes; they love gardens, flowers, and inactive occupations out-of-doors, and their homes provide them with all these. Birthdays and other anniversaries are constantly observed and celebrated by family gatherings and by much making of presents; there are great public holidays, the Feast of Lanterns, of Dragon-Boats, and of Kites, and parties among families and friends are made to enjoy them together. Private

festivals are held in honor of certain beautiful flowers to which an allegorical significance is attached, and these blossoms have their anniversaries. On an invitation, instead of dinner, supper, dancing, etc., being mentioned as the object of the reunion, the full moon, a fine view, or the blooming of a rare plant is held out as the inducement. On these occasions, pen, ink, and paper are supplied to the guests, who compose verses against time. The subject and rhymes are often suggested, and it becomes a trial of wits, not more insipid, probably, than the recreations of the Della Crusicans, the Diversions of Parley, or the pastimes of many other literary circles. It gives a chance to display the chirography of the competitors, which holds a curious place among Chinese accomplishments. It has been gradually coming to its present elaborate significance since the year B. C. 2000. India ink (*encre de Chine*) and a camel's-hair brush are used instead of pens and fluid ink. Great importance is attached to a fine handwriting, which by its shades and curves expresses what with us can be conveyed only by the voice. The force and point given by italics and capitals but faintly represent the effect of different styles of writing in Chinese; Colonel Tcheng compares it to the modulations of fine declamation, making intelligible to the eye and preserving every gradation of the writer's thought. Excursions also are in high favor, either water-parties, or prolonged picnics among beautiful regions, where the Buddhist convents offer their hospitality instead of hotels, and make pilgrims of pleasure very comfortable.

In all these reunions, next to verse-making and another species of amusement akin to guessing riddles and charades, conversation is the principal resource. Literary topics are preferred, although metaphysical and philosophical discussions have their place; the events of the day may be touched upon, but not

politics. The total exclusion of the last is ascribed by Colonel Tcheng to the extreme politeness of his countrymen, who banish a subject which might lead to unpleasant differences in the company. We may suspect, however, that there are other reasons for their reticence, as in his little book Colonel Tcheng is virtually silent as to everything relating to the government or public affairs. Even in speaking of the laboring classes he quotes the impressions of European travelers, adroitly avoiding either confirming or contradicting them. His comparison between Chinese and European society is altogether in favor of the former. According to his account his countrymen always enjoy their social meetings, whereas even in Paris the balls and parties struck him as cold and dull, notwithstanding the dangerous charm of woman, who is excluded in the East because there men think it safest to keep out of harm's way. Accustomed to invariable refinement and good-breeding at home, he was astonished and shocked by the absence of conventional propriety among Parisians when delivered from the restraint of ladies' presence. The only society which he found really agreeable was in the artist world, and there alone, in his opinion, do people enjoy themselves.

The most interesting portion of the book is that which explains the theory of education in China. From time immemorial the value of public education has been acknowledged. There is a work extant, written before our era, that speaks of the *ancient* system of common schools in every town and village. Although, properly speaking, there is no aristocracy, there are four classes: men of letters, agriculturists, manufacturers, and tradespeople. All have the same opportunities of learning, and the competitive examinations which confer grades of honor are open to all. The object is to train the mind of the masses and diffuse knowledge universally, and

so to call out latent aptitudes, wherever they exist, for the service of the state and the common profit. The end is to make thinkers rather than scholars, and the means consist in the method of instruction, and not in the list of studies. There are two schemes in use: one for children, the other for students. The first is contained in one of the sixteen discourses of the Emperor Yong Tching, called the Holy Edict, and is for the aid of parents and teachers. It lays great stress on the importance of training children early to look at the serious side of things, at principles rather than circumstances, and at laws rather than facts. The first aims of education should be to awake the attention and overcome bad habits; children should be encouraged to ask questions about what is taught them, that they may not learn merely by rote, and acquire "the bad habit of repeating with their lips while their minds are on other matters." Obedience is the great lesson to be taught by parents, — and in view of this, nobody who knows the American ethics of education can be surprised at the prejudice existing in this country against a people brought up on such principles; it is sufficient to account for their exclusion by law from the United States.

For the student the first thing to learn is "to form a resolution." A firm resolve made and persevered in will insure success in one's studies, thinks Colonel Tcheng; it has, besides, the double advantage of giving a direction to the energies and forming the character. The precepts for the student are: to analyze daily the work he has done; to review his work every ten or twenty days; to begin study every morning at five o'clock, and to give as much attention to it as a general should to his manœuvres; not to allow any interruption whatever to occur for five or ten consecutive days; not to fear being slow, but to fear making pauses; finally, to remember that time passes like lightning, — that a month

goes like a flash, another follows it, and the year is gone before we know it. These are not unfamiliar maxims to the Western mind, and we have equivalents for the proverb, "Bend the mulberry tree while it is young," which is given as an example of the many Chinese proverbs — the language is rich in that vein — referring to the importance of early training. The standard text-books treat only of mental tendencies, of duty and mutual obligation; from Colonel Tch'eng's account, they must be like Telemachus, without the story.

Families who can afford a tutor educate their children at home; for poorer ones there are day and night schools in every village, not free, but so cheap that they are within the means of the humblest classes. There are also colleges in various parts of the empire; the instruction is not official, although the examinations are. There are annual examinations at the chief town at each province, before the prefect. Every candidate must pass on five subjects, each taking a day, during which he is shut up by himself in a cell, with writing materials, but no books to consult. If the candidate passes in all the branches, he goes up for examination before an imperial commissioner delegated specially to each province. There are three degrees, corresponding to B. A., M. A., and Doctor. The examinations for the second grade are triennial; they take place at the capital of each province, and the candidates are examined on three subjects, each of which occupies three days. The ordeal is so severe that out of ten thousand candidates sometimes but two hundred are graduated. The third degree is conferred at Peking, and the examinations follow the same order as for the second. There is still a final one, which takes place before the emperor, and assigns the graduates to four ranks, according to their merit. There can be but four recipients of the highest honors, which immediately confer the title

of Academician; the second are bestowed on candidates who are counted worthy to compete for admission to the academy a second time; the third qualify for clerkships in the different departments of the government; the fourth render graduates eligible for sub-prefects. The number of degrees of Doctor conferred at one time vary from two to three hundred. Promotion may always be hoped for, as it depends upon merit, and not upon age. The Academicians become members of the Imperial College, the highest body in the empire, from which the emperor's ministers are chosen. While with us or in Europe an M. D., D. D., or LL. D. begins to forget much of what he has previously learned as soon as he takes his degree, the same order of men in China pass the rest of their lives in reviewing their knowledge by holding examinations.

The rejoicings of successful candidates far exceed those in Occidental countries on similar occasions. They are celebrated by family festivals as splendid as at weddings; the parents repair to the temple of the ancestors, to honor them for the new dignity; magnificent banquets are given to all their kinsfolk and friends. The fortunate aspirant goes to announce his degree formally to his connection and acquaintance, with a band of music and an escort of friends carrying banners; as they pass, the crowd hails him like a conqueror, and falls into the procession, realizing one of Mr. Ruskin's dreams. Letters stating his degree are posted on the walls of his house and sent about like circulars. The indifference shown about the attainment of a degree in the West amazes Colonel Tch'eng, who probably has not met any Harvard graduates. He concludes that it can be obtained too easily. "Suppose," he says, "that admission to the bar were determined by annual competition, the number of degrees being limited: the right of pleading would become an honor, and the professional

sentiment would rise to real pride." But there is no such analogy possible under totally dissimilar conditions. In a country where literary attainment is the sole road to political importance its credentials are necessarily valued in proportion to their effect; the influence they may command can be estimated by the Chinese mode of representation. Strictly speaking, there is no such thing; but the provincial functionaries, whose appointment, as we have seen, depends on their proficiency in their studies, are *ex officio* representatives, of an informal sort, and lay the complaints and petitions of the people in their district before the government.

The beginnings of everything in China are very ancient. The prehistoric world of the Celestials was not peopled by demigods and heroes, but by a dynasty of holy emperors, whose supernatural wisdom and longevity laid the foundations of the present prosperity of the realm. These monarchs were not hereditary; each chose his successor, and abdicated when his own powers declined. The first is called the Emperor of the Heavens, and he divided time into its celestial and terrestrial epochs. He lived eighteen hundred years, and was succeeded by the Emperor of the Earth, who lived for the same length of time, and divided the month into thirty days. The third was the Emperor of Men, and under his reign, which lasted forty-five thousand five hundred years, human society appeared; he divided his dominions into nine parts, over each of which he set a member of his family. This period corresponds to the era of cave-dwellers in modern palæontology. The fourth is known as the Emperor of Nests, under whom man tried to build wooden dwellings for himself, to defend himself against wild beasts, and to use their skins for clothing. The fifth, the Emperor of Fire, taught man how to produce and use it; he instituted domestic life, and taught the practice of barter

and of recording events by means of knotted cords. His successor, Fou-Hy, introduced hunting, fishing, and the domestication of animals among mankind; he defined the four seasons, and fixed the first day of the year about where it now falls. He determined the cardinal points of the horizon, and invented stringed instruments. He also instituted marriage with its ceremonies, property, and proclaimed the eight diagrams or fundamental principles on which are based progress and philosophy. He was followed by Tcheng-Nung, the Emperor of Agriculture, who studied the properties of plants, taught the healing art, and invented canals, embankments, and dykes; during his reign the dragon first appeared, which after many mysterious visits to China took up its abode on the imperial escutcheon. Next came the Yellow Emperor, and this close connection between the first mention of the national arms and the national color suggests a new order of expansion; he created the observatory, the art of running, the bow, the ship, coinage, wind-instruments, furniture, coaches, and costume. He published a book on medicine, in which the phrase "to feel the pulse" first occurs. The administrative division of the empire was organized during his reign. The ninth emperor is said to have ruled from 2399 B. C. to 1981, at which date the historic period begins, and the holy dynasty ends. History relates that in his time great hydraulic works were accomplished during terrible inundations, the only allusion in Chinese records to anything corresponding to the Deluge of the Jewish Scriptures. But everybody will see the analogy between the preceding catalogue and the descendants of Adam: Cain the tiller of the ground, Abel the shepherd, Jabal, Jubal, Tubal-Cain, Noah the first ship-builder and vine-grower, Nimrod the mighty hunter. Colonel Tcheng draws no inferences from this, nor from the noted similarities between Buddhism

and Christianity; he himself is apparently a disciple of Confucius.

Throughout the book, however, which is merely a comprehensive sketch of Chinese views and manners, the author constantly compares the theory and practice of his country with those which he has observed in Europe, and always to the advantage of his own nation. In some cases the superiority is incontestable; in others he may be suspected of doing what is a temptation to every one in parallels of this sort, — of contrasting the highest standard in his own land with the average practice elsewhere. Besides this, keen though he is, he sometimes mistakes the bearing of usages, as for instance when he can see only a breach of etiquette in according the place of honor to the actor who recites in companies where men of rank and eminence are present; he fails to discern that at bottom this is only a finer form of that politeness which he thinks a Chinese monopoly, missing the difference between Christian and heathen courtesy. He invests with a special significance and importance manifestations in his own country which are quite common out of it, like the acclamations of the graduate by the people; he would be certain to see similar demonstrations in any Occidental town through which the baccalaureate should march with flags and a brass band, though probably nobody but Mr. Ruskin would treat it magniloquently. Where Colonel Tcheng cannot prove the injuriousness of foreign customs or their inferiority to Chinese, he ingeniously argues that, although good in themselves and useful for Europeans, they would be superfluous for his countrymen, on account of the excellence of their provisions from all time. There is a good deal of delicate Oriental subtlety and sophistry in his reasoning, but it is not always convincing.

There is one subject on which he deserves to be heard with respect by the Western world, — the relations of his

government to other nations. China is blamed, he says, for her want of confidence in the outer world, whether represented by countries or individuals, and for her opposition to the general introduction of railroads, gas, and other modern improvements under the indefinite name of progress. As regards individuals, Frenchmen are roughly classed in China as missionaries, Englishmen as opium-traders, Americans no doubt being included in the same denomination. With regard to the propagandists, Colonel Tcheng, fearing lest he should be carried away by righteous indignation, quotes a passage from M. de la Vernède, of the Free School of Political Science in Paris, the gist of which is that three hundred years ago the Jesuits went to China, and penetrated into the interior, teaching the arts and sciences, and conciliating public opinion by their amenity and adroitness. They were soon acknowledged as pacific, benevolent, and intelligent instructors, and received permission by an imperial edict to build churches, and practice and teach their doctrines. But the Dominicans and Franciscans, jealous of the influence of the Jesuits in the far East, obtained in 1772 a bull from Clement XIV. expelling them from China. The Lazarists, who replaced them, undid their good work, upset the religious ideas of the natives, rubbed their national prejudices the wrong way, and drew upon themselves the suspicion of acting as spies. The Anglo-Saxons have persisted in forcing an illicit trade forbidden by law and treaty, violating good faith, and ruining the health, morals, and fortunes of the inhabitants. "And yet we are reproached for want of confidence! How are we to learn it? . . . The essential character of Western civilization is invasive; I need not demonstrate this. Formerly barbarous hordes invaded flourishing countries, not to introduce the benefits of a new order of intelligence, but for rapine and pillage. Civilized

races follow the same course, claiming to establish happiness on earth: violence is the starting-point of their progress. . . . War and pauperism are the two scourges of humanity, and in China the idea of progress is to maintain peace and promote the common weal. The day when the Occident shall convince the Chinese that the modern spirit which creates the marvelous inventions over which we clap our hands possesses the secret of maintaining peace and promoting the common weal, on that day China will join the general confederation with enthusiasm. But have we been convinced of this? Is it known what the importations are which enter those ports which a famous treaty has opened to the world? We hoped for the perfected implements and machinery of the arts of peace, which it is the object of the government to encourage throughout the empire, but the staple of those importations has been firearms, and by way of modern civilization we are to inaugurate militarism! And we are blamed for our want of confidence! Well, at the risk of offending those who do not think with me, I will say that we hate with all our might whatever, far or near, threatens peace and rouses the spirit of combat in the human soul, imperfect enough by nature. What need have we of war, 'hated by mothers,' and what ideal would it satisfy if some day our 400,000,000 inhabitants should be armed with rifles? Is that progress? To deflect the public wealth from the channels which reason appoints, to make it contribute towards organizing all the forms of misery that spring from the use and abuse of force, is in my opinion to lower and corrupt ourselves. We shall never look at militarism as an element of civilization; far from it! We are convinced that it is a return to barbarism. . . . The foreigners who land in China have but one end, speculation, and, what is very curious, these speculators despise

us because we have no confidence in them. Confidence? We can never have too little!"

Englishmen who remember the affair of the *Iorch* Arrow, and Americans the Burlingame treaty, may reply.

Colonel Tcheng makes exception in favor of the foreigners who honor their own nationality by the respect they show for that of others: "Diplomatists, who captivate us by their good-breeding, and who accomplish delicate missions with a courtesy and tact that do credit to their civilization; men of learning, who come to study our language and to draw from our books the wisdom of the most ancient of human societies, — these are not aliens, but friends, with whom we are proud to exchange our ideas and to dream of progress and civilization; true sons of humanity, who have nothing in common with the adventurers who swarm upon our coasts." In proof of the good-will and fair dealing of the Chinese towards Europeans who do not come to their country with sinister or too selfish designs, he adduces the Arsenal of Fou-Tcheou, founded, under the emperor's orders, by a French ex-naval officer, M. Prosper Giquet. It is a great headquarters of ship-building and civil engineering, intended to develop Chinese commerce and metallurgy. There are scientific schools attached to it; the pupils finish their education in France, and return to superintend their special branches. The administration of the arsenal is in the hands of high dignitaries of the native government, Europeans teach and direct the works, and a perfectly good understanding exists between them. Alas! since this was written the unfortified and defenseless Arsenal of Fou-Tcheou has been bombarded by a French fleet, without any declaration of war on the part of the republic. Colonel Tcheng's readers are forced to repeat, "And they are blamed for want of confidence!"

DANIEL DE FOE AND THOMAS SHEPARD.

THE relations between Daniel De Foe and America are all very curious. Few Englishmen of his time were so well informed as he regarding our geography. This is true not only of South America, where, at the mouth of the Orinoco, he laid the scene of the first great American romance, but it is true of North America also. A large part of the *Life of Colonel Jack*, one of his best novels, describes the adventures of that hero as a bondsman in what is now the State of Virginia. So accurately is the geography of the story indicated that we can make out that the principal action goes on on plantations which occupied the site of the present cities of Georgetown and Washington. This story is the best account which we have of the condition of the white slaves of Virginia in the seventeenth century. De Foe introduces his own plan for the extinction of African slavery. This plan must be called Utopian, because it presumes on a degree of humanity among the white planters of that time which they never exhibited. It is worth notice, indeed, that De Foe's two most remarkable heroes, Robinson Crusoe and Colonel Jack, should have been, one a slave-trader, and the other a slave. It is known that one of De Foe's sons spent several years in North Carolina, and probably De Foe derived from him his intimate acquaintance with the customs of our Southern States.

It has also been observed that on the occasion of Robinson's second voyage to his island, after he had transferred the unfortunate French sailors whom he had rescued from shipwreck to a bark on the banks of Newfoundland, he was tempted, in another similar exigency, to bear away to the coast of America for provisions. For this there proved to be no necessity: the more is

the pity. He would have brought to Boston the news of Queen Anne's death, and he would have had a chance to hear Mr. Willard preach from John xxi. 22, on man's acquiescence in God's disposal. If, at Judge Sewall's hospitable board, Robinson Crusoe had met with Lemuel Gulliver, who is supposed to have been in these parts at about that time, there would have been the most fortunate meeting of Sewall, the most prosaic person in American fact, with Crusoe and Gulliver, the two most interesting characters in American and Australian fiction. But alas! history is too apt to fall short of its possibilities!

I have, however, lately observed that Robinson Crusoe had a closer connection than this "might have been" with our New England notables of the first generation. Reading, the other day, in the charming autobiography of Shepard — the Chrysostom of the first church of Cambridge — of that terrible shipwreck off Yarmouth, in which he and his were all but lost, as the ship was, I felt sure that the narrative was all familiar to me before. It was only to cross the room, and take down Robinson Crusoe, to find that here was the same shipwreck in which, in that same Yarmouth harbor, the runaway lad learned his first lesson of adventure. If the reader will compare the two narratives, he will be apt to think that De Foe had heard the story of the "Windy Saturday" in which Shepard's ship went down, and that, with that iron-and-steel memory of his, he reproduced it in his account of Robinson's first voyage. The details as to place, even, are the same. For a moment, I hoped to find that Robinson and our charming New England preacher held sweet counsel together in Yarmouth, or as they pulled at the oars. But sterner fate said, "No." For De

Foe's purposes required that Robinson should be shipwrecked some years after the day of the adventure of Thomas Shepard.

I have been tempted to print the two narratives in parallel columns,—as is the custom of newspapers, when they would grind any one to powder. But, in our case, we have no one to crush, and the reader will not object, perhaps, to turning backward and forward a little. Observe, then, that Robinson set sail in a ship which was passing southward along the English coast, through the Northern Sea, or German Ocean, and that Shepard, with his family, who had sailed from Harwich, was also seeking the English Channel. I copy Shepard first:—

FROM THOMAS SHEPARD'S MEMOIR.

“So about the beginning of winter, we set sail. . . . And having gone some few leagues the wind stopped us, and so we cast anchor in a dangerous place, and in the morning the wind grew fierce . . . and drove us . . . full upon the sands, . . . and the ship was in great danger. But the Lord directed one of the seamen to cut some cable or rope, . . . and so she was turned about and beaten quite backward toward Yarmouth, quite out of our way. . . . The wind did drive us, . . . and gave us no place to anchor, until we came to Yarmouth Roads, an open place at sea, yet fit for anchorage. . . . Which when we had done, upon a Saturday morning, the Lord sent a most dreadful and terrible storm of wind from the West, so dreadful that . . . divers ships were cast away. One among the rest . . . came with us from New Castle, and he and all his men perished. But when the wind thus arose, our master cast all his anchors; but the anchors broke and the ship drave toward the sands, where we could not but be cast away. Whereupon the master cries out that we were dead men, and thereupon the

whole company go to pray. But the vessel drew so near to the sands that the master shot off two pieces of ordnance to the town [of Yarmouth] for help. The town perceived it, and thousands came upon the walls of Yarmouth, and looked upon us, and pitied us. . . .

“So our master not knowing what to do, it pleased the Lord, that there was one Mr. Cook, a drunken fellow . . . an instrument to save all our lives. For he persuaded the master to cut down his mainmast. The master was unwilling to do it. . . . At last Cook calls for hatchets; he tells the master, ‘If you be a man, save the lives of your passengers, cut down your mainmast.’ And so, when the mast was gone, the master had one little anchor left, and cast it out. But the ship was driven toward the sand still. . . . So the master professed he had done what he could, and desired us to go to prayer. Immediately after prayer the wind began to abate and the ship stayed. . . . And so we rode it out, . . . and upon the Sabbath-day morning boats came to our vessel, . . . and my dear wife and child went in the first boat.”

Thus far Shepard. I have materially abridged his account, my wish being to show simply the passages which nearly resemble Robinson's. But I think I have omitted nothing which contradicts it. Two such witnesses are not to be expected to persevere in the same order, or with the same observations, all the time. Here is Robinson Crusoe's account:—

FROM ROBINSON CRUSOE.

“The ship was no sooner got out of the Humber, but the wind began to blow and the sea to rise in a most frightful manner. . . . I expected every wave to swallow us up. . . . The sixth day we came into Yarmouth Roads. . . . Here we were obliged to come to anchor, and here we lay . . . during which

time many ships from Newcastle came into the same roads. . . . Our men were unconcerned, not apprehensive of danger, but the eighth day [after arrival], in the morning, the wind increased, and we had all hands at work to strike our topmasts. . . . By noon the sea went very high indeed, and our ship rode forecastle in, shipped several seas, . . . and we thought once or twice that our anchor had come home. . . . By this time it blew a terrible storm. I heard the master say softly to himself, 'Lord, be merciful to us, — we shall all be lost,' . . . and the like. . . . I was dreadfully frightened. . . . I got out of my cabin and looked out: . . . the sea ran mountains high; . . . two ships had cut their masts by the board, and our men cried out that a ship which rid about a mile ahead was foundered. . . . Towards evening the mate and boatswain begged the master of our ship to let them cut away the foremast, which he was very unwilling to do; but the boatswain protesting to him that if he did not the ship would founder, he consented, — and when they had cut away this mast . . . they were obliged to cut the mainmast away, too. . . . The storm was so violent that I saw what is not often seen, the master, the boatswain, and some others at their prayers, and expecting every moment when the ship would go to the bottom. . . . The master . . . ordered to fire a gun as a signal of distress . . . and a light ship . . . ventured a boat out to help us. . . . We were not more than a quarter of an hour out of our ship, but we saw her sink. We could see a great many people running along the shore, to assist us when we should come near. . . . At Cromer we landed and walked afterwards to Yarmouth, where as unfortunate men we were treated with great humanity, as well by the magistrates of the town, who assigned us good quarters, as by particular merchants and owners."

Of course one shipwreck is, to a certain extent, like another shipwreck. But here are some striking resemblances in detail. In each case, after a first detention, the vessel takes refuge in Yarmouth Roads, and anchors. In each case they suppose they are then in safety, and other vessels join them, seeking the same shelter. In each case a heavy gale strikes them in the morning, — westerly in one, southwesterly in the other; both ships lie at all their anchors, and both ships drag their anchors. In each case the master is then heard to say that they are lost, and from each ship they see a Newcastle ship founder. In each case the master is unwilling to cut away the mast, but is compelled to do so by the protest of another. In each case the master goes to prayer, "which is not often seen." In each case he fires a gun as a signal of distress, and in each case they see the people on the shore, who are watching them. In each case they are landed from the ship in boats not their own, and, as I understand it, the ship, in each case, sinks soon after.

The most remarkable differences which I observe are that in Robinson Crusoe's ship the foremast is carried away, and carries the mainmast with it; while in Shepard's case the mainmast is carried away. The drunken fellow who persuades the captain to cut down the mast is a passenger, bred to the sea, in Shepard; in Robinson, he is a boatswain of the ship. Robinson Crusoe's ship had but four passengers, and Shepard's had two hundred. But these are such variations as would have come into tradition in eighty-five years, or as a novelist might make for his purpose. My theory is that De Foe had heard the story of the "Windy Saturday," and the Sunday which followed it, from some one who was in the ship with Shepard, and that he was glad to work the detail into his story.

Edward Everett Hale.

ON HORSEBACK.

I.

"THE way to mount a horse" — said the Professor.

"If you have no ladder" — put in the Friend of Humanity.

The Professor had ridden through the war for the Union, on the right side, enjoying a much better view of it than if he had walked, and knew as much about a horse as a person ought to know for the sake of his character. The man who can recite the tales of the Canterbury Pilgrims, on horseback, giving the contemporary pronunciation, never missing an accent by reason of the trot, and at the same time watch North Carolina and a strip of East Tennessee with his noble horsemanship, is a kind of Literary Centaur of whose double instruction any Friend of Humanity may be glad to avail himself.

"The way to mount a horse is to grasp the mane with the left hand holding the bridle-rein, put your left foot in the stirrup, with the right hand on the back of the saddle, and" —

Just then the horse stepped quickly around on his hind feet, and looked the Professor in the face. The Superintendents of Affairs, who occupy the flagging in front of the hotel, seated in cane-bottomed chairs tilted back, smiled. These useful persons appear to have a life-lease of this portion of the city pavement, and pretty effectually block it up nearly all day and evening. When a lady wishes to make her way through the blockade, it is the habit of these observers of life to rise and make room, touching their hats, while she picks her way through, and goes down the street with a pretty consciousness of the flutter she has caused. The war has not changed the Southern habit of sitting out-of-doors, but has added a new

element of street picturesqueness in groups of colored people lounging about the corners. There appears to be more leisure than ever.

The scene of this little lesson in horsemanship was the old town of Abingdon, in Southwest Virginia, on the Virginia and East Tennessee railway; a town of ancient respectability, which gave birth to the Johnstons and Floyds and other notable people; a town that still preserves the flavor of excellent tobacco and something of the easy-going habits of the days of slavery, and is a sort of educational centre, where the young ladies of the region add the final graces of intellectual life in moral philosophy and the use of the globes to their natural gifts. The mansion of the late and left Floyd is now a seminary, and not far from it is the Stonewall Jackson Institute, in the midst of a grove of splendid oaks, whose stately boles and wide-spreading branches give a dignity to educational life. The distinction of the region is its superb oak-trees. As it was vacation in these institutions of learning, the travelers did not see any of the vines that traditionally cling to the oak.

The Professor and the Friend of Humanity were about starting on a journey, across country southward, through regions about which the people of Abingdon could give little useful information. If the travelers had known the capacities and resources of the country they would not have started without a supply train, or the establishment of bases of provisions in advance. But, as the Professor remarked, knowledge is something that one acquires when he has no use for it. The horses were saddled; the riders were equipped with flannel shirts and leather leggings; the saddle-bags were stuffed with clean linen,

and novels, and sonnets of Shakespeare, and other baggage, — it would have been well if they had been stuffed with hard-tack, for in real life meat is more than raiment.

The hotel, in front of which there is cultivated so much of what the Germans call *sitzfleisch*, is a fair type of the majority of Southern hotels, and differs from the same class in the North in being left a little more to run itself. The only information we obtained about it was from its porter at the station, who replied to the question, "Is it the best?" "We warrant you perfect satisfaction in every respect." This seems to be only a formula of expression, for we found that the statement was highly colored. It was left to our imagination to conjecture how the big chambers of the old house, with their gaping fireplaces, might have looked when furnished and filled with gay company, and we got what satisfaction we could out of a bygone bustle and mint-julep hilarity. In our struggles with the porter to obtain the little items of soap, water, and towels, we were convinced that we had arrived too late, and that for perfect satisfaction we should have been here before the war. It was not always as now. In colonial days the accommodations and prices at inns were regulated by law. In the old records in the courthouse we read that if we had been here in 1777 we could have had a gallon of good rum for sixteen shillings; a quart bowl of rum toddy made with loaf sugar for two shillings, or with brown sugar for one shilling and sixpence. In 1779 prices had risen. Good rum sold for four pounds a gallon. It was ordered that a warm dinner should cost twelve shillings, a cold dinner nine shillings, and a good breakfast twelve shillings. But the item that pleased us most, and made us regret our late advent, was that for two shillings we could have had a "good lodging, with clean sheets." The colonists were fastidious people.

Abingdon, prettily situated on rolling hills and a couple of thousand feet above the sea, with views of mountain peaks to the south, is a cheerful and not too exciting place for a brief sojourn, and hospitable and helpful to the stranger. We had dined — so much, at least, the public would expect of us — with a descendant of Pocahontas; we had assisted on Sunday morning at the dedication of a new brick Methodist church, the finest edifice in the region, a dedication that took a long time, since the bishop would not proceed with it until money enough was raised in open meeting to pay the balance due on it, — a religious act, though it did give a business aspect to the place at the time; and we had been the light spots in the evening service at the most aristocratic church of color. The irresponsibility of this amiable race was exhibited in the tardiness with which they assembled: at the appointed time nobody was there except the sexton; it was three quarters of an hour before the congregation began to saunter in, and the sermon was nearly over before the pews were at all filled. Perhaps the sermon was not new, but it was fervid, and at times the able preacher roared so that articulate sounds were lost in the general effect. It was precisely these passages of cataclysms of sound and hard breathing which excited the liveliest responses, — "Yes, Lord," and "Glory to God." Most of these responses came from the "Amen corner." The sermon contained the usual vivid description of the last judgment, ah, and I fancied that the congregation did not get the ordinary satisfaction out of it. Fashion had entered the fold, and the singing was mostly executed by a choir in the dusky gallery, who thinly and harshly warbled the emotional hymns. It occupied the minister a long time to give out the notices of the week, and there was not an evening or afternoon that had not its meetings, its literary or social gathering, its picnic

or fair for the benefit of the church, its Dorcas society, or some occasion of religious sociability. The raising of funds appeared to be the burden on the preacher's mind. Two collections were taken up. At the first, the boxes appeared to get no supply except from the two white trash present. But the second was more successful. After the sermon was over, an elder took his place at a table within the rails, and the real business of the evening began. Somebody in the Amen corner struck up a tune that had no end, but a mighty power of setting the congregation in motion. The leader had a voice like the pleasant droning of a bagpipe, and the faculty of emitting a continuous note like that instrument, without stopping to breathe. It went on and on like a Bach fugue, winding and whining its way, turning the corners of the lines of the catch without a break. The effect was soon visible in the emotional crowd: feet began to move in a regular cadence and voices to join in, with spurts of ejaculation; and soon, with an air of martyrdom, the members began to leave their seats and pass before the table and deposit their contributions. It was a cent contribution, and we found it very difficult, under the contagious influence of the hum from the Amen corner, not to rise and go forward and deposit a cent. If anything could extract the pennies from a reluctant worldling it would be the buzzing of this tune. It went on and on, until the house appeared to be drained dry of its cash; and we inferred by the stopping of the melody that the preacher's salary was secure for the time being. On inquiring, we ascertained that the pecuniary flood that evening had risen to the height of a dollar and sixty cents.

All was ready for the start. It should have been early in the morning, but it was not; for Virginia is not only one of the blessed regions where one can get a late breakfast, but where it is almost impossible to get an early one. At

ten A. M., the two horsemen rode away out of sight of the Abingdon spectators, down the eastern turnpike. The day was warm, but the air was full of vitality and the spirit of adventure. It was the 22d of July. The horses were not ambitious, but went on at an easy fox-trot that permits observation and encourages conversation. It had been stipulated that the horses should be good walkers, the one essential thing in a horseback journey. Few horses, even in a country where riding is general, are trained to walk fast. We hear much of horses that can walk five miles an hour, but they are as rare as white elephants. Our horses were only fair walkers. We realized how necessary this accomplishment is, for between the Tennessee line and Asheville, North Carolina, there is scarcely a mile of trotting-ground.

We soon turned southward and descended into the Holston River Valley. Beyond lay the Tennessee hills and conspicuous White-Top Mountain (5530 feet), which has a good deal of local celebrity (standing where the States of Virginia, Tennessee, and North Carolina corner), and had been pointed out to us at Abingdon. We had been urged, personally and by letter, to ascend this mountain, without fail. People recommend mountains to their friends as they do patent medicines. As we leisurely jogged along we discussed this, and endeavored to arrive at some rule of conduct for the journey. The Professor expressed at once a feeling about mountain-climbing that amounted to hostility,—he would go nowhere that he could not ride. Climbing was the most unsatisfactory use to which a mountain could be put. As to White-Top, it was a small mountain, and not worth ascending. The Friend of Humanity, who believes in mountain-climbing as a theory, and for other people, and knows the value of being able to say, without detection, that he has ascended any high mountain about which

he is questioned, — since this question is the first one asked about an exploration in a new country, — saw that he should have to use a good deal of diplomacy to get the Professor over any considerable elevation on the trip. And he had to confess also that a view from a mountain is never so satisfactory as a view of a mountain, from a moderate height. The Professor, however, did not argue the matter on any such reasonable ground, but took his stand on his right as a man not to ascend a mountain. With this appeal to first principles, — a position that could not be confuted on account of its vagueness (although it might probably be demonstrated that in society man has no such right), — there was no way of agreement except by a compromise. It was accordingly agreed that no mountain under six thousand feet is worth ascending; that disposed of White-Top. It was further agreed that any mountain that is over six thousand feet high is too high to ascend on foot.

With this amicable adjustment we forded the Holston, crossing it twice within a few miles. This upper branch of the Tennessee is a noble stream, broad, with a rocky bed and a swift current. Fording it is ticklish business except at comparatively low water, and as it is subject to sudden rises there must be times when it seriously interrupts travel. This whole region, full of swift streams, is without a bridge, and, as a consequence, getting over rivers and brooks and the dangers of ferries occupy a prominent place in the thoughts of the inhabitants. The life necessarily had the "frontier" quality all through, for there can be little solid advance in civilization in the uncertainties of a bridgeless condition. An open, pleasant valley, the Holston, but cultivation is more and more negligent and houses are few and poorer as we advance.

We had left behind the hotels of "perfect satisfaction," and expected to live on the country, trusting to the in-

frequent but remunerated hospitality of the widely scattered inhabitants. We were to dine at Ramsey's. Ramsey's had been recommended to us as a royal place of entertainment, the best in all that region; and as the sun grew hot in the sandy valley, and the weariness of noon fell upon us, we magnified Ramsey's in our imagination, — the nobility of its situation, its cuisine, its inviting restfulness, — and half decided to pass the night there in the true abandon of plantation life. Long before we reached it, the Holston River which we followed had become the Laurel, a most lovely, rocky, winding stream, which we forded continually, for the valley became too narrow much of the way to accommodate a road and a river. Eagerly as we were looking out for it, we passed the great Ramsey's without knowing it, for it was the first of a little settlement of two houses and a saw-mill and barn. It was a neat log house of two lower rooms and a summer kitchen, quite the best of the class that we saw, and the pleasant mistress of it made us welcome. Across the road and close to the Laurel was the spring-house, the invariable adjunct to every well-to-do house in the region, and on the stony margin of the stream was set up the big caldron for the family washing; and here, paddling in the shallow stream, while dinner was preparing, we established an intimacy with the children and exchanged philosophical observations on life with the old negress who was dabbling the clothes. What impressed this woman was the inequality in life. She jumped to the unwarranted conclusion that the Professor and the Friend were very rich, and spoke with asperity of the difficulty she experienced in getting shoes and tobacco. It was useless to point out to her that her *al fresco* life was singularly blessed and free from care, and the happy lot of any one who could loiter all day by this laughing stream, undisturbed by debt or ambition. Everybody about the place

was barefooted, except the mistress, including the comely daughter of eighteen, who served our dinner in the kitchen. The dinner was abundant, and though it seemed to us incongruous at the time we were not twelve hours older when we looked back upon it with longing. On the table were hot biscuit, ham, pork, and green beans, apple-sauce, blackberry preserves, cucumbers, coffee, plenty of milk, honey, and apple and blackberry pie. Here we had our first experience, and I may say new sensation, of "honey on pie." It has a cloying sound as it is written, but the handmaiden recommended it with enthusiasm, and we evidently fell in her esteem, as persons from an uncultivated society, when we declared our inexperience of "honey on pie." "Where be you from?" It turned out to be very good, and we have tried to introduce it in families since our return, with indifferent success. There did not seem to be in this family much curiosity about the world at large, nor much stir of social life. The gayety of madame appeared to consist in an occasional visit to paw and maw and grandmaw, up the river a few miles, where she was raised.

Refreshed by the honey and fodder at Ramsey's, the pilgrims went gayly along the musical Laurel, in the slanting rays of the afternoon sun, which played upon the rapids and illumined all the woody way. Inspired by the misapprehension of the colored philosopher and the dainties of the dinner, the Professor soliloquized:—

"So am I as the rich, whose blessed key
Can bring him to his sweet up-locked treasure,
The which he will not every hour survey,
For blunting the fine point of seldom pleasure.
Therefore are feasts so solemn and so rare,
Since seldom coming, in the long year set,
Like stones of wealth they thinly plac'd are,
Or captain jewels in the carcanet."

Five miles beyond Ramsey's the Tennessee line was crossed. The Laurel became more rocky, swift, full of rapids, and the valley narrowed down to the

river-way, with standing room, however, for stately trees along the banks. The oaks, both black and white, were, as they had been all day, gigantic in size and splendid in foliage. There is a certain dignity in riding in such stately company, and the travelers clattered along over the stony road under the impression of possible high adventure in a new world of such freshness. Nor was beauty wanting. The rhododendrons had, perhaps, a week ago reached their climax, and now began to strew the water and the ground with their brilliant petals, dashing all the way with color; but they were still matchlessly beautiful. Great banks of pink and white covered the steep hillsides; the bending stems, ten to twenty feet high, hung their rich clusters over the river; avenues of glory opened away in the glade of the stream; and at every turn of the winding way vistas glowing with the hues of romance wrenched exclamations of delight and wonder from the Shakespearean sonneteer and his humble Friend. In the deep recesses of the forest suddenly flamed to the view, like the splashes of splendor on the sombre canvas of an old Venetian, these wonders of color,—the glowing summer-heart of the woods.

It was difficult to say, meantime, whether the road was laid out in the river, or the river in the road. In the few miles to Egger's (this was the destination of our great expectations for the night) the stream was crossed twenty-seven times,—or perhaps it would be more proper to say that the road was crossed twenty-seven times. Where the road did not run in the river, its bed was washed out and as stony as the bed of the stream. This is a general and accurate description of all the roads in this region, which wind along and in the streams, through narrow valleys, shut in by low and steep hills. The country is full of springs and streams, and between Abingdon and Egger's is only one (small) bridge.

In a region with scarcely any level land or intervale, farmers are at a disadvantage. All along the road we saw nothing but mean shanties, generally of logs, with now and then a decent one-story frame, and the people looked miserably poor.

As we picked our way along up the Laurel, obliged for the most part to ride single-file, or as the Professor expressed it, —

“ Let me confess that we two must be twain,
Although our undivided loves are one.” —

we gathered information about Egger's from the infrequent hovels on the road, which inflamed our imaginations. Egger was the thriving man of the region, and lived in style in a big brick house. We began to feel a doubt that Egger would take us in, and so much did his brick magnificence impress us that we regretted we had not brought apparel fit for the society we were about to enter.

It was half past six, and we were tired and hungry, when the domain of Egger towered in sight, — a gaunt two-story structure of raw brick, unfinished, standing in a narrow intervale. We rode up to the gate, and asked a man who sat in the front-door porch if this was Egger's, and if we could be accommodated for the night. The man, without moving, allowed that it was Egger's, and that we could probably stay there. This person, however, exhibited so much indifference to our company, he was such a hairy, unkempt man, and carried on face, hands, and clothes so much more of the soil of the region than a prudent proprietor would divert from raising corn, that we set him aside as a poor relation, and asked for Mr. Egger. But the man, still without the least hospitable stir, admitted that that was the name he went by, and at length advised us to “*lite*” and hitch our horses, and set on the porch with him and enjoy the cool of the evening. The horses would be put up by and by,

and in fact things generally would come round some time. This turned out to be the easy way of the country. Mr. Egger was far from being inhospitable, but was in no hurry, and never had been in a hurry. He was not exactly a gentleman of the old school. He was better than that. He dated from the time when there were no schools at all, and he lived in that placid world which is without information and ideas. Mr. Egger showed his superiority by a total lack of curiosity about any other world.

This brick house, magnificent by comparison with other dwellings in this country, seemed to us, on nearer acquaintance, only a thin, crude shell of a house, half unfinished, with bare rooms, the plastering already discolored. In point of furnishing it had not yet reached the “*God bless our Home*” stage in crewel. In the narrow meadow, a strip of vivid green south of the house, ran a little stream, fed by a copious spring, and over it was built the inevitable spring-house. A post, driven into the bank by the stream, supported a tin wash-basin, and here we performed our ablutions. The traveler gets to like this freedom and primitive luxury.

The farm of Egger produces corn, wheat, grass, and sheep; it is a good enough farm, but most of it lies at an angle of thirty-five to forty degrees. The ridge back of the house, planted in corn, was as steep as the roof of his dwelling. It seemed incredible that it ever could have been ploughed, but the proprietor assured us that it was ploughed with mules, and I judged that the harvesting must be done by squirrels. The soil is good enough, if it would stay in place, but all the hillsides are seamed with gullies. The discolored state of the streams was accounted for as soon as we saw this cultivated land. No sooner is the land cleared of trees and broken up than it begins to wash. We saw more of this later, especially in North

Carolina, where we encountered no stream of water that was not muddy, and saw no cultivated ground that was not washed. The process of denudation is going on rapidly wherever the original forests are girdled (a common way of preparing for crops), or cut away.

As the time passed and there was no sign of supper, the question became a burning one, and we went to explore the kitchen. No sign of it there. No fire in the stove, nothing cooked in the house, of course. Mrs. Egger and her comely young bare-footed daughter had still the milking to attend to, and supper must wait for the other chores. It seemed easier to be Mr. Egger, in this state of existence, and sit on the front porch and meditate on the price of mules and the prospect of a crop, than to be Mrs. Egger, whose work was not limited from sun to sun; who had, in fact, a day's work to do after the men-folks had knocked off; whose chances of neighborhood gossip were scanty, whose amusements were confined to a religious meeting once a fortnight. Good, honest people these, not unduly puffed up by the brick house, grubbing away year in and year out. Yes, the young girl said, there was a neighborhood party, now and then, in the winter. What a price to pay for mere life!

Long before supper was ready, nearly nine o'clock, we had nearly lost interest in it. Meantime two other guests had arrived, a couple of drovers from North Carolina, who brought into the circle — by this time a wood-fire had been kindled in the sitting-room, which contained a bed, an almanac, and some old copies of a newspaper — a rich flavor of cattle and talk of the price of steers. As to politics, although a presidential campaign was raging, there was scarcely an echo of it here. This was Johnson County, Tennessee, a strong Republican county: but dog-gone it, says Mr. Egger, it's no use to vote; our votes are overborne by the rest of the State.

Yes, they'd got a Republican member of Congress, — he'd heard his name, but he'd forgotten it. The drover said he'd heard it also, but he did n't take much interest in such things, though he was n't any Republican. Parties is pretty much all for office, both agreed. Even the Professor, who was traveling in the interest of Reform, could n't wake up a discussion out of such a state of mind.

Alas! the supper, served in a room dimly lighted with a smoky lamp, on a long table covered with oil-cloth, was not of the sort to arouse the delayed and now gone appetite of a Reformer, and yet it did not lack variety: corn-pone (Indian meal stirred up with water and heated through), hot biscuit slack-baked and livid, fried salt-pork swimming in grease, apple-butter, pickled beets, onions and cucumbers raw, coffee, so-called, buttermilk, and sweet milk when specially asked for (the correct taste, however, is for buttermilk), and pie. This was not the pie of commerce, but the pie of the country, — two thick slabs of dough, with a squeezing of apple between. The profusion of this supper staggered the novices, but the drovers attacked it as if such cooking were a common occurrence, and did justice to the weary labors of Mrs. Egger.

Egger is well prepared to entertain strangers, having several rooms and several beds in each room. Upon consultation with the drovers, they said they'd just as soon occupy an apartment by themselves, and we gave up their society for the night. The beds in our chamber had each one sheet, and the room otherwise gave evidence of the modern spirit; for in one corner stood the fashionable æsthetic decoration of our Queen Anne drawing-rooms, — the spinning-wheel. Soothed by this concession to taste, we crowded in between the straw and the home-made blanket and sheet, and soon ceased to hear the barking of dogs and the horned encounters of the drover's herd.

We parted with Mr. Egger after breakfast (which was a close copy of the supper) with more respect than regret. His total charge for the entertainment of two men and two horses — supper, lodging, and breakfast — was high or low, as the traveler chose to estimate it. It was \$1.20: that is, thirty cents for each individual, or ten cents for each meal and lodging.

Our road was a sort of by-way up Gentry Creek and over the Cut Laurel Gap to Worth's, at Creston Post-Office, in North Carolina. — the next available halting place, said to be fifteen miles distant, and turning out to be twenty-two, and a rough road. There is a little settlement about Egger's, and the first half mile of our way we had the company of the school-mistress, a modest, pleasant-spoken girl. Neither she nor any other people we encountered had any dialect or local peculiarity of speech. Indeed, those we encountered that morning had nothing in manner or accent to distinguish them. The novelists had led us to expect something different; and the modest and pretty young ladies, with frank and open blue eyes, who wore gloves and used the common English speech, had never figured in the fiction of the region. Cherished illusions vanish often on near approach. The day gave no peculiarity of speech to note, except the occasional use of "hit" for "it."

The road over Cut Laurel Gap was very steep and stony, the thermometer mounted up to 80°, and notwithstanding the beauty of the way the ride became tedious before we reached the summit. On the summit is the dwelling and distillery of a colonel famous in these parts. We stopped at the house for a glass of milk; the colonel was absent, and while the woman in charge went for it, we sat on the veranda and conversed with a young lady, tall, gent, well favored, and communicative, who leaned in the doorway.

"Yes, this house stands on the line. Where you sit you are in Tennessee; I'm in North Carolina."

"Do you live here?"

"Law, no; I'm just staying a little while at the colonel's. I live over the mountain here, three miles from Taylorsville. I thought I'd be where I could step into North Carolina easy."

"How's that?"

"Well, they wanted me to go before the grand jury and testify about some pistol-shooting down by our house, — some friends of mine got into a little difficulty, — and I did n't want to. I never has no difficulty with nobody, never says nothing about nobody, has nothing against nobody, and I reckon nobody has nothing against me."

"Did you come alone?"

"Why, of course. I come across the mountain by a path through the woods. That's nothing."

A discreet, pleasant, pretty girl. This surely must be the Esmeralda who lives in these mountains, and adorns low life by her virgin purity and sentiment. As she talked on, she turned from time to time to the fireplace behind her, and discharged a dark fluid from her pretty lips, with accuracy of aim, and with a nonchalance that was not assumed, but belongs to our free-born American girls. I cannot tell why this habit of hers (which is no worse than the sister habit of "dipping") should take her out of the romantic setting that her face and figure had placed her in; but somehow we felt inclined to ride on further for our heroine.

"And yet," said the Professor, as we left the site of the colonel's thriving distillery, and by a winding, picturesque road through a rough farming country descended into the valley, — "and yet why fling aside so readily a character and situation so full of romance, on account of a habit of this mountain Helen, which one of our best poets has almost made poetical, in the case of the pioneer tak-

ing his westward way, with ox-goad pointing to the sky : —

“ ‘He ’s leaving on the pictured rock
His fresh tobacco stain.’ ”

“ To my mind the incident has Homeric elements. The Greeks would have looked at it in a large, legendary way. Here is Helen, strong and lithe of limb, ox-eyed, courageous, but woman-hearted and love-inspiring, contended for by all the braves and daring moon-shiners of Cut Laurel Gap, pursued by the gallants of two States, the prize of a border warfare of bowie knives and revolvers. This Helen, magnanimous as attractive, is the witness of a pistol difficulty on her behalf, and when wanted by the areopagus, that she may neither implicate a lover nor punish an enemy (having nothing, this noble type of her sex, against nobody) skips away to Mount Ida, and there, under the ægis of the flag of her country, in a Licensed Distillery, stands with one slender foot in Tennessee and the other in North Carolina ” —

“ Like the figure of the Republic itself, superior to state sovereignty,” interposed the Friend.

“ I beg your pardon,” said the Professor, urging up Laura Matilda (for so he called the nervous mare, who fretted herself into a fever in the stony path), “ I was quite able to get the woman out of that position without the aid of a metaphor. It is a large and Greek idea, that of standing in two mighty States, superior to the law, looking east and looking west, ready to transfer her agile body to either State on the approach of messengers of the court; and I’ll be hanged if I did n’t think that her nonchalant rumination of the weed, combined with her lofty moral attitude, added something to the picture.”

The Friend said that he was quite willing to join in the extremest defense of the privileges of beauty, — that he even held in abeyance judgment on the practice of dipping; but when it came

to chewing, gum was as far as he could go as an allowance for the fair sex.

“ When I consider everything that grows
Holds in perfection but a little moment ” —

The rest of the stanza was lost, for the Professor was splashing through the stream. No sooner had we descended than the fording of streams began again. The Friend had been obliged to stipulate that the Professor should go ahead at these crossings, to keep the impetuous nag of the latter from throwing half the contents of the stream upon his slower and uncomplaining companion.

What a lovely country, but for the heat of noon and the long wearisomeness of the way! — not that the distance was great, but miles and miles more than expected. How charming the open glades of the river, how refreshing the great forests of oak and chestnut, and what a panorama of beauty the banks of rhododendrons, now intermingled with the lighter pink and white of the laurel! In this region the rhododendron is called laurel, and the laurel (the sheep-laurel of New England) is called ivy.

At Worth’s, well on in the afternoon, we emerged into a wide, open farming intervale, a pleasant place of meadows and streams and decent dwellings. Worth’s is the trading centre of the region, has a post-office and a sawmill and a big country store; and the dwelling of the proprietor is not unlike a roomy New England country-house. Worth’s has been immemorially a stopping place in a region where places of accommodation are few. The proprietor, now an elderly man, whose reminiscences are long *ante bellum*, has seen the world grow up about him, he the honored, just centre of it, and a family come up into the modern notions of life, with a boarding-school education and glimpses of city life and foreign travel. I fancy that nothing but tradition and a remaining Southern hospitality could induce this private family to suffer the incursions of the wayfaring man. Our travelers are

not apt to be surprised at anything in American life, but they did not expect to find a house in this region with two pianos and a bevy of young ladies, whose clothes were certainly not made on Cut Laurel Gap, and to read in the books scattered about the house the evidences of the finishing schools with which our country is blessed, nor to find here pupils of the Stonewall Jackson Institute at Abingdon. With a flush of local pride, the Professor took up, in the roomy, pleasant chamber set apart for the guests, a copy of Porter's *Elements of Moral Science*.

"Where you see the *Elements of Moral Science*," the Friend generalized, "there'll be plenty of water and towels;" and the sign did not fail. The friends intended to read this book in the cool of the day: but as they sat on the long veranda, the voice of a maiden reading the latest novel to a sewing-group behind the blinds in the drawing-room; and the antics of a mule and a boy in front of the store opposite; and the arrival of a spruce young man, who had just ridden over from somewhere, a matter of ten miles' gallop, to get a medicinal potion for his sick mother, and lingered chatting with the young ladies until we began to fear that his mother would recover before his return; the coming and going of lean women in shabby wagons to trade at the store; the coming home of the cows, splashing through the stream, hooking right and left, and lowing for the hand of the milker, — all these interruptions, together with the generally drowsy quiet of the approach of evening, interfered with the study of the *Elements*. And when the travelers, after a refreshing rest, went on their way next morning, considering the *Elements* and the pianos and the refinement, to say nothing of the cuisine, which is not treated of in the text-book referred to, they were content with a bill double that of brother Egger in his brick magnificence.

The simple truth is that the traveler in this region must be content to feed on natural beauties. And it is an unfortunate truth in natural history that the appetite for this sort of diet fails after a time, if the inner man is not supplied with other sort of food. There is no landscape in the world that is agreeable after two days of rusty bacon and slack biscuit.

"How lovely this would be," exclaimed the Professor, "if it had a background of beefsteak and coffee!"

We were riding along the west fork of the Laurel, distinguished locally as Three Top Creek, — or rather we were riding in it, crossing it thirty-one times within six miles; a charming wood (and water) road, under the shade of fine trees, with the rhododendron illuminating the way, gleaming in the forest and reflected in the stream, all the ten miles to Elk Cross Roads, our next destination. We had heard a great deal about Elk Cross Roads; it was on the map, it was down in the itinerary furnished by a member of the coast survey. We looked forward to it as a sweet place of repose from the noontide heat. Alas! Elk Cross Roads is a dirty grocery-store, encumbered with dry-goods boxes, fly-blown goods, flies, loafers. In reply to our inquiry, we were told that they had nothing to eat, for us, and not a grain of feed for the horses. But there was a man a mile further on, who was well to do and had stores of food, — old man Tatem would treat us in bang-up style. The difficulty of getting feed for the horses was chronic all through the journey. The last corn crop had failed, the new oats and corn had not come in, and the country was literally barren. We had noticed all along that the hens were taking a vacation, and that chickens were not put forward as an article of diet.

We were unable, when we reached the residence of old man Tatem, to imagine how the local superstition of his wealth arose. His house is of logs,

with two rooms, a kitchen and a spare room, with a low loft accessible by a ladder at the side of the chimney. The chimney is a huge construction of stone, separating the two parts of the house; in fact, the chimney was built first, apparently, and the two rooms were then built against it. The proprietor sat in a little railed veranda. These Southern verandas give an air to the meanest dwelling, and they are much used; the family sit here, and here are the wash-basin and pail (which is filled from the neighboring spring-house) and the row of milk-pans. The old man Tatem did not welcome us with enthusiasm; he had no corn, — these were hard times. He looked like hard times, grizzled times, dirty times. It seemed time out of mind since he had seen comb or razor, and although the lovely New River, along which we had ridden to his house, — a broad, inviting stream, — was in sight across the meadow, there was no evidence that he had ever made acquaintance with its cleansing waters. As to corn, the necessities of the case and pay being dwelt on, perhaps he could find a dozen ears. A dozen small ears he did find, and we trust that the horses found them.

We took a family dinner with old man Tatem in the kitchen, where there was a bed and a stove, — a meal that the host seemed to enjoy, but which we could not make much of, except the milk; that was good. A painful meal, on the whole, owing to the presence in the room of a grown-up daughter with a graveyard cough, without physician or medicine, or comforts. Poor girl! just dying of “a misery.”

In the spare room were two beds; the walls were decorated with the gay-colored pictures of patent-medicine advertisements — a favorite art adornment of the region; and a pile of ancient illustrated papers with the usual patent-office report, the thoughtful gift of the member for the district. The

old man takes in the Blue Ridge Baptist, a journal which we found largely taken up with the experiences of its editor on his journeys roundabout in search of subscribers. This newspaper was the sole communication of the family with the world at large, but the old man thought he should stop it, — he didn't seem to get the worth of his money out of it. And old man Tatem was a thrifty and provident man. On the hearth in this best room — as ornaments or *memento mori* — were a couple of marble grave-stones, a short head-stone and foot-stone, mounted on bases and ready for use, except the lettering. These may not have been so mournful and significant as they looked, nor the evidence of simple, humble faith; they may have been taken for debt. But as parlor ornaments they had a fascination which we could not escape.

It was while we were bathing in the New River, that afternoon, and meditating on the grim, unrelieved sort of life of our host, that the Professor said, “Judging by the face of the Blue Ridge Baptist, he will charge us smartly for the few nubbins of corn and the milk.” The face did not deceive us; the charge was one dollar. At this rate it would have broken us to have tarried with old man Tatem (perhaps he is not old, but that is the name he goes by) over night.

It was a hot afternoon, and it needed some courage to mount and climb the sandy hill leading us away from the corn-crib of Tatem. But we entered almost immediately into fine stretches of forest, and rode under the shade of great oaks. The way, which began by the New River, soon led us over the hills to the higher levels of Watauga County. So far on our journey we had been hemmed in by low hills, and without any distant or mountain outlooks. The excessive heat seemed out of place at the elevation of over two thousand feet, on which we were traveling. Boone, the county-seat of Watauga County, was

our destination, and, ever since morning, the guide-boards and the trend of the roads had notified us that everything in this region tends towards Boone as a centre of interest. The simple ingenuity of some of the guide-boards impressed us. If, on coming to a fork, the traveler was to turn to the right, the sign read,

TO BOONE 10 M.

If he was to go to the left, it read,

M 01 ANOOH OT

A short ride of nine miles, on an ascending road, through an open, unfenced forest region, brought us long before sundown to this capital. When we had ridden into its single street, which wanders over gentle hills, and landed at the most promising of the taverns, the Friend informed his comrade that Boone was 3250 feet above Albemarle Sound, and believed by its inhabitants to be the highest village east of the Rocky Mountains. The Professor said that it might be so, but it was a God-forsaken place. Its inhabitants numbered perhaps 250, a few of them colored. It had a gaunt, shaky court-house and jail, a store or two, and two taverns. The two taverns are needed to accommodate the judges and lawyers and their clients during the session of the court. The court is the only excitement and the only amusement. It is the event from which other events date. Everybody in the county knows exactly when court sits, and when court breaks. During the session the whole county is practically in Boone, men, women, and children. They camp there, they attend the trials, they take sides; half of them, perhaps, are witnesses, for the region is litigious, and the neighborhood quarrels are entered into with spirit. To be fond of lawsuits seems a characteristic of an isolated people in new conditions. The early settlers of New England were.

Notwithstanding the elevation of Boone, which insured a pure air, the

thermometer that afternoon stood at from 85° to 89°. The flies enjoyed it. How they swarmed in this tavern! They would have carried off all the food from the dining-room table (for flies do not mind eating off oil-cloth, and are not particular how food is cooked), but for the machine with hanging flappers that swept the length of it; and they destroy all possibility of sleep except in the dark. The mountain regions of North Carolina are free from mosquitoes, but the fly has settled there, and is the universal scourge. This tavern, one end of which was a store, had a veranda in front, and a back gallery, where there were evidences of female refinement in pots of plants and flowers. The landlord himself kept tavern very much as a hostler would, but we had to make a note in his favor that he had never heard of a milk punch. And it might as well be said here, for it will have to be insisted on later, that the traveler, who has read about the illicit stills till his imagination dwells upon the indulgence of his vitiated tastes in the mountains of North Carolina, is doomed to disappointment. If he wants to make himself an exception to the sober people whose cooking will make him long for the maddening bowl, he must bring his poison with him. We had found no bread since we left Virginia; we had seen corn-meal and water, slack-baked; we had seen potatoes fried in grease, and bacon encrusted with salt (all thirst-provokers), but nothing to drink stronger than buttermilk. And we can say that, so far as our example is concerned, we left the country as temperate as we found it. How can there be mint-juleps (to go into details) without ice? and in the summer there is probably not a pound of ice in all the State north of Buncombe County.

There is nothing special to be said about Boone. We were anxious to reach it, we were glad to leave it; we note as to all these places that our joy

at departing always exceeds that on arriving, which is a merciful provision of nature for people who must keep moving. This country is settled by genuine Americans, who have the aboriginal primitive traits of the universal Yankee nation. The front porch in the morning resembled a carpenter's shop; it was literally covered with the whittlings of the row of natives who had spent the evening there in the sedative occupation of whittling.

We took that morning a forest road to Valle Crusis, seven miles, through noble growths of oaks, chestnuts, hemlocks, rhododendrons; a charming wood road, leading to a place that, as usual, did not keep the promise of its name. Valle Crusis has a blacksmith shop and a dirty, fly-blown store. While the Professor consulted the blacksmith about a loose shoe, the Friend carried his weariness of life without provisions up to a white house on the hill, and negotiated for boiled milk. This house was occupied by flies. They must have numbered millions, settled in black swarms, covering tables, beds, walls, the veranda; the kitchen was simply a hive of them. The only book in sight, Whewell's *Elements of Morality*, seems to attract flies. Query, Why should this have such a different effect from Porter's? A white house, a pleasant-looking house at a distance, amiable, kindly people in it, — why should we have arrived there on its dirty day? Alas! if we had been starving, Valle Crusis had nothing to offer us.

So we rode away, in the blazing heat, no poetry exuding from the Professor, eight miles to Banner's Elk, crossing a mountain and passing under Hanging Rock, a conspicuous feature in the landscape, and the only outcropping of rock we had seen: the face of a ledge, rounded up into the sky, with a green hood on it. From the summit we had the first extensive prospect during our journey. The road can be described as awful, — steep, stony, the horses unable to make

two miles an hour on it. Now and then we encountered a rude log cabin without barns or outhouses, and a little patch of feeble corn. The women who regarded the passers from their cabin doors were frowzy and looked tired. What with the heat and the road and this discouraged appearance of humanity, we reached the residence of Dugger, at Banner's Elk, to which we had been directed, nearly exhausted. It is no use to represent this as a dash across country on impatient steeds. It was not so. The love of truth is stronger than the desire of display. And for this reason it is impossible to say that Mr. Dugger, who is an excellent man, lives in a clean and attractive house, or that he offers much that the pampered child of civilization can eat. But we shall not forget the two eggs, fresh from the hens, whose temperature must have been above the normal, nor the spring-house in the glen, where we found a refuge from the flies and the heat. The higher we go, the hotter it is. Banner's Elk boasts an elevation of 3500 to 3700 feet.

We were not sorry, towards sunset, to descend along the Elk River towards Cranberry Forge. The Elk is a lovely stream, and, though not very clear, has a reputation for trout; but all this region was under operation of a three-years game law, to give the trout a chance to multiply, and we had no opportunity to test the value of its reputation. Yet a boy whom we encountered had a good string of quarter-pound trout, which he had taken out with a hook and a feather rudely tied on it, to resemble a fly. The road, though not to be commended, was much better than that of the morning, the forests grew charming in the cool of the evening, the whippoorwill sang, and as night fell the wanderers, in want of nearly everything that makes life desirable, stopped at the Iron Company's hotel, under the impression that it was the only comfortable hotel in North Carolina.

Charles Dudley Warner.

SOUTHWESTERN KANSAS SEEN WITH EASTERN EYES.

EASTERN ideas get ruthlessly shaken when one enters the actual life of the much-written-about Great New West. The state of mind of a little boy of my acquaintance, who, on being sent to school in Germany, wrote home in his first letter, "I don't like Germany at all. They drink beer," and in the second, "I don't like Germany. We drink beer," finds its parallel in the feelings of many a homesick emigrant who goes to the frontier without the important preparation of a temporary residence in the Middle West. Slowly and surely, without making much note of the process, is the Easterner transformed into a new type of man as he comes under the influence of that wonderful fascination which has led to the proverb, —

"The American haven of eternal rest
Lies ever just a little further west."

It is sometimes said that "the perfect American is an Eastern man with a Western veneer." But though the East has been stimulated and enlivened in its migration westward, yet the modifying process is not an easy one; neither can it be carried on without loss in some directions, which the enthusiastic pioneer is very likely to overlook. Perhaps a fitting subject for the representative American novel, which critics sometimes tell us is yet to be written, might be found in the conflict between Eastern and Western ideas which is now going on in many a soul on the Western plains.

No State or Territory west of the Mississippi has had a greater infusion of New England blood at its earliest settlement than the one which is the geographical centre of the country. "New England emigration saved Kansas," said a Boston man on one occasion. "No," was the reply of a Westerner, "but it has done a greater thing. It has Ameri-

canized the Yankee." Both statements contain some truth.

The true Kansan loves to recount the events which have made the history of his State remarkable. There was the great immigration in 1854, when the Northern conscience was aroused to prevent the extension of slavery, and company after company of settlers, in canvas-topped wagons, moved westward, singing the songs of Whittier. Then came the border war, in which "Bleeding Kansas" was for several years the centre of the nation's thought. In 1861 Kansas entered the Union, and during the great conflict that followed she sent into the army and lost by death a larger proportion of her citizens than any other loyal State. After the war was over there were years of business depression, Indian raids, drought, and grasshoppers, justifying the motto *Ad astra per aspera*, which is borne on the coat of arms of the State. Yet, though its history has had so much of conflict, it has had much of encouragement also. We well remember how Easterners and foreigners gazed with wondering eyes upon the great sheaves and tall corn-stalks of the Kansas exhibit at Philadelphia in 1876. Since then severe droughts have again occurred, but now, after a few years of large crops, the vacant lands of Kansas are fast filling with settlers.

To Southwestern Kansas we took our journey from the shores of the Atlantic while the early fall flowers were blooming. We feasted our eyes on the hills of Berkshire County and New York, brilliant in autumn colors, with the homesickening reflection that we were soon to be out of sight of trees and rocks and hills, and after a journey of nearly three days we steamed into the Union Depot at Kansas City, with its labyrinth of railroad tracks. Then we

bade good-by to the comforts of Pullman cars and the services of railroad porters for a tedious journey of thirteen hours in a crowded "local," over one of the unfinished railroads, with alphabetical names, that are resting in a state of indecision as to their future course. At first the stations were frequent, and the otherwise monotonous scenery was varied by large villages, with fine farms and orchards and streams of water fringed with great trees. Then the towns grew smaller and rarer. The river beds seemed nearly dry. At increasing intervals we passed tiny farmhouses of wood, or stone, or sod, each having the inevitable melon-patch and perhaps a bed of peanuts or sweet-potatoes; and now and then appeared an emigrant wagon, with green body, red wheels, and canvas sheeting, slowly toiling across the solitary plain. There were large reaches of landscape thickly covered with dwarf sunflowers, whose golden heads seemed but a little larger than the ox-eye daisies of our Eastern meadows. Acres upon acres of the stalks of corn or sorghum cane stood like regiments of soldiers in solid phalanx; hawks in great numbers flapped their wings over the fields where wheat or millet had lately been harvested; but between the tracts that had been cultivated lay vast stretches of unbroken prairie, its dry, dead grass variegated by golden-rods and other yellow or blue fall flowers. After the daylight faded the tedious evening ride was varied by a salute of appropriate Kansas weather, a sudden storm of high wind, with thunder, lightning, and hail, which, however, our train passed quickly through. Variety was also given by the stories told by a young man behind us, who was instructing another, evidently a "tenderfoot," as a new-comer is called, in the ways of the country to which he had come. "Why," we could hear him say, "the landlord said he should not put up any partitions in his hotel. He could n't

afford such a waste of room. He could put a man to sleep in the width of space that a wall would take up."

The car, which had been full when we left Kansas City, was gradually emptied, until it contained, beside ourselves, only one woman and about a dozen men, who, in the dull evening glare, looked to our unaccustomed eyes like uncouth barbarians; and when, about one o'clock at night, we reached the little town that is the temporary railroad terminus, it was with some dejection of mind that, in common with several fellow passengers, we took an omnibus for the house of entertainment recommended by our conductor as the "only first-class hotel in the city." Separate rooms were out of the question, but the courteous landlord, after canvassing his resources, succeeded in giving each of us a couch, or the fraction thereof, for the remainder of the night. But though accommodations were limited the kindly attention we received revived our sinking spirits. In the morning, after a good breakfast, we resumed our journey, and after a ride of two hours southward across prairie we took, with much curiosity, our first view of the town of Cleopatra, that has now been our home for eight months.

The city was born just five years ago. This means that at that time some men from a point further east came here "prospecting," selected a town site, formed themselves into a town company, purchased the land from the government, obtaining the necessary papers, marked out city limits, and chose a mayor and councilmen, and then this was a city. The place at first contained twenty or thirty inhabitants, living together for a while in barracks, like soldiers. The "old settlers" of that not very distant period love to relate the infancy of the little settlement, and to show the picture, painted by one of the town fathers, of the miniature city, which consisted of one long, rude frame-

building (the barracks), now made into a barn for a sheep ranch, and beside it a single tent, with slanting stove-pipe chimney, occupied by one man, whose wife was his companion. The picture also shows a noble dog, the pet of the little community, and all around nothing but blue sky and green-brown prairie.

It must be confessed that a city to which all building material and provisions and implements must be brought seventy miles over a roadless prairie does not present many of what we are accustomed to call "city advantages." But the men made a grocery store out of an emigrant wagon, and went bravely to work, marking out streets, breaking prairie, and planning for sites of public buildings, and soon little houses began to appear.

Since then this baby city has passed through the various trials incident to childhood. It has had no mushroom growth like that of the railroad termini and the mining towns, yet as the county-seat and the trading centre of a promising stock-raising and agricultural district it has held its way hopefully through its vicissitudes, and is now both prosperous and expectant.

A year or two after the town was founded, the great "county-seat fight" occurred. The little town of Rival in the north of the county (the railroad terminus already mentioned, although this was before the time of the railway) wished to supersede Cleopatra as county-seat, and an election was held. There were less than two thousand people in the county, including men, women, and children, but cattle-men and cowboys from other counties gave volunteer assistance, and more than four thousand votes were counted. Much threatening passed between the Cleopatra men and the Rivalites, and toward night something of a riot occurred. The votes were partially sifted at last, and it was decided that Cleopatra should remain the county-seat.

A year or so later came the railroad excitement. A railroad goes where it pleases, and usually keeps its own counsel. But the news had gone forth that the railroad was coming to Cleopatra, and the town was "booming." A railroad, however, changes its mind sometimes, and one Sunday, fourteen miles of track that had been completed nearly to the city was taken up, to be laid in another direction. Monday morning found the town, which on Saturday had been so elated, in great depression, and many of its people lost heart and moved away. But Cleopatra is still sanguine of having a railroad. The agents of the great roads of the region are often interviewed and entertained, and the land agents are constantly assuring us that it is "as certain as fate" that the cars will be here before many months.

Next to a railroad for itself, the great desire of Cleopatra is to have the one that comes to Rival extended westward, so that that city may lose its present importance as a terminus. To a looker-on, the local jealousy of neighboring towns is amusing. The typical Western man thinks that he can prove by mathematics and geography that the city in which he has cast his lot cannot fail of greatness, and one chief object of his life is to advance its interests. The events which cause anxiety to the residents, such as prevailing sickness or town disturbances, are seldom mentioned in the local paper. It would not be politic. They might hinder immigration. But whatever is detrimental to a rival town is promptly and fully reported. A man comes into Rival by rail, and inquires for Cleopatra. "Cleopatra?" says the Rivalite. "Seems to me I've heard of such a place. Hullo, you" (turning to another), "do you know where Cleopatra is?" "Why, yes," is the answer, "I believe there is a little place by that name off south, but there don't nobody go there, and there ain't no road to it, only a cowpath." Even the transient

visitor is soon influenced by the local enthusiasm, and is ready to affirm that all the advantages of the region are concentrated in the spot where he happens to be.

The "county-seat fight" already mentioned is the only case of lawlessness that has ever occurred in Cleopatra. It has been a most well-behaved town for one on the border, and plumes itself not a little on its "good society," as compared with some of its neighbors. We walk through its streets with the same sense of quiet and law protection as in a New England village. Yet the wise will sometimes say, "Other frontier towns have had their bloodshed. Our turn may yet come." Once indeed, but a few weeks ago, it seemed that perhaps the time had come, when the temperance men of the town determined that at all hazards the state prohibitory law should be enforced. For a week the town was in agitation. Cowboys from the ranges came into town wearing their revolvers, threats were in the air, ladies avoided Main Street, and men walked around silent and with stern faces. The whole community waited as though beside a muttering volcano. Then the crisis passed, and for a time, at least, prohibition held sway.

On our arrival at Cleopatra, that autumn morning, we found a compact little settlement of from five hundred to one thousand people. We were unable to learn the number exactly, for pioneers do not stand still to be counted, and a wise man hesitates to accept the local census of a Western city. Through the middle of the town ran the arterial Main Street, flanked by wooden sidewalks and lined for half a mile on each side with little shops, most of them having the square sham or "battlement" front. The town contained two church buildings, a brick court-house, a school-house for three schools, a flouring mill, and a disused mill for making sorghum sugar. For the rest, it was made up of little

private houses, containing usually from one to five rooms, and, at first sight, seeming to have been dropped down helter-skelter on the prairie; but a little familiarity soon showed us that there was method in the madness, which time and labor on the prospective streets would develop.

During the months that have elapsed since our arrival, the appearance of the town has been considerably changed. Several blocks have been built on Main Street, of brick or a soft red stone that is quarried in the neighborhood. A number of larger and finer houses have been built on a rise of the prairie at the north of the town, which has therefore been dubbed "Quality Hill" by the populace; and just now, under the influence of the news that a railroad company is preparing to send a branch in this direction, the town is having a bigger "boom" than ever before, and buildings of all sizes are going up on every side.

The interiors of the houses present all the degrees from furniture consisting chiefly of a trunk and some dry goods boxes to rich furniture with pianos and choice pictures; yet these differences depend less upon the worldly possessions of the people than upon the length of time since their arrival. Many a family living in one room with a few utensils has household goods waiting somewhere till a house can be built to put them in.

The little trees that have been planted in the city are still too small to obstruct the view, and all the larger houses and two or three windmills for raising water can be seen for miles around. The town looks very pretty as seen in the distance, and is the chief landmark of the region. To one within the city, however, the unfinished streets and buildings give an unpleasant feeling of disorder and discomfort, like that of a spring house-cleaning or a May moving. But a few weeks' residence usually enables one to look at all things as tem-

porary, and therefore enduring, like the discomforts of travel, or the inconveniences of a camping-out excursion.

Most of the men in the town are capitalists in a small way. Speculation abounds, and money changes hands fast. A financial authority has said that the country must be rich which does not make use of small coin. Except in the post-office the smallest money recognized here, either in prices of goods or in making change, is the "nickel." Every two or three doors on Main Street we find a land-office, and land business is now brisk; but in a few months any one who wishes to "prove up" a good claim must go west to the next county. Trades of all kinds are starting, and every skillful workman has his hands over-full. Almost every man has two or three kinds of business and turns from one to another with amazing facility. In a certain sense the most successful man is the most versatile man. There are a dozen or more lawyers in town, but each gives a part of his time to other business. Here is one who has been a judge and a professor in a law school, but is now seeking health and fortune by dividing his time between a law office and a sheep ranch. His accomplished daughter is thinking of opening a private school in town, but in the interim spends a few days in the saddle herding her father's sheep. Here is another lawyer, who is also a land agent and has a hog-ranch in the country; soon he transfers this to his partner, and takes charge of one of the local newspapers. Here is a man holding several county offices, but also superintending a coal and lumber yard. Some of his capital he invests in a grocery, and he is also engaged in cattle business in the Indian Territory. Almost every man has his farm outside, which he cultivates himself or by proxy, or is simply holding to await rise in land values.

But, notwithstanding the restless change of occupation, the streets seem

full of idle men. Here are new-comers, "land-lookers," and farmers and stockmen from the country, gathered in knots at the corners trying to make a trade. Men temporarily out of employment stand with hand in their pockets watching their chances. Main Street, therefore, looks lazy, and has an air of listless waiting.

A walk of five minutes from the courthouse in any direction brings one out on the open prairie; then for a few miles there are farms, with here and there a settler's dwelling, and beyond, on the south and west, lie the great stock-ranges.

On three sides of the town, at a distance of four or five miles, flows Wolf Creek, having, like most capricious Western rivers, a great bed, washed out by short-lived floods, with a little water and a great deal of sand. It is usually fordable at almost any point, but after a heavy rain, it is suddenly transformed into a mighty river, cutting off all communication between the country people and the town. In the distance, its course is shown by a straggling row of small cottonwoods and willows, twisted and broken by the floods. At the fords, posts are erected showing the depth of the stream and the heights to which the river has risen in various May freshets.

Thirty miles away lies the town of L—, our nearest eastern neighbor, a busy and rough cattle market, whose reputation in the region has suffered from its having been the scene of various acts of cowboy lawlessness. Two hours' drive southward would take us across "The Strip," a belt of land which the government is selling for the benefit of the Osage Indians, and into "The Nation," as the Indian Territory is often called. But the Indians themselves are mostly far away in the eastern and southern parts of the Territory, and on crossing the border we find it difficult to realize the fact, recorded in an ancient geography, that

"Chocktaw, Chickasaw, Cheri-o-kee
Indians live in this Territo-ree."

Three days' journey by saddle southwest will take us across the sand hills and salt plains of the Territory into the great Texas Pan Handle. West of us, in the next county, there are as yet only a few settlements, but the tide is rolling on, and even now a company of men from Cleopatra are "prospecting" for a town site in the next county west.

Sometimes we drive in our spring wagon to Rival; not often, for we are too loyal to Cleopatra to do our trading in a rival city, even though the want of a railroad somewhat increases the cost of goods in our own stores. But we cannot be wholly independent of the town which has the nearest railway station. We do not see the cars, for the one daily passenger train both arrives and returns in the night. Yet even the track is a welcome sight to the prairie dweller, for it connects him with his early home and Eastern friends, and the great world of civilization on whose edge he dwells.

In the fall, winter, and early spring, prairie fires form a prominent feature of the landscape, and are a source of great danger to the inhabitants of the plains. Some of these fires are "put out" (that is, kindled) by the settlers at times when fire can be controlled, as a means of protection from wandering fires. Careless is the traveler who ventures far over the prairie without carrying matches so that he may burn for himself a place of safety in case of danger. A fire-guard is ploughed around the town, and every little country home is encircled by several furrows where fire can be fought. Often in an evening we can see eight or ten fires, dotting the line of the horizon at distances which we cannot guess. Sometimes in a rising wind a fire threatens the town or the neighboring farmhouses, and the men gather to beat it back, and send counter-fires to meet it. The main fire-line leaps along roaring

and crackling in the tall grass, and leaving behind miles of black, smoking ground, soon to be covered with a soft carpet of yellow green; but it also leaves side-fires and back-fires, which must be watched and guarded by those who are fighting fire with fire. Prairie fires in the distance, in a still evening, are very pretty things to see, but when wind and fire combine to resist human control, the feeling sometimes changes to excitement and terror.

Even more than in older communities do the people here talk much about the weather, and the opinions held regarding it are various enough to prove the truth of the definition, "Pleasant weather is a state of the mind in which it enjoys itself." It does not take long for the settler who is well and prosperous to share a little the Western man's enthusiasm; but a new-comer usually feels that a climate in which the mercury is liable to change twenty or thirty degrees in a single hour is open to criticism. Even to the old resident the weather brings a continual round of surprises. When the winter northers blow, and for days we spend all our energies to keep from freezing, we almost refuse to believe what we certainly know,—that this is, on the whole, a warm climate; that, except for the northers, the winters are mild; that farmers do their ploughing in midwinter, and plant their potatoes in February; and that animals pasture without shelter the whole year through. Yet even during the heated summer the nights are always cool.

The heavy rains fall mostly from April to June. The later summer and autumn are rather dry, and November, bleak and dreary month on our Eastern shores, is usually considered a delightful season here. Winter storms sometimes bring a dry powdery snow, which blows fiercely in our faces, and makes drifts in the cañons, but seldom whitens the general surface of the ground, or prevents the herds from finding pasture.

A wet and heavy snow, if it does come, is a sad calamity, for it takes away the food of thousands of grazing animals.

Dust is everywhere, inflaming the eyes, sifting through cracks, and rising in sand storms under the influence of a high wind. Mud, so great a trial in Eastern Kansas, is here little known. For a few hours after a heavy rain it plasters our overshoes, and almost holds us to the ground, but suddenly it is gone. Here are no swamps, no marshes of stagnant water, no damp night air. The enthusiastic resident assures you that there is no malaria, as in Eastern Kansas, — “That is impossible where drainage is so perfect.” Yet one soon learns that there is the same tendency to bilious diseases that is found in most parts of the West, and that fevers are frequent.

But the most remarkable feature of the climate is the wind, which sweeps past us from north to south, from south to north again, without a wind-break between us and the North Pole. It would be too much to say that the wind *always* blows in Kansas, but one who is in the process of acclimation feels that the pauses are both rare and short. Down upon us, often without a moment’s warning, sweeps a norther, usually of three days’ duration. Then the weather gradually moderates, and the wind changes to the south, to be succeeded shortly by another northern gale. Now and then we have an equally strong and trying south wind, a genuine sirocco from the Staked Plain of Texas, hot to our hands and cheeks, and almost irresistible in its force.

Occasionally in the spring there comes a day that seems to have all zones and seasons condensed into its brief space. Two or three such days are indelibly fixed in my memory. The morning may dawn upon us clear, cool, and soft, with sparkling dew, and the song of a thousand meadow larks. The sun comes grandly up above the clean-cut horizon.

We feel no languor. It is a delight to live and breathe and move. The sun mounts toward the zenith, and the air begins to grow hot. It is insufferably hot. There is no tree, no hill, no rock, to give a cooling shade, and the deep-blue sky contains no passing cloud to give us a moment’s respite from the sun’s blinding rays. We think regretfully of the umbrella that yesterday’s wind turned inside out, and determine to put up a tent as soon as the weather is cool enough to encourage the effort.

But atmospheric stillness never lasts long in Kansas. The wind begins to blow, and our stifling breath grows more free. From the south the wind comes, reaching our ears with a murmuring sound before we feel it in our faces. The prairie grass and fields of grain rise and fall, first in waves, and then in heaving billows. The wind increases in force and becomes a sirocco, scorching our faces worse than the hottest rays of the sun could do. There is no dignity in walking. We struggle with our skirts and wraps. We tie our hats down, we hold on to them with both hands, and still they escape us, and we rush madly after them. The clothes on the line at the next door flap wildly around, beating out their hems and splitting in every weakened spot, while the washer-woman is striving to keep her balance long enough to rescue them before their total destruction; lucky is she if they are not snatched from her grasp and scattered far over the prairie never to be recovered. Great tumble-weeds come rolling like hoops across the plain. Here comes a market-basket escaped from the hand of some urchin who for a moment forgot to be vigilant. We start to catch it for him, but it eludes us, and goes bumping over the prairie for half a mile or more, and is soon out of sight. A canvas-covered carriage is seized by the wind and rolled down the street. On the next house comes toppling down the stove-pipe chimney. Three or four

"claim shanties" are laid over on their sides, and the builders of the large house in the upper part of the town will have to begin to-morrow putting up their frame anew. We think about tornadoes and cyclones, and then remark quietly, "This is n't anything; just an ordinary straight blow." Clouds of dust fill the air, penetrating the thickest veils, reddening our eyes, and sifting through the cracks of doors and windows to the utter ruin of all good housekeeping. The only comfort is in the thought that this state of things cannot last long; a change will surely come soon.

And here it comes. In the southeast, a black cloud appears, moving rapidly. We look anxiously to see if it is funnel-shaped, and a few nervous persons retreat to their cellars, or caves (that is, artificial excavations that serve as outside cellars for some of the houses). But this is not a tornado, only a Kansas shower. First comes a cloud of dust, sweeping with the rapidity of a whirlwind, and veiling the town from sight. The lightning blinds our eyes, and streaks the black sky with chains of light. Housewives bring sheets and pieces of old carpet to stop the cracks of the doors and windows on the windward side, and "hurry" must be the word, for in a moment the rain is upon us, not in drops, but in blinding sheets moving horizontally along. In a few moments the roadways are streams of running water, the tubs and rain barrels and cisterns are overflowing. The farmers exultingly exclaim, "This in-

sure the corn crop," and the local editor writes for his item column, "What slanderer said 'Drouthy Kansas'?"

It is no longer rain; it is sleet and hail. Next comes a rift in the clouds, a perfect arch of rainbow, and the clouds roll away out of sight, leaving the clean-washed earth dotted with flowers. The afternoon wanes. The winds are still. The sun sinks in a blaze of golden glory, and almost without a twilight the day is ended. In the ocean of dark blue ether above and round us, the moon and stars are shining. It is the perfection of glorious night. We linger in its beauty, unwilling that sleep should claim the best hours of the twenty-four, but at last, the thought of to-morrow's labors and vicissitudes drives us to our couch. We fall asleep, to awaken perhaps in a few hours and find that the bed-covering is insufficient. We wrap ourselves in all the blankets we can find, but are still cold, and grow colder. The south wind has given place to a norther, which creeps in through the seams of the windows, lifts the carpet in billows, and drives us back to our warmest flannels, and our rekindled fires.

In weather, as in almost all phases of this prairie life, it is the unexpected which usually happens. What adjective is there, applicable to weather, that may not be used in the superlative degree here! I do not wonder that this is called "Sunny Kansas," but it is also windy Kansas. Yes, it is drouthy Kansas, but it is also fertile, beautiful Kansas.

M. H. Leonard.

GARIBALDI'S IDEAS.

On the 9th of November, 1861, Garibaldi left Naples for Caprera. It was the turning point of his career. He had created an army and conquered a

kingdom in a campaign so marvelous that its story reads more like an epic poem than a military history. He had silenced the cavils of men who called

him only a brilliant leader of guerrilla bands, by defeating on the banks of the Volturno thirty-five thousand disciplined and well led troops with an army of half their number. He had achieved the last and greatest conquest that a man can make, — the conquest of himself, for sooner than sow dissension among Italian patriots he had given up his purpose of marching on Rome, and had surrendered his dictatorship to the Sardinian king.

Up to that time Garibaldi's character was one of rare beauty. He was always perfectly honest and completely sincere; but the sweetness of disposition, the unsuspicious nature leading him to believe other men to be as honest as himself, the infinite pity and tenderness towards the weak and suffering, the sublime and total self-forgetfulness — those qualities which made men love him more, if possible, than they admired him — waned sadly and steadily during his later years. He lost faith in God and in man. He became harsh, suspicious, misanthropic. He seemed to think that he was the only honest, intelligent patriot in Italy, and he tolerated no dissent from his opinions among his nearest and most devoted friends. He abused indiscriminately religion, government, and science; the monarchists, the Mazzinians, and even the survivors of *The Thousand*; and though he sometimes professed to love King Humbert, he publicly praised the crazy regicide Passanante as a hero. To this strange and pitiful change of Garibaldi's whole moral nature, his writings give ample and saddening testimony.

Garibaldi was by no means an illiterate man. He was a good mathematician. He spoke German, Spanish, French, and English with fluency, and was familiar with the history of Rome and to some extent with that of modern Europe. He had read romances, poetry, military treatises, and books of science, theology, and philosophy. Intellectually, however, he always remained a child,

and the effect upon his mind of this heterogeneous reading was what it would have been upon a school-boy. He could not understand why the frothy novels of Guerazzi were not as great as the romances of Victor Hugo, and he firmly believed Alexander Dumas, *père*, to be the greatest author the world had produced.

In addition to the innumerable letters which Garibaldi published during his later years, he wrote soon after the events of 1849 a brief autobiography. In 1867 he wrote his first historical romance, *Clelia*, or the Rule of the Monk, which was translated into English by Jessie White Mario. Two years later he wrote *Cantoni the Volunteer*, and after his campaign in France he wrote his third romance, entitled *The Thousand*. He also confided to his son Menotti a new autobiography, covering the period between 1850 and 1870, with the order that it should not be published until after his death. As yet, Menotti has not published it, and there can be little doubt that the fact is creditable to his good sense and filial piety.

Whatever Garibaldi wrote prior to the close of his Neapolitan campaign was worthy of him. His early autobiography was modest and simple. He had a story to tell, and he told it in a direct and forcible way. The writer evidently had no thought of his style, but thought only of what he had to say. The contrast between the simplicity of this autobiography and the turgidity of Garibaldi's romances is as marked as that between the moral tone of his first and his latest writings.

In his addresses to his troops Garibaldi was always happy. Written by an enthusiast, they were adapted to kindle enthusiasm. At times they were genuinely eloquent, and the well-known order of the day issued on the eve of the retreat from Rome in 1849 will live forever. His speeches were always brief and often admirable, and though they

were sometimes distasteful to the diplomatists, it was because diplomacy cannot always tolerate frankness.

Of the romances, while they were all miraculously bad, it may be said that their badness was progressive. Clelia is less utterly stupid than Cantoni, and *The Thousand* is even more preposterous than its predecessors. Clelia was written partly before and partly after *Mentana*, and the last chapters describe the affair of Villa Glori and the abortive attempt at insurrection in Rome. Cantoni is a romance of the Roman republic of 1849; and *The Thousand* purports to tell in the guise of a romance the true story of the Conquest of Sicily and Naples. The imaginative part of these romances might have been written by a boy of fourteen whose imagination had been fed by Dumas's novels. The historical parts are thrust in chiefly as episodes, and with a complete disregard of what precedes and what follows them. The characters are colorless and lifeless. The heroines, of whom each book has several, are all precisely alike, — young women of great beauty and all possible virtues; the heroes are brave young soldiers, each one of whom is precisely like all the others; and the villains are all priests of unspeakable depravity. In point of style, one would fancy that nothing could be more vicious and bombastic than Clelia, were it not that Cantoni and *The Thousand* are in this respect really and unmistakably worse. All three would long ago have been forgotten were it not that they contain what Garibaldi fancied were his ideas on religion, politics, and human society.

It was at one time the habit of good Protestants in this country to look on Garibaldi as a defender of the faith. There is no doubt that Garibaldi protested with great vigor against the rulers of the Roman church, but there was never a time when he could properly be classed as a Protestant.

He early abandoned the Roman Catholic Church, but even throughout his wild career in South America, where his exploits bore a dangerously close resemblance to piracy, he retained a belief in God, and a respect for Christianity. His mother was a devout woman, and he could not but reverence her religious faith. In his autobiography he says of her, "I have in fancy seen her on her knees before the Most High — my dear mother! pleading for the life of her son; and I have believed in the efficacy of her prayers." He says of Ugo Bassi, the patriot priest, "Bassi was a true servant of Christ; one of the line of Christian apostleship, in all the purity and holiness of the divine institution," and he exclaims, "We Italians wish to be of the religion of Christ." He recognizes that God rules, and speaks of "Those unforeseen and important events which, I love to say, are evidently brought about by the hand of Providence." He even confesses that he sometimes prayed, for in describing the death of Anita, he says, "I prayed for forgiveness, for I thought of the sin of taking her from her home." Certainly these expressions of belief in God and of respect for the religion of Christ are not sufficient to form a creed that would be acceptable to any Protestant evangelical sect, but they are sufficient to show that at the time the autobiography was written Garibaldi was not an atheist, nor an enemy of revealed religion.

During the Sicilian campaign Garibaldi was accompanied by Father Pantaleo, a courageous and patriotic monk, under whose influence, perhaps, Garibaldi seemed for a time ready to believe that a man could be both priest and patriot. Says Guérzoni, the best of his biographers, "He not only tried to win the 'good priests' with proclamations, but he searched them out, wished to have them about him, fêted them, followed them into their churches, and bowed before their

altars." In a proclamation issued at Naples he spoke of "the good monks of La Gancia and the noble hearted priests of the Neapolitan continent." He did not cease to denounce the Pope, but it was chiefly as the Italian ruler, who had brought in the hated French troops to oppress his people. No one can believe that Garibaldi, with his habitual hatred of intrigues and scorn of hypocrisy, was during this time trying to win the support of the priesthood by intrigue and hypocrisy. He had found Pantaleo an honest fellow and a great help to him, and he was ready to believe that there were other priests equally worthy of confidence. At the very time that he was thus striving to make friends with the priesthood, he presented Gavazzi, the most violent of Protestants, with a church in Naples. This was not the act of one who was hoping to buy the favor of the priests, but rather of one who respected religion, and dreamed of a "free church in a free state." He afterwards said during his triumphal tour of Lombardy: "It is in vain my enemies try to make me out an atheist, a blasphemer. I believe in God. I am of the religion of Christ, not of the religion of the Popes." His knowledge of the religion of Christ was undoubtedly extremely vague, but he was so far from being an atheist that he was anxious to be known as a Christian.

In 1862, Garibaldi was lured by Rattazzi, the Prime Minister, into the net of Aspromonte. He felt that he had been betrayed, and he knew that it was in accordance with the order of the king to whom he had given half of Italy that he had been struck down by an Italian bullet. Lying on his couch in the prison-cell of Varignano he began his first "historical romance," and it is not strange that the book should show the bitterness of the writer's disappointment. His faith in man was fatally shaken, but he still believed vaguely in God. He introduced himself as one of

the *dramatis personæ* of Clelia, and described his home at Caprera as a place where "God is worshiped as he should be, in purity of spirit, without formalism, fee, or mockery." He no longer, however, believed in the possibility of the existence of an honest priest. The Garibaldi of Clelia "hates the priesthood as a lying and mischievous institution, but is ready, so soon as they divest themselves of their malignity and buffoonery, to welcome them with open arms to a nobler vocation, a new and honest profession, and to urge men to pardon their past offenses, conforming in this, as in other acts, to a spirit of universal tolerance. Though not suffering them as priests, he pities and yearns toward them as men; for priests he regards as the assassins of the soul, and in that light esteems them more culpable than those who slay the body." This is a sufficiently sweeping condemnation of the church, but the man who a year before had said "I am of the religion of Christ" asks the readers of Clelia, "Is it not surprising that, in spite of the light of the nineteenth century, a people should be found willing to believe the blasphemous fables called the doctrines of the church?" For some time after the publication of Clelia, Garibaldi retained his belief in the existence of a personal God, but he never again wrote of religion except with hatred and contempt.

There is a good deal of hearty abuse of the priests in Clelia; but in Cantoni, the author gives a freer rein to his vituperation. He usually speaks of the church as "the shop," though he occasionally calls it "the cloaca," or with more exactness of definition, "the cloaca of prostitution and infamy." The priests are "wolves," "crocodiles," "ministers of Satan," and "vipers," who "cover every horrible crime with the mantle of hypocrisy." Protestantism does not fare much better than Romanism, for Garibaldi describes it as "that Babylon

of sects called Protestantism, composed of shopkeepers who are perhaps a little less bad than those of the grand Roman cloaca, but who are nevertheless priests and enemies, and disturbers of human brotherhood." Of Christ, he speaks in a rather kindly way, remarking that he "contributed not a little to propagate the dogma of human emancipation," but he adds: "It is now proved that Christ never called himself God. On the contrary, to the flatterers . . . who wished to deify him, he replied, 'I am a son of man.'" In *Cantoni*, the existence of God is neither affirmed nor denied, but it is evident that Garibaldi had finally lost his belief in a personal God, for having spoken of "The Infinite," he remarks, "Time is infinite; space is infinite; matter is infinite. We may imagine an infinite intelligence, an hypothesis that might be of service to the cause of universal brotherhood." This remark was repeated in substance in *The Thousand*, and it represented all that was left of the simple faith in God and the religion of Christ which the Garibaldi of the autobiography modestly professed. *The Thousand* is one prolonged howl against religion, but it contains few abusive epithets that had not been previously used in *Cantoni*, and there is therefore no sufficient excuse for quoting its wearisome billingsgate.

The Thousand was written in 1872. In 1879, Garibaldi wrote a letter to a crack-brained enthusiast known as Baron Swift, who had started an atheistic propaganda in Venice. In this letter he spoke of Swift and himself as "we atheists." About the same time he wrote, in the guise of a letter, what he evidently meant to be a proclamation. The letter was as follows, —

"Dear Friends, — Man has created God, not God man."

Garibaldi never retracted this open profession of atheism, and though Guerinoni says that his religion was the "phil-

osophical deism of Jean Jacques," he gives us no reason to believe that Garibaldi was insincere when he proclaimed himself an atheist.

Garibaldi's political faith underwent as great a change as his religious faith. In his youth he was a follower of Mazzini, and called himself a republican; but he concerned himself little with Mazzini's political philosophy, and with the practical good sense which then characterized him, he recognized that the first duty of Italians was to drive out the foreigner. He once wrote, "I care not whether we have a republic or a monarchy, so long as United Italy is free to choose what government she wishes." When Cavour invited him to serve under the Sardinian king against the Austrians, he gladly accepted the offer, and during the most glorious period of his life he was a loyal supporter of the monarchy.

But after the royal army attacked him at Aspromonte, Garibaldi began to denounce, in his writings, first the Moderates, or followers of Cavour and Ricasoli, and then the Italian government. In *Clelia* the Moderates were characterized as "always indissolubly bound to the chariots of selfishness," and as "waiting at whatever cost until the manna of freedom should fall from heaven into their mouths, or the foreigner should come to their relief and set their country free;" and in *Cantoni* they were referred to as that "caste of cowards that priestly education has implanted in Italy under the name of Moderates." In the latter book the Italian government is "a conventicle of wretched men," unworthy to be called a government; "a government always hypocritical, always perverse, and always hostile to, and ready to exterminate, the volunteers." It is charged with having tried to induce the people of Palermo to stop the march of the volunteers, and thus "to stifle in its cradle that stupendous enterprise that

was destined finally to constitute Italy." This "miserable government," after Garibaldi had passed the Straits, "collected all its sycophants in Naples, and while it deceived the Bourbon king with crafty intrigues, it fomented a revolution in order to overthrow him, and to paralyze the army of the people that had already won ten victories." "We firmly believe," exclaims the author of *Clelia*, "that a more cowardly government than the Italian cannot be found in ancient or modern history."

Not content with denouncing the Moderate party and the government, Garibaldi denounced Mazzini and his followers. In Naples, during his dictatorship, Garibaldi had spoken of Mazzini as his "friend," and during his visit to England he had toasted "Mazzini, my master." But in Cantoni he charges Mazzini with gross incompetence as virtual dictator of Rome in 1849. He was "without the capacity to command, and he would not tolerate either the commands or the advice of any one;" and with his followers was accustomed to say, "We alone are pure, we men of republican principles, for we want the republic even when it is impossible to have it." "For them, as for the priests, Marsala was a defeat and Mentana a triumph." In *The Thousand*, the Mazzinians are charged with having, on the eve of the battle of Mentana, induced thousands of volunteers to desert "under the pretext of returning home to proclaim the republic and to raise barricades."

Garibaldi's own gallant soldiers, who had accepted commissions in the royal army, also had their share of abuse. In Cantoni, he asks, "Where are the seventy of Cairoli, the thousand of Marsala?" and answers, "To-day they are making love; they are crowding the *cafés* and the theatres; and many of them, thinking that they are serving the country, have put on a livery and serve a perverse government." The peas-

antry fail to please the author of *The Thousand*, who says, "they do not belong to us, but to the priests," and "there is no instance of one of them having been found among the volunteers." Doctors, professors, and scientific men also fall under the ban. In *The Thousand*, he asks in reference to parliament, "How can one have faith in five hundred individuals, most of whom are professors?" and he adds, in a note, that while many of his friends have belonged to this class, "they have hitherto proved so bad in governments and parliaments that I despair of them." In Cantoni, not only scientific men, but science itself is denounced, and Garibaldi asks, "if learning and science are really any better than idiocy?" Having thus expressed his disapproval of nearly all classes of men, the aged misanthrope denounces the whole human race collectively as a "family of apes," and exclaims, "I cover my face with shame at belonging to this race of asses." In his last years Garibaldi praised no one except the cowardly assassins who tried to kill the Emperor of Germany, the King of Spain, and the King of Italy. It was in honor of these wretches that he wrote the most shameful of his many pitiable letters.

There was but one form of government which Garibaldi approved, and that was an elective despotism. "The liberty of a nation," he informs us in *Clelia*, "consists in the people choosing their own government, and this government should be dictatorial or presidential; that is to say, directed by one man. . . . The dictatorship should be limited to a fixed period," and "it must be guarded by popular rights and public opinion from becoming either excessive or hereditary." In *The Thousand*, the same idea is expressed: The dictator should have a guard of "ten lictors," and the country should be defended in time of war by "the armed nation." There should be no "written laws," but the

dictator should administer justice "in the public piazza." Judging from Garibaldi's own writings, there was no man living in Italy, except himself, whom he could have regarded as fit to be dictator. If any other member of the "family of apes" had been made dictator, and ruled without laws, he would have been made very uncomfortable by the daily denunciations which Garibaldi would have hurled at him.

What were the causes which worked this unhappy change in the simple-minded noble leader of The Thousand? Doubtless it was due to illness and disappointment working on a mind by no means strong. Garibaldi undoubtedly had a genius for war. He was an able tactician, as his dispositions made on the field of the Volturno showed. General Manteuffel, who was assuredly a competent critic, wrote of him: "The tactics of General Garibaldi were characterized by great rapidity in movements, by wise dispositions during the heat of battle, and by an energy and brilliancy of attack that depended in part on the moral qualities of his soldiers, but that also showed that the general never forgot for a single instant the objective point of a battle, which is to dislodge the enemy from his positions by a rapid, vigorous, and resolute attack;" and Manteuffel also added, speaking of the campaign in the Vosges: "The successes of the general were partial, and had no results, but had General Bourbaki followed his counsels, the campaign of the Vosges would have been the most fortunate of those fought by French armies in 1870-71." Nevertheless, Garibaldi's real greatness was moral and not intellectual, and the pitiable follies which he committed whenever he attempted to meddle in matters of administration and statesmanship sufficiently proved his total lack of judgment outside of purely military affairs.

He was bitterly disappointed when the arrival of the Sardinian army at

Naples compelled him to abandon his intended march on Rome. He was again disappointed when the royal government in 1862 interfered to put a stop to his mad attempt to make private war on Austria at Sarnico. He was again disappointed when Pallavicini captured his band of red-shirts on the heights of Aspromonte, and his last and heaviest disappointment was the defeat of Mentana. He could not comprehend that a citizen of Italy, however popular he might be, had no right to raise armies and declare war against Austria, France, or the Papal government, and he could not but feel exasperated against the monarchy which thwarted his wild expeditions, and the sober citizens who supported it.

During the last years of his life, Garibaldi was a martyr to rheumatism. He suffered incessant pain, and was for much of the time a helpless cripple. He lay on his bed and thought of the failure of his efforts to liberate Venice and Rome, and of the later successes of diplomacy and Prussian armies, which gave to Italy the coveted cities, and opened an era of peaceful and prosaic prosperity in which no place was found for the leader whose life had been spent in the camp of enthusiastic volunteers. The old man felt that he had lived too long; that Italy no longer needed him; and that there was nothing left for him but to endure his physical tortures, and the humiliations put upon him by those members of his family who lacked the good sense and honesty of his elder son Menotti. A strong-brained man might have grown stronger and better in the furnace of pain and disappointment, but it made Garibaldi a bitter misanthrope, — a furious blasphemer of God and man.

But the splendor of a unique career cannot be marred by a brief old age embittered by pain and disappointment. The Garibaldi who led the thousand from Marsala to Naples was an ideal hero, and

his fame is and will be forever one of the noblest treasures of the race. The Garibaldi of those last sad years at Caprera was another man, and one can feel nothing but pity when listening to the wild cries wrung from him by the sharpest of bodily, and the bitterest of mental pain.

W. L. Alden.

ROSES.

BLOW, roses, blow
Your pink and snow,
Your gold and red,
Ere June hath fled.

Your time is brief
For bud and leaf ;
But in your hour
Of perfect flower,

Who doth not wait
Upon your state ;
Who doth not own
That you alone

Hold Beauty's dower
From flower to flower,
And reign alone
On Beauty's throne ?

What though your stay
Be but a day,
Your bloom and breath
Survive your death,

Haunt all the year,
So sweet, so dear
You made the day
Of your brief stay.

So, seeming dead,
Some brief lives shed
After their close
Sweets like the rose.

Nora Perry.

ENGLAND, RUSSIA, AND INDIA.

As a handy compendium, full of reliable and accurate information relating to the Anglo-Russian dispute, Mr. Charles Marvin's *The Russians at the Gates of Herat*¹ is by far the best book of its kind out of many that have been offered to the reading public. As a polemic the volume will be perused with a certain amount of caution. That its author came specially qualified to his task must be admitted at the outset. Mr. Marvin is a zealous patriot, and possesses the rare impartiality, as he reminds us himself, of being "both a Russophile and a Russophobe." He has long been convinced of the blindness of English statesmen to the real objects of the Russian advance in Central Asia, and has for years devoted himself, in a field which a unanimous if tacit consent has wholly surrendered to him, to what he calls "the sacred task of safeguarding India from the menace from the north."

At one time Mr. Marvin was little more than a voice crying in the wilderness. The English public not only declined to share his apprehensions, but even doubted their sincerity. That ungrateful period of his agitation Mr. Marvin has outlived. Thanks to the spasmodic rapidity of recent Russian expansion in Central Asia, he has obtained a hearing in the Tory press and on the Tory platform, while his followers are now numerous enough to constitute a political party of themselves, were they not already members of the Tory organization. It is, in fact, impossible to overlook the circumstance that the influence Mr. Marvin has come to wield by his books and his speeches is distinct from that felt when a great orator rallies his countrymen to com-

mon resistance in some hour of national danger.

It is true that Mr. Marvin has done a certain amount of positive good. His pamphlets and writings have thrown a greater flood of light on the geography and politics of Central Asia than many wars could have contributed. He has quickened the languid parliamentary interest in "our Indian empire." Beyond this his agitation has been harmful. It has tended to create a chronic distrust of each other on the part of two great powers. While in the eyes of Europe it has unduly magnified the resources of the Czar, in the eyes of Russia it has unduly dwarfed the military capacity of Great Britain. The policy, advocated by Mr. Marvin, of haggling over particular lines and swearing by frontiers hard and fast has been a virtual confession — and must have been regarded as such by the Russians — that once the approaches are in the hands of the northern power, once an advantage has been gained by that power in the delimitation of the frontier, India is irretrievably lost to the English. The idleness of supposing that the mere possession of a favorable boundary line by Russia places India at the mercy of "the northern menace" is obvious; yet it is upon this supposition that the alarmists found their case. Hitherto they have but poorly sustained the thesis that Russia desires the possession of India. That the Czar needs India, which is the real point, has not even been asserted.

To fairly judge of her aims in Central Asia, Russia's movements must be viewed as a whole, and with a due regard to the larger aspects of racial and national development. It must first be remembered that Russian expansion is no modern phenomenon, but a secular process belonging to the whole period

¹ *The Russians at the Gates of Herat.* By CHARLES MARVIN. With Maps and Portraits. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1885.

of the life of the empire. Originally it seemed a mere recoil from the fiscal oppressions of the central authority; in modern times it has worn the guise of a military advance. Yet that it has been a true movement of the people must be apparent to those who have noticed the rapidity with which not only Siberia, but all parts of Russia's Asian territories are being colonized from her possessions in Europe. Unprecedented in history, owing as much to the extent of the field open to it as to the remarkable virility of the forces at work, presenting itself at one time as conquest and at another as peaceful absorption, Russian development has been as altruistic in some of its results as most of its aims have been constructively self-seeking. Thus in opening up vast tracts of land to the agricultural or commercial enterprise of her people, Russia has sheltered many an oasis of human vegetation from the shifting sands of barbaric anarchy and power. Descending with a gentle and irresistible gravitation into the Central Asian desert, her civilization has connected stagnant pool and poisoned lagoon with the healthy saline flood of human progress. A high civilization like that of the English, the Tatar races could scarcely have assimilated: Russian culture, with its Asiatic foundations, had an appropriate and natural mission among the dwellers of the steppe. That the Tatar should first modify the Russian and ultimately come to be taught by him is one of those natural adaptations of ends to great purposes that of itself seems to justify the manner in which the problem of ethnological elevation is being carried towards solution in Central Asia.

But Russian capacity for elevating semi-barbarous tribes in no sense implies Russian fitness for completing the work of civilization in India. Hence the danger of the natives welcoming the Czar with open arms is by no means great. Mr. Marvin lays emphasis on "the dis-

affected elements," and hints at the ease with which a collapse of the English rule might be brought about. Does Mr. Marvin seriously believe that the thoughtful and highly intelligent Hindus are prepared to hand over the privileges they now enjoy under British tutelage in exchange for the spy system, the passport regulations, the press censure, the secret tribunals, the "administrative processes" of the "White Czar"? If Russia, as in one place Mr. Marvin admits, apparently to save himself from an untenable position, has no intention of holding and occupying India, and the fact is as notorious as he represents it to be, what probability is there of a rising to welcome an invader who has no intention of remaining in the country? And if Russia has no intention of holding and occupying India, why does Mr. Marvin declare it (page 125) to be the express aim of Russia "to drive us [the English] out of India" by means of a large force of troops previously concentrated in trans-Caspian territory?

The possibility of an invasion of India, no one need doubt. That there are officers in the Russian army who would willingly take part in such an enterprise is indisputable. The "military tradition" of English leader-writers' commonplace, that the cost of absorbing the Khanates is to be recouped in the spoils of Delhi and Lahore, may not yet be forgotten in the wild songs of the Cossack camp-fire along the Central Asian plain. But these things do not create a fixed policy of invasion cherished for whole centuries. If the Russians are warlike, they are the most realistic nation in Europe. In this question of India they have had plenty of time in which to count the cost, and there is no doubt that they have counted it. The idea of a serious attack upon India without the intention of carrying a possible success to its logical and military conclusion is not to be entertained.

The belief that Russia could the easier attain the possession of Constantinople by a series of blows dealt across the Afghan territory is much more plausible. But to administer India as a Russian possession — that is to say, as part of a centralized system of government now strained to its uttermost — would be a task even more formidable than its acquirement by force of arms. To possess it at all would immensely add to the vulnerability of the Russian empire, without furnishing the seaboard of which that empire stands so urgently in need.

The secular aspects of a great historical development are, after all, wider than its immediate and accidental aspects; nor is the political interpretation of them to be compared with the scientific. The Russian menace to India, assuming that there is a real menace, indicates a counterplot, if it indicates anything. Russia may some day — will some day — strike at Constantinople; for her to be able to divide England's attention between care for India and solicitude for the integrity of the Turkish empire is an advantage worth bidding for. Apart from this, the future course of events in Central Asia is clear. In the end, soon or late, the Russian and the English boundaries must coincide. This is the real, as it should be the final, settlement of the "Anglo-Russian dispute," since it ought to be no more difficult for two great powers to live next door to each other in Asia, than it has been found to be in Europe. And the true policy of each of those powers is, as it seems to us, to look forward to such a junction, to estimate all minor issues at their real worth, and to arrange any preliminary disputes that may arise with calmness and dignity.

From Mr. Marvin's book we pass to Mr. George Makepeace Towle's volume,¹

¹ *England and Russia in Asia.* By GEORGE MAKEPEACE TOWLE. Timely Topics Series. With Maps. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1885.

which is a model of all that a compilation of the kind should not be. It is not too much to say that it is one of the most inaccurate books ever written, and therefore worse than useless to the public. Mr. Towle blunders over the commonest facts. He starts off by ignoring 40,000,000 of people in his statement of the population of India, and makes the area of the empire 900,000 instead of 1,500,000 square miles. A few lines further on Mr. Towle gives 1612 instead of 1615 as the date of what he calls the attack of a Portuguese fleet "on the English factory at Surat." The attack was not on the factory, but on the East India Company's fleet off the port of Surat, at the mouth of the river Tapti. We read next that the company built Fort St. George, Madras, in 1640. This event took place in 1639. Mr. Towle adds that Bombay fell into the company's hands in 1662, the fact being that the delivery of the place did not occur until 1665. The next blunder fixes the number of persons thrust into the "Black Hole" at 150, instead of at 146. On page 17, there is a confused and erroneous account of the circumstances under which the provinces of Bengal, Orissa, and Bahar were handed over to the English. In the same page, Mr. Towle states that Clive returned to England in 1766. He did not leave India until 1767. Warren Hastings assumed office as governor-general in 1772, not in 1773 as Mr. Towle assures us. Further on we are told that the Hastings trial "dragged its slow length along for nearly five years." Its "slow length" was at least two years longer than Mr. Towle ventures to make it. The administration of the Marquis of Dalhousie lasted eight years, not seven. The queen was proclaimed "Empress of India" two years earlier than Mr. Towle thinks it prudent to admit. At page 31, and again on page 33, Mr. Towle falls into a ludicrous confusion of absolute power with

despotic rule. Failing to appreciate the distinction between a paternal and a constitutional government, he gravely describes the office of viceroy as that of "an absolute despot." Three blunders occur in Mr. Towle's account of the machinery of Indian government. His statement of the artillery possessed by the Hindu states is short of the truth by a thousand guns. The sentence, on page 50, alleging that "Peter was the most ambitious, the ablest, and the most civilized Czar who ever sat on the Muscovite throne" is a perplexing study to say the least. Who "Timour Tamerlane" was, Mr. Towle leaves his readers to guess—if they can. On page 71, he gives us an inaccurate version of the taking of Khiva, tripping lightly forward to sketch the Khirgiz, whose "physiognomies," he says, "are a curious mixture of Turk and Mongolian." All we need observe here is that if the mixture is at all so curious as Mr. Towle's mixture of substantives, the "Khirgizes," as he spells the word, must be a very strange people, indeed. On page 93, Mr. Towle says the Cossacks have never been subject to serfdom. The Cossacks were for many years recruited from the serfs. There are several blunders in Mr. Towle's account of the Russian navy at page 96. In page 100, Mr. Towle makes Dost Mohammed go on fighting for several years after he is chronologically dead. A few lines further on he speaks of one man out of 26,000 escaping the wholesale slaughter in the Khyber Pass. The slaughter took place in the Khurd, Kabul, and Jagdalak defiles, and those who perished numbered 16,000 not 26,000. Herat (page 104) is 388 miles from Askabad, not 400; and 369 from Candahar, not 300. The story at page 105, of an English force being kept at bay before Herat, in 1857, is purely without foundation. Mr. Towle

talks twice of "Marquis Wellesley," whoever that personage may be. Fully a dozen other blunders occur in various parts of the book, but we have not enough space left in which to notice them. We have dwelt upon the volume at this length simply with a purpose of warning and example that may, it is to be hoped, protect the public from further inflictions of the kind in the future.

Brigadier General Rodenbough's¹ book is an interesting but not always accurate contribution to the literature of the subject. Written mainly from a soldier's point of view, it deals chiefly with the military aspects of the situation. The engravings are good. But some of the plurals are not to be recommended. Voltaire used to think that all Greek nouns had their plural in *oi*, and so the idea seems to prevail among writers of war manuals that you have only to put *ee* at the end of a substantive to make it a Central Asian plural. Mr. Towle is the most conspicuous offender in this respect, for he writes "Khokandi general," "of the Turkistanee," and "Turkistanee woman," thus using the *ee* sound as a masculine adjective ending, as a feminine adjective terminal, and as the ending for the genitive plural. Tatar grammar is somewhat flexible, but not nearly so flexible as Mr. Towle would make it. Mr. Rodenbough, too, talks of "Tashkendees," using an ending which, like the rest, is neither English nor Asian. The correct forms are, of course, Tashkendian, Khokandian, Turkistan, etc. At page 12, Mr. Rodenbough remarks that "the thorough way in which Russia seeks to bind her Asian subjects is shown in the fact that, in 1884, at the request of the Khan of Khiva, a Russian tutor was selected to instruct his children." Does the author mean that the tutor entered the Khan's family as a diplomatic agent? Save on this supposition the

¹ *Afghanistan and the Anglo-Russian Dispute. An Account of Russia's Advance towards India. With Three Maps and other Illustrations. By*

THEO. F. RODENBOUGH, Bvt. Brigadier-General, U. S. A. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. The Knickerbocker Press. 1885.

alleged connection of statement with illustration is not at all proved. The habit of learning Russian in Central Asia is as common as is that of acquiring French at St. Petersburg.

It ought to be added, in conclusion, that none of the three writers named know anything personally, that is to say at first hand, of the disputed territory.

In this respect Mr. Marvin, who has never been nearer Afghanistan than Baku, is no better off than Mr. Towle. It is mainly a knowledge of the Russian language that has rendered Mr. Marvin an authority in this matter, just as it is a want of that knowledge which makes so many of the books written on the subject practically valueless.

TWO ENGLISH MEN OF LETTERS.

THE conditions of the literary life in America are less determined than they are in England. The only organization within which authorship may be said to find substantial shelter is journalism, and this profession is so exacting and so inimical to most forms of literature, that those who have most serious thoughts of the literary life are rather desirous of escaping from journalism than of using it as a vantage ground. It might seem at first blush as if the universities and colleges would offer a desirable fastness from which to send out ventures in literature; but the academic life is a somewhat sterile one; it is with us so identified with the pedagogy that the energies of the professor, if they move the production of books, are most likely to be occupied with the tools of the profession. Text-books in abundance issue every year from college faculties, but very few contributions to humane literature. The academic life again is so specialized that even the professor of English literature rarely produces work upon which his successor or associate may comment. His attitude toward the subject of his teaching is too critical to allow him much freedom of mind, and he is besides so conscious of his position that he is undermined in his resolution, and rendered abnormally sensitive to the criticism of others as well as of himself. The

professors in other departments are still further removed from the possibility of being *littérateurs* by the whole course of their training and the limitations of their profession.

The constitution of the English universities, on the other hand, directly encourages and sustains the literary life. This is not to say that literature in its freest expression is not there, as here, outside the walls of the college, but that a man of literary taste and ambition may deliberately possess himself of academic situations which will make it possible for him to lead a literary life, free from fret and carking care; and also that the prizes for scholarship offered by the universities distinctly suggest to the student literary occupation. A man, in other words, with fortune enough to secure him a university education, may hope to win a Fellowship which will demand only slight academic duties, leaving him free to devote himself to literature; and a student devoted to learning who falls into such a place will, by the very force of his own nature, be urged into literary production. Thus the university, by a provision which enlarges the scope of university life, is more than a training-school for immature minds; it is a society of scholars, and as such, directly encourages and sustains the literary life.

The Memoirs¹ of the rector of Lincoln College illustrate this point in an interesting fashion. He represents a distinct class of professional Englishmen. To the learned professions is added one so clearly defined as to offer a goal for ambition as well understood and recognized as the army, the church, or the bar. "There never was any question as to my destination. It was assumed from the cradle upwards that I was to go to Oxford, and to be a Fellow of a college. From about 1825 [when he was not twelve] onwards, a Fellowship of Oriel was held up to me as the ideal prize to which I was to aspire. I was never diverted or distracted from this goal of ambition by any alternative career being proposed to me. I was to go to Oriel, of course, as a commoner, — there were no scholars in those days, — and then it would depend upon what talents I might give proof of whether a Fellowship of Oriel were within my reach or not." He went to Oxford to reside in 1832, and his life thereafter was passed under academic influences. For fifty years a resident member of the university, and for at least the latter half of that period one of the most conspicuous figures there, well may he conclude his memoirs with the words: —

"There seems to have fulfilled itself for me that adage of Goethe which, when I first came upon it, appeared a mere paradox: —

'Was man in der Jugend wünsche,
Hat man im Alter die Fülle.'

Of that which a man desires in youth of that he shall have in age as much as he will."

We speak of him as a conspicuous figure at Oxford, but there is a charmed circle in England, as in every highly organized people, within which dwell men and women who are without fame in the wide world, yet have a positive reputa-

tion among the historians of fame, so that, as in the case of Mark Pattison, one such cannot die without instantly giving rise to long obituaries in the leading journals. Probably many Americans heard for the first time the name of this Oxford scholar when they read in the English weeklies of his death, and found the papers for weeks afterward occupied with reminiscences and characterizations.

His contributions to literature, few in number, are of a high order, and are likely to preserve his fame more even than this autobiography, which will serve to explain him to those already interested in his career. His Isaac Casaubon, especially, a masterly piece of biographic work, will bring him the respect of all students of literature. If he could have written his study of Scaliger he would have placed himself even more emphatically in the ranks of the greater men of letters in England. These works, as well as his study of Milton, came near the end of his career, when he had firmly established his reputation among his peers. The very lateness of the fruit is characteristic of the slow ripening of his powers, but none the less does his literary production confirm what we have said as to the aid which the university affords the literary life. Pattison was predestined for literature, and yet, when one studies the conditions of his life, it seems impossible to believe that the results finally reached could have been attained by him in any other profession.

Indeed, the slowness of his development and the long concealment of his consciousness of a vocation give a singular charm to his Memoirs. He seems to look back upon his youth and early manhood with an odd mingling of pity and contempt. The frankness with which he writes makes the book possess the true flavor of autobiography. He is concerned with his mental and spiritual growth, and so deeply interested in

¹ *Memoirs*. By MARK PATTISON, late Rector of Lincoln College, Oxford. London: Macmillan & Co. 1885.

it is he that he is willing to spread upon the record the testimony of his memory to what can scarcely be regarded as less than donkeyish stupidity in youth. He was sent to college, and accepted the destiny planned for him apparently without a doubt as to its wisdom. Under conditions of extreme poverty it is hardly credible that he would have been selected for an academic career. Trollope deliberately disclosed his own slowness of development in his autobiography, and Pattison's revelation of his dullness may be placed above Trollope's for candor and penetration. Trollope turns upon his boyhood with a half revengeful air; Pattison is curiously interested in the young fellow whom he remembers, and relates tales of his *gaucherie* and general mental clumsiness which would amaze one if he did not perceive that the author was all the while intent on a psychological study. He had not had the rough introduction to life which a public school gives; he had been brought up in a Yorkshire rectory, amongst women chiefly, leading a solitary life and fumbling about for the thread of his being. Thus, when he went up to Oxford he was thrown into a singular bewilderment. He could not adjust his preconceived notions of the place and life there to the actual facts and conditions; least of all could he adjust himself to his surroundings.

"I was not all at once made aware," he says, "of this want of conformity between myself and others of my age; I arrived at the apprehension of it slowly, after many vain experiments and successive failures to establish a good understanding with one after another. . . . My weakness of character was such that I came to the conclusion in the end that the fault or defect, whatever it might be, was in *me*. They could not be all wrong, and they seemed to have no difficulty in getting on with each other. My boyish inexperience was such that I could not understand how it could

be that the others, many of whom were below me in attainments, were before me in manliness of character; that they dared to assert themselves as they were, while I was deficient in character, and hid, instead of standing by, the small amount I possessed. This inability to apprehend the reason of my social ill success had a discouraging consequence upon the growth of my character. I was so convinced that the fault was in me, and not in the others, that I lost anything like firm footing, and succumbed to, or imitated, any type or set with which I was brought in contact, esteeming it better than my own, of which I was too ashamed to stand by it and assert it. . . . The consequences to me of this relation to others did not end with mutability and chameleon-like readiness to take any shade of color. The sense of weakness being thus daily and hourly pressed upon me grew internally painful. I felt humiliated and buffeted, and as if I were destined to be the sport and football of my companions. Out of this consciousness grew a general self-consciousness, which gained ground rapidly upon me, and became a canker in my character for years afterward. I, who had come up to Oxford a mere child of nature, totally devoid of self-consciousness to such a degree that I had never thought of myself as a subject of observation, developed a self-consciousness so sensitive and watchful that it came between me and everything I said or did. It became physical nervousness. I thought every one was watching me; I blushed and trembled in company when I spoke or moved, and dared not raise a glass to my lips for fear it should be seen how my hand trembled. Before I said anything I had to think what would So-and-so think *of me* for saying it. A morbid self-consciousness was in a fair way to darken my life, and to paralyze my intellect."

He makes a faint defense of this "dressing the window for customers"

as probably an inherited failing, and remarks in passing that his sister, who lives in literature as Sister Dora, in Miss Lonsdale's book — "romance," Pattison calls it — showed the same tendency. "She spent a faculty of invention" he remarks, a little viciously, "which would have placed her in the first rank as a novelist, in embellishing the every-day occurrences of her own life." It is more to the point to observe that his own mental and physical awkwardness, largely the result of his isolation followed by a sudden plunge into the world, gave way not before resolution, but before the gradual command which he acquired of himself under the discipline of a will set doggedly to attain the result for which he had been sent to Oxford. Again and again he fails to secure a Fellowship and the reader is disposed to think that this period of failure was really a more determining one in Pattison's mental and moral development than the autobiographer recognizes.

The whole book impresses upon one the power which this university life has to absorb the thought of a really strong man. In looking back upon his earlier days, Pattison is stirred by the recollection of the academic battles. It is true that he writes from within the walls which he had never left, but he writes after an enlargement of mind through contact with great religious movements, with scholarship, and with literature, which would seem sure to correct a too narrow and parochial view. How moved he was by his final success in securing a Fellowship appears when he writes: —

"I had seen with the despair of an excluded Peri all the gates of all the colleges shut against me, and here in the most unlikely quarter of Oxford, I had really got the thing I had so eagerly desired. I was quite off my head for two or three days, and must have exhibited myself as a *jeune étourdi* in the eyes of the Rector and Fellows of Lincoln." It

is noticeable, however, that the attainment of his wishes, so far from making him merely complacent, was really the means of a further development of his powers, for it was not long before he was heartily engaged in effecting reforms in the management of the college. So completely did he identify himself with Lincoln that when his failure to be chosen Rector resulted in a reactionary movement, he became almost paralyzed in his will, secluded himself, and led for a long time a half torpid existence. Again his defeat opened the way for a larger, wider interest, and he took part in the general movement of university reform. He was finally chosen to the office which he had lost, and the tenor of his life thenceforward moved on without much disturbance.

We have omitted to dwell upon the religious side of Pattison's character, though it forms an interesting, and to some justifying, portion of his autobiography, because we desired chiefly to call attention to the picture which his life presents of a scholar's career, with special reference to the bearing it has on the literary life. The doggedness with which Pattison overcame difficulties, the half-blind manner in which he pushed forward in his studies, and the final breadth and accuracy of his learning might have been repeated in other forms had he been thrown upon the open world of London; but it is clear that the half-monastic life which he led was singularly adapted to shape a character so divided in weakness and strength as his was, and to occasion at last the literary productions which certainly would not have proceeded from him under other conditions.

The university, however, is not the only English organization which fosters literature and makes a vantage-ground for the man of letters. As it is demonstrably more efficient in this respect than its American congener, so the civil service of England has offered a more

convenient shelter for the *littérateur* than the same service in America. Our government, indeed, has not been slow to recognize authors, but it has been chiefly in the way of rewards in the diplomatic service for those who have already won a certain distinction. Now and then, notably in the case of the New York Custom House, government offices have served as means of support to hard-working literary men, but the general insecurity which has hitherto attached to this employment, and the peril to one's self-respect in seeking appointments, have hindered such men from counting upon this resource. One of the probable results of a service organized upon the merit system is the attraction to it of men capable of clerical labor, but chiefly ambitious of literary fame. The freedom from concern which enables one to lay aside his business mind, like an office coat, when the clock strikes three, and don the literary habit, is especially necessary to the calm and cheerful pursuit of literature. Such a state of things exists in London to-day, and may be confidently predicted of Washington, New York, and other cities, in the near future.

The memoirs of Sir Henry Taylor¹ do not precisely illustrate this, for his connection with the civil service was rather the result of a tradition holding in the higher ranks of the service, by which men of education easily found their way into positions less strictly clerical. His career nevertheless points the moral which we have been drawing, for it illustrates the ease with which one may lead a divided life, giving his formal half to government service, and enjoying, without detriment, a poet's occupation and fame. The division is not an uncommon one in England, and in Sir Henry Taylor's case there was not only a delightful literary life, but a very

serviceable official one. If he had not written Philip Van Artevelde, Taylor would yet have had an honorable place in the administration of government, for though his position by his own choice was a subordinate one, he rendered very effective service in the Colonial office, and brought high principle and intelligent thought to bear upon administrative economy.

We can easily dismiss the book as a demonstration of the ease with which literature and officialism are combined, and resort to it for its very agreeable record of reminiscences. Indeed, at this distance we do dismiss, in reading, much of the detail which Taylor the under-secretary indulges in respecting his affairs during office hours, and confine ourselves to what Taylor the poet does and says when he is at liberty. The air of the book throughout is extremely agreeable and well-bred. Possibly recent examples served as warnings to avoid disagreeable personalities; at any rate, the kindly and discriminating author distinctly avoids a censorious judgment of others, and in treating of his own life and affairs maintains a decent reserve. Yet the book is not without its own little confidences. We are a little amused at first at the familiar manner in which the author speaks of his wife as Alice; but if he can do it for his own pleasure, we certainly share that pleasure. One comes to take a most friendly interest also in the old man's fond preference for the society of girls, and there is a light rustle of muslins, especially in the closing chapters, which falls upon the ear with a grateful delight. Here is a little touch which shows that in his interest in girls, he gave as well as received:—

“If my change of air has not done much for me, I have at least had a very pleasant change in other respects, being on a visit here to the Prescotts, with whom I spent some two or three months of last summer, while Alice was at Tun-

¹ *Autobiography of Henry Taylor, 1800-1875.* In two volumes. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1885.

bridge Wells; people abounding in kindness of all sorts, and hospitable beyond all human hospitality of modern times. They have had with them, since January, the whole of the family of Stephen Spring Rice, — his wife and ‘the tuneful nine,’ his children, and their governess and servants, — in all, seventeen souls; and the house is as ‘cheerful as a grove in spring,’ and music goes on from morning till night, — pianoforte, harp, violin, violoncello, and voices of all kinds, and, I may also say, of all ages; for yesterday I heard a song very beautifully sung by a lady seventy-seven years old. The music all day long, and not the performing only, but even the practicing, suits me, — better than it would you, I dare say, — for I have an ignorant fondness for music which is by no means fastidious. And then there is a great deal of girl-life going on, which is always full of interest for me; and there is one very fine creature of the girl-kind, ingenuous, noble, and free, who, though not of the house, is always in and about it, playing croquet on the lawn by day, or making music in the evenings, and concerning whom — a girl I had never seen till last week — I was seriously consulted by a man of whom I know almost as little. And when I see the sort of holiday-life that is led at such a place as this, I hardly wonder that so many a man (like Jacob) finds a wife at a watering-place.”

In such leisurely fashion the book runs on, the half-serious, half-idle gossip of an old man who, from his corner, looks out on the world in which he has played no unimportant part, while he has all along retained a good portion of his independence and has used well his higher gifts. His amiability does not stand in the way of a shrewd characterization, as well as discriminating judgment of men and affairs. He has almost the air of a champion when speaking of Aubrey de Vere, whom he admires greatly, and his loyalty to

Wordsworth is dignified as well as enthusiastic. How cleverly he can sketch a group of people — no easy task — may be seen in an off-hand letter which he writes to Aubrey de Vere from a country-house where he was staying at the time. After rapidly jotting down the men of science and letters, he adds: —

“Then comes a good-humored-looking Captain and Mrs. Baring; an Alick Baring; a Mr. Beach; a Lord Giffard, pleasant but sanguinary, for he had killed sixty-five tigers, eleven elephants, and a multitude of bears; a Mr. Gowan, fulfiller of all knowledge, it is said, whose walk into the room was as if he had the knowledge in a bowl between both hands and was afraid of spilling it; or like the walk of a man who knows that he is always on the edge of a precipice; or like the walk of a monthly nurse in a darkened room, who knows not what she may knock against next — only he seemed to be himself the object of his own nursing; he said nothing (except a few words once a day to make silence audible, and to assure us that he was not the *ghost* of a nurse), and he expected nothing and was in nobody’s way; and at the end of his visit his servant wrapped him carefully up and put him into a fly to be taken away. He probably left no impression on many of us; but on me he left rather a peculiar impression — of a noiseless and passionless existence; a human being who gave nothing, asked nothing, said nothing, did nothing, felt nothing, and was perfectly contented with himself and everybody else; how cautiously he sat down! ‘weighing his spread vans,’ while the nether part gradually lowered itself to within flumping distance, and then flumped; Lord de Mauley, cultivated, refined, and distinguished-looking, and he might have been agreeable, but his favorite son is in the Crimea, and he looked as if the waters of the Black Sea had gone over his soul.”

It would be easy to go on picking

out entertaining passages from a book which reflects a generous, lively nature. The best things, as we have hinted, are quite independent of the foreign office, but we suspect that Sir Henry owes much of his genialty to the freedom which his hemispherical life permitted. At any rate, we cannot help recognizing the delightful possibilities which lie for men of letters in such conditions as were his. We are aware that much else than the mere formal condition of a civil service on the merit system determines such literary life either in England or

in America, and we have no wish to plead for a mere repetition of conditions. The literary life is more self-determined than to be dependent upon any such conditions, and possibly the difficulties which it is passing through in America are fitting it for a freer, more influential future. Be this as it may, until America offers something better, we must continue to think that in the organization of English life, the Pattisons and Taylors have a capital chance for making the most of themselves.

PARADISE FOUND.

WHEN the historian of literature renders his account of the scientific writings of the nineteenth century, he will have an interesting chapter on the semi-scientific books which were devoted to the task of reconciling the old mythologies to modern learning. No part of his task will be more charming than that which sets forth the many efforts to determine the seat of paradise, that fair cradle of the golden youth of man, whence he was driven to the toil and woe of the rude outer world. It will be interesting for the student of after times to trace how the early writers at first approached this problem with easy minds; how in the days of Hudibras, the scholar

“Knew the seat of paradise,
Could tell us in what degree it lies;
And, as he was disposed, could prove it
Below the moon or else above it.”

Coming to the day when scientific methods were more critical, he will see that the question of the geographical seat of paradise became involved with the

problem of the origin of the genus homo. Suppositions became gradually more and more complicated by known facts; one by one all possible seats of paradise were tried and found wanting. Doubtless, the end of it all will be the conviction that there was no paradise of place, or paradise of condition for man; that for the golden age he must look to the future, and if the garden of Eden is to be found, it will be in the time to come and with an ever improving man.

Dr. Warren's very interesting work¹ will probably come near the end of this series of paradise books, for unless we go “above the moon,” as Hudibras suggests that his ingenious explorer Burnet could do, there is no place in the world for further searching. It is a conspicuous merit of our author that he effectively demolishes all the other possible suppositions, showing that, if it was anywhere in the world, the seat of paradise must have been at the north pole; and if at any time in the earth's history, it must have been during the age, late

¹ *Paradise Found: The Cradle of the Human Race at the North Pole. A Study of the Pre-historic World.* By WILLIAM F. WARREN, S. T.

D., LL. D., etc., President of Boston University. Pages xxiv., 505. 12mo. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1885.

in a geological sense, but vastly remote in terms of human history, when about the north pole there was, for a while, a temperature much higher than that which now prevails there, and a geography very different from that of today. If the paradise people are dislodged from these nearly inaccessible grounds, we may hope that they will never more trouble the busy world with their tedious though beautiful speculations.

The reader will find that the book is divided into two sections. The second treats of the ethnic traditions which seem to refer the origin of man to the extreme north; the first, of the geological facts which support the hypothesis that man originated about the north pole, and that while dwelling in that region he acquired a rather high degree of culture, and had many facts impressed upon his mind which clung in his religious memories long after the change of climate had expelled him from his earliest home. The second part of the treatise concerns a field in which the training of the author admirably fits him for his task. It seems to the present writer that if this part of the argument had been presented at the outset, the book would have gained in strength by the change. There can be no question that the selected traditions bearing on this point, which are presented by Dr. Warren, seem at first sight to warrant the hypothesis that the ancient peoples of Asia had once dwelt in very high latitudes. The array of authorities is strong, and the form of presentation extremely good. If this part of the work is to be definitely overthrown, it will have to be accomplished by an expenditure of scholarly labor not less than that which the author has given to its construction. Without undertaking this impossible task, the wary reader will see grave reasons to doubt the value of this array of evidence, — reasons which he will draw from other experiences with

the same sort of evidence used for similar ends. He will remember the charming episode in modern semi-science made by the curious researches of Taylor, Piazzzi, Smyth, and others of their sect, into the history of the great pyramid. There only a part of the facts are of the traditional sort; the remainder are as hard as Egyptian syenite and as sharp as the clean angles of perfect masonry. Yet even there a well-trained man of science, who mixed faith with his mathematics, and allowed a little conjecture to cloud his equations, converted an astrologist's observatory and a tomb into a record of supernatural knowledge and a prophecy of things to be. An even better sign of the danger that lies in such proof is found in the fact that the very myths which seem to agree in assigning hyperborean regions for the cradle of the human race equally agree in the statement that man was suddenly created from the earth by the direct exercise of the divine will. There are now few educated men who would attach any value, as fact, to this ancient and universal idea of a sudden miraculous creation of the human race. Yet if the consensus of statement is to be taken as evidence that the race originated about the north pole, it should be accepted as of equal value as to the origin of the species. Accepting the evidence which the learned author so well sets forth to show that ancient peoples had a vague notion that they came originally from the high north, and giving him his claim that their traditions describe an aspect of the heavens and a succession of day and night in their race's cradle which are fairly reconcilable with the conditions of circumpolar regions, we may still explain these facts without encountering those inseparable difficulties which our author has to face in his effort to plant the primitive man within the arctic circle, leaving him there until he had developed his arts, his civilization, and a sublime religious belief.

The Eden of the imagination had to be placed beyond the realm of familiar experience, the more remote the better. The far north afforded an admirable field for speculative creation. It is not unreasonable to believe that, at a very remote time, certain peoples had so far developed the conceptions of the earth's form and its general relations to the sun, that some forgotten Kepler would have been able to conceive all the measure of truth concerning the arctic astronomy which the most willing interpreter can find in these shadowy myths. The mysterious north, with its icy girdle and changing days, has proved even in our own time a fascinating field for speculations which, even in minds of modern culture, have engendered strange beliefs. To this day, there are many who strongly cling to the absurd notion that in the untraversed ice fields about the pole there may be a region of paradisaical perfection of climate. Twice within the last two centuries, once in Germany and again in America, the delusion of "Symmes' Hole" has possessed adventurous spirits, and led to the invention of most extreme conceptions as to the conditions of life in an under world, the entrance of which lay at the "navel of the earth," the north pole. We have only to assume that, among these pole seekers of the remote past, there was some Keplerian spirit searching with all of Dr. Warren's enthusiasm for the site of the human cradle, to find the origin of these myths, and to account for their modicum of truth to nature. In a word, it is much easier to assume that the myths which seem to show that man knew the polar lands were built on certain simple and early attained conceptions of the earth's fig-

ure, than that they embody the actual experience of the earliest men, gained while living within the arctic circle.¹

We now turn to the first part of Dr. Warren's book, that which treats of the astronomical and geological aspects of the question. Here he is much at sea, and sorely puzzled to find a pilot. At the outset he is met with the difficulty arising from the polar climate. This he explains by the supposition that this earlier stage of man took place at a time when the inter-arctic climate was much warmer than at present; when there was a more connected land mass in the arctic regions than now exists there. Such conditions he finds indeed in the Miocene period. At that time a vegetation, comparable to that now found in Alabama, flourished to within twelve degrees of the pole, and may once have existed at the geographic pole, if there was land there for it to rest upon. But our author omits to reckon with several serious difficulties which he must encounter in placing man in so remote a time. No trustworthy evidence has yet been found that will place man in the Miocene period. No one who has attentively studied the time ratios of the tertiary age will venture to estimate the period of this Miocene warmth about the pole at less than a million years in the past; and if we accept the best evidence of geology, we will be compelled to assign an even more remote position for that period. Taking the least possible estimate, we should be compelled to assume that the peoples who have these traditions of the high north had preserved a vivid memory of their ancient dwelling place for a duration more than one hundred times as great as the historic period. Fur-

¹ The great detail which may be shown in such speculations is well indicated in Captain Symmes' project for entering the "hole" which his imagination pictured. He had a vessel constructed for the expedition, which was to take himself and a select party of cranks to the interior world. Foreseeing danger when he turned the sharp edge

which separated the outer from the inner sea, he had his ship constructed with masts which could be quickly lowered, so that they might not be snapped by the strain brought upon them in making the turn. Fortunately for this erratic genius, he died before setting out on his voyage, and the ship was turned to other uses.

thermore, that in their arts, their literature, and their religious customs, these men had remained essentially unchanged for this vast period. When we consider that all the evidence we have goes to show the men of ten thousand years ago to have been in an exceedingly primitive state of savagery, we see how violent is this strain upon our powers of belief. To take the ground of the author, we must suppose that an original culture had disappeared, and been replaced by a state of long-enduring savagery, from which culture again emerged, the previous traditions of original civilization alone remaining to mark the pristine state of life about the pole. But we are only at the beginning of the difficulties that surround this hypothesis; the author himself admits some of these. After securing the relative warmth of climate necessary to his view by removing the cradled state of man to a time when we have no trustworthy evidence that the race existed, he finds it necessary to reckon with the long polar night. He cannot venture to embrace any of the various hypotheses concerning the change in the position of the polar axis, for the principal traditional support of his hypothesis is found in statements which the myths make as to the nature of the day and night, and the motion of the stars, which could only occur at the geodetic pole. He has to explain how the people of this hyperborean Eden could fit into the polar system of sunshine and darkness. His treatment of this question is a skillful piece of fencing with facts, but utterly unsatisfactory. He claims that the night is much shorter than it is shown by experience to be, even at points several hundred miles from the pole, giving great value to the moonlight and to the aurora borealis. He makes out that there is hardly any

night at all in the regions beneath the pole. Almost every arctic navigator who has ventured in high latitudes dwells with painful reiteration on the miseries of that period of darkness, even when accompanied by starlit skies and relieved by the lesser lights of morn and the flickering glories of the false aurora. Men come from their imprisonment bleached and saddened by the deadly darkness, which inevitably kills all but the stout-hearted and vigorous men who are selected for such trials, chosen for their task as are those of the forlorn hope in the worst enterprises of war. Let us fancy the women and children, the aged and weak of the arctic paradise, doomed each year to the four months of darkness: can we conceive it an Eden to them? Here the author will have to put in another hypothesis, and people his Eden with a folk who fattened on that which kills their descendants.¹

It is to be remembered that all the while the dwellers in the arctic paradise were enduring the trials of an annual night, there were lands to the south of them equally blest in their climates and free from the evils of the polar regions. By the theory these lands were untenanted by man, and open to the first comer. It will be necessary to add a hypothesis to account for the fact that these primitive people preferred to retain this land of an annual day and night rather than to remove to regions where there was a diurnal system, which is much more satisfactory to their descendants. It is also to be remembered that the present state of our knowledge of the tertiary age shows that the period of Miocene warmth was a geologically brief interlude between times of glacial cold. There is clear proof that during a part of that period there was a

¹ We are not without experiments on the influence of darkness on human beings of our day. Some years ago an effort was made to use the great chambers of the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky as a place of abode of consumptives. The

air is pure and dry, and the temperature at least as good as that of the arctic paradise could have been. The results were disastrous in the extreme, the effect of darkness overcoming the benefits arising from the equable temperature and pure air.

development of glacial conditions about the north pole comparable to that of the last ice time. During this period of Miocene glaciation, vast ice sheets extended to the sea level in the neighborhood of Turin in the valley of the Po. In the earlier Eocene period there was also apparently a time of extreme glaciation. It is likely that the warm circumpolar climate came between these two ice times. So, to have man born at the pole, it would have been necessary to import his ancestry into that region, and to withdraw the new-made man directly afterwards.

There is, however, another and much more serious objection to the whole hypothesis. This arises from the facts which we have concerning the origin of man. There is no doubt that man came from a group of animals closely akin to the anthropoid apes. All these forms of animals are now, and, as far as the negative evidence of the paleontological record goes, always have been dwellers in low latitudes, none of their remains having been found anywhere near the arctic circle. If we are to make assumptions, we must assume that the cradle of the human race was somewhere in the field occupied by its ancestors. The cautious naturalist will avoid this and all other similarly imperfect assumptions; but if compelled to surmise in matters which are not as yet ready for hypothesis, he must say with Darwin and all other careful students of the field that man probably took shape in the tropical region.

Thus the main points on which the author must rely for the maintenance of his hypothesis, the very foundation on which he must erect his edifice, fail to give him support; they seem, indeed, to serve him in no way. It is, therefore, not of such importance to note the fallacies which everywhere beset the progress of his argument on the geological part of his subject. In his collection of authorities we find the most uncritical

association. Authors worthy of all credit are jumbled with those who have no right to be heard.

It is perhaps in his effort to show the paradisaical conditions of the polar climate during man's cradle period that we find the wildest assumptions. Of that climate we know but one fact of any importance: namely, that it permitted the growth of a tolerably luxuriant vegetation, of a character somewhat like that which now exists in the region about the Lower Mississippi. In other words, we can fairly conjecture that the temperature in the winter season did not often go to near zero of Fahrenheit, and can assume that the rainfall was not very small. We can grant no more than this as the basis for the rhapsodies which our author indulges in concerning the climate. If the geologist was forced to make a picture of the probable climate of the circumpolar regions during the Eocene time it would not be one which would suit a paradise. He would picture it as a land of perpetual fogs and endless rain, a warmer Hebrides, a milder South Alaska. He would doubt its fitness for grain culture and question whether the existing or other useful species of grain had yet been developed. He would doubt the existence of any very useful fruits, and even more strongly doubt the presence then and there of any of our domesticated animals. If compelled to account for the food of a hyperborean Eocene man, he would suggest that he was probably a fish-eating savage, who had a hard wrestle for a living. All this would be conjecture, but unlike that of our learned author it would rest upon a foundation of well-affirmed facts.

Another fatal defect of methods visible throughout this portion of the work is seen in the way in which our author overlooks the task of connecting his evidence. Having *shown* by a mixture of proof and assumptions that the Miocene lands about the pole were the seat of a

beautiful climate, and having set forth that there are certain traditions that seem to prove among the ancients a knowledge of circumpolar conditions, he regards his argument in favor of a polar seat of paradise as established for that time and place, ignoring the great difficulty of proving that man was there during the brief time while the Miocene warmth prevailed in high latitudes. Again and again, we have such gaps in the evidence passed by as if they were of no moment; but it is not worth while to give them separate mention. The whole of the book, as far as it treats of the physical facts, is in its methods apart from the ways of modern natural science. The author seems to be laboring under a grave misapprehension as to the scientific method, — a misapprehension common to many writers who, without training in the method of physical research, try to cast the data of science into a form to support their theories. They make avail of the scientific method in part alone. They see that the naturalist uses hypotheses in groping for truth, therefore they proceed to construct hypotheses also; but they fail to apprehend the checks which the well-trained student of nature puts upon the use of the imagination in research. If he submits to the canons of modern inquiry, the naturalist first assembles his facts before him, using due criticism to exclude imperfect observations, or at least to qualify all such observations by some sign of doubt. Then he tries to imagine some known cause, or some cause that comes into the nearest relation to known causes, which may explain the phenomena. His imagined explanation must stand criticism from two points of view: First, it must not rest on any other unverified hypothesis; second, it must be the simplest possible explanation of the phenomena which he can conceive. This is only the beginning of the true investigator's work. He must now take care that he be not

captivated by the offspring of his mind, but reviewing the facts with which he is dealing he must narrowly scrutinize them to see if they are really explained by the hypothesis. Here, indeed, the master of this sublime art of interrogating nature shows his power. The first part of his path may have been laborious; the second, however, is the real steep on which many fall. If men of general literary training could be brought to see the difficulty of this part of scientific inquiry and the worthlessness of all work in which it is neglected, we should have fewer books of this sort.

The natural world contains an infinite variety of facts; each of these facts will take shape according to the mind that views it; they are clouds that are "backed like a whale" or "very like a camel," as the spirit inclines to see whale or camel when it looks upon them. If an eager soul, fired by a brilliant conception, rushes to the world of phenomena for proof of his idea, this kindly nature will fool him to the top of his bent. Swedenborg says sadly that the spirits about him were prone to deceive him; so, too, it was in science until a few learned how to bring these treacherous witnesses to book.

In one regard this *Paradise Found* will prove extremely satisfactory to every man of science. If we read it aright it marks an abandonment of all the dogmatic grounds which have so long separated naturalists from theologians. It is good indeed to find a distinguished divine, the president of an orthodox institution of learning, who is willing to regard the question of the origin of man as a matter debatable on physical evidence alone; who feels that the precious interests of Christianity are not bound for life or death to the literal text of ancient traditions. In this regard the naturalist will be glad to welcome the author as a man of science, however much he may question his use of the methods of the art.

To the general reader this book will be welcome on account of its great store of well presented traditions, as well as

on account of the felicity of its style and the charming spirit of open-minded, frank inquiry which everywhere pervades it.

A CHAT IN THE SADDLE.

THIS is in all ways a very attractive book.¹ It is beautifully printed, the illustrations are interesting, and the subject is discussed in a sensible and very agreeable manner. Such treatment is well deserved, for there is no form of exercise which is at all equal to riding on horseback. There is nothing moreover which is so valuable to a people for the development of manly qualities of mind and body, and which ought therefore to be so thoroughly cultivated. We of the East in this country are natural lovers of the horse, but our attention has been given wholly to the trotting variety of the noble animal, and the far finer and better art of horsemanship has sunk into neglect. Within a few years, however, the tide has turned, and riding is becoming every day more popular and more generally practiced. Colonel Dodge's volume indeed is in itself the best proof of this encouraging fact. Fifteen or even ten years ago the author of *Patroclus and Penelope* would have been like one crying in the wilderness. Now we hope and believe that his readers will be counted by the hundred. The last part of the book is devoted to instructions to a beginner which in the main are sound and judicious. Colonel Dodge has a real love for a horse, which is not so common a quality as might be supposed, and all that he says as to kind treatment and abundant caresses may be read with profit by all, even by those persons who think that the last word on riding

is known to them. He speaks very modestly of his own performances, but we are sorry to say that we fear there are very few amateurs among us who have done nearly as well. Colonel Dodge has studied the French system of training, a sealed book to most of our horsemen, and on this he of course, and very wisely, founds his teaching. He makes, however, one or two singular mistakes. For instance, he directs his pupil to use the right leg in order to make the horse lead with the left shoulder at a gallop. If the gallop were a diagonal movement this would be correct. But the gallop is a lateral movement, that is, the legs of the horse on the same side move together, which is, of course, the reverse of the trot or walk. In order, therefore, to make the horse lead to the left, the left hind-leg must be set in motion, and that is done by the left leg of the rider. Colonel Dodge falls into this error, it would seem, from not having sufficiently analyzed the movements of the horse, and from not laying enough stress on the suppling of the hind-legs which furnish all the propelling power. Control those, and everything else follows. The suppling of the fore-hand comes next in importance, but the motive power is behind the saddle and not in front of it. The fault of the Baucher system is in giving too much attention to the fore-hand, neck, and mouth, and too little to the loins and hind-legs. The first thing in horsemanship is to be able to move the horse forward, and that must be done by the rider's command of the animal's hind-legs. Establish your

¹ *Patroclus and Penelope*. A Chat in the Saddle. By THEODORE AYRAULT DODGE. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1885.

current of movement first, and then regulate and control it. The modern French method, under the disciples of Baucher, has made precisely this change of system, and with the best results. The gaits have been stimulated, the stride lengthened, the forward movement quickened, and yet the suppling of the forehead and the neck has not been diminished. In order, however, to control the hind-legs of the horse, and obtain these results, the rider must use his own legs, and this again is a point which Colonel Dodge does not emphasize enough. He seems in writing, although certainly not in his own practice, to mix up seat and legs and stirrups. Stirrups, in the first place, have nothing to do with seat, for a really first-rate seat can in fact only be made by riding without them, as Colonel Dodge certainly knows from experience. Yet, very surprisingly, he never tells his pupil, and he nowhere says that the best, if not the only way to make a good seat is by constantly riding a sharp-trotting horse without stirrups, in accordance with the advice of Whyte Melville, and indeed of all other masters of the art. In the second place, the seat ought to be wholly distinct from the legs below the knee, which should be perfectly free to produce the effects necessary to control and manage the horse with any degree of delicacy or force. But this perfect and essential freedom of the lower leg can only be obtained by the steady work without stirrups. There are other points on which we disagree with Colonel Dodge, as, for example, in regard to the rack and single-foot, the use of which he defends and even advocates. These are at best but bastard and false gaits, which can only be cultivated at the expense of the true gaits, and the best course is to abandon them altogether. There may be conditions under which they have their uses, but these conditions certainly do not exist in this part of the world.

It is not necessary, however, even if

we had space, to discuss here the technical details of horsemanship. In the main, as we have said, Colonel Dodge's instructions are sound and good, and can be read with profit by all horsemen and even, we venture to think, by many of our fox-hunters. The chief merit of the book is that it calls attention to the fact that there is a great deal in riding besides being carried by a horse and sticking on him somehow or other. Colonel Dodge, in a word, shows that the true art stretches far beyond those restricted limits. He teaches the important lesson, so very much needed here at this time, that there is a deal of fine riding outside of the hunt-clubs of this country, and even of England as well. The following sentence indeed should be written up in the premises of every hunt-club, country-club, and jockey-club in the United States. "It is the general impression among men who ride to hounds, and still more among men who pretend to do so, that leaping is the *ultima thule* of equestrianism; and that a man who can sit a horse over a four-foot hurdle has graduated in the art of horsemanship. The corollary to this error is also an article of faith among men who hunt, that is, that no other class of riders can leap their horses boldly and well. But both ideas are as strange as they are mistaken." In one word, this book teaches us to be liberal in our ideas, and to realize that the riding of an English groom is not the *ne plus ultra* of horsemanship. The noble and manly art of riding is just beginning to develop in this country, and it ought to be encouraged and strengthened in every possible way. There is at this moment danger of its being injured, and of its growth being retarded by its falling into the hands of small sets of men, who know no other standard than their own very narrow one, who have a tendency to convert cross-country riding and fox-hunting into steeple-chasing and a fierce competition in jumping, who hunt to

jump fences instead of jumping fences in order to hunt, and who thus and in divers other ways disgust and drive off many persons whom, in the interests of riding, they should strive to conciliate. These very men are bold riders and often real lovers of the horse, but they are unintentionally standing in the way of what they wish to promote. The riding community hereabouts requires just at this time a little liberal education. It needs to learn respect for various methods, and to appreciate the work done by various nations. In driving the trotting horse no one approaches the American; in racing and cross-country riding England stands at the head; but we must go to France for the best system of managing and developing the *cheval de promenade*, and for the best methods of training. We are in danger

here of forgetting all this, and nine riding men out of ten, who perhaps never heard of Baucher, will sneer at the French system of training as circus tricks, without being aware that it is purely scientific; that its one object is complete control of the horse, and that the man capable of training a horse properly must of necessity be a fine rider, with coolness of temper, strength of seat, intelligence of hand, patience, courage, and discretion. Colonel Dodge's book is liberalizing, and it should be heartily welcomed on this account if on no other. It may be both warmly and safely commended to all lovers of horses and to all who ride. We need to widen our horizon and elevate our standards, and this volume is the first effort we have seen by any American horseman to do both.

FRANCISQUE SARCEY.

FRANCISQUE SARCEY is to-day the foremost critic in French dramatic literature, and in a country where the stage holds so high a place in the opinions of both native and foreign audiences, the judgment of an authority such as Sarcey is often final, and always awaited with interest. His own contributions to literature have not been either frequent or important, for he has given his strength to the business of his life, the rapid composition of critical notices of new plays, new operas, new books, and even new pictures, — all the world of art is his, over which for many years he has held absolute sway. He has succeeded to Jules Janin, in the place he holds in public estimation, but he has brought to his task many qualifications which Janin lacked, and he has therefore been able to hold his own against the growing force of critics engaged in enlightening

the world as to what it ought to think of the last novelty. Following the example of so many of the living leaders of literature, both in England and in France, he has determined to tell his own story, and thus avoid the risks incidental to posthumous biography. His book has the charm of that first condition of successful literary work in France, a clear style, simple, succinct, and well sustained.¹ It is much better in this regard than the recent biography of Michelet, in which his widow has published so much of her grief and admiration that the story, as Michelet told it, has lost a great deal of its interest. Sarcey's book has the advantage over that of Maxime Ducamp that it is shorter, and that it is his own story. Ducamp wants to make his recollection

¹ *Souvenirs de Jeunesse*. Par FRANCISQUE SARCEY. Paris: Ollendorff. 1885.

tions exhaustive, and so many worthies of all ranks figure in the pages of his two bulky volumes that they leave no very distinct impression of anybody. Sarcey tells the plain, straightforward story of his literary life, his training as child and boy and man, his hard work as a teacher, and his sudden and successful emancipation into the world of letters. It has that rare merit in a French book, not professedly religious, of being perfectly clean. It gives a capital sketch of domestic life in a modest sphere, and shows how in France fair ability, with hard work, finds its recognition, and secures its possessor, in the end, a fair place. As a child, he heard his father, a village school-teacher, read the best French dramas, and from that day he was unconsciously beginning to train himself for the future dramatic critic of the leading journal of Paris. In Paris itself, in the outset of his studies in the Normal School, he became one of the enthusiastic disciples of Chev , the leader of the school of Tonic Sol Fa instruction in music. He was brought into the charmed circle of those who believed in it as if it were the only solution of music for the people, by his schoolfellow, Edmond About, who in this and in other respects was a sort of mental sponsor for Sarcey. The story of Chev  and of his predecessors, Galin and Aim  Paris, is admirably told; and it is well worth the telling, for it is an example of unselfish devotion to a cause that, in the eyes of its champions, was worthy of every sacrifice. To-day, in France, there are hundreds of thousands of men and women enjoying music through the system that is here described, and even in the modest beginnings of the same method in this country there is some encouragement for those who have an abiding faith in the power of ideas and their vitality. Far more important is Sarcey's description of the rise and progress of the " cole Morale," the

alma mater of so many of the leading and representative men of modern France. Sarcey's immediate contemporaries were Taine, About, Weiss, Challemel-Lacour, Pr vost-Paradol, — men whose training and ambition were to fit themselves to become professors, for in France the scholastic hierarchy is absolute, and the Minister of Education in Paris appoints the faculty of the provincial schools on an entirely irresponsible basis of authority; there are no local boards to be consulted, no examiners to be faced, — the graduate of the Normal School is assigned his post, and the reports of successive inspectors and a little influence carry him from one end of France to another, until he finally arrives at that elysium of every Frenchman, Paris itself, with the certainty of a pension at the end of thirty-five years of service, and the possibility of the university, the academy, and even the ministry, as the great prizes in the long race for pedagogic honors. Three years at the Normal School in Paris supply plenty of material for an account of training utterly unlike that of our colleges, or those of England and Germany, and well worth comparing to our own very different system. The business of teaching began for Sarcey at Chaumont, in 1851; then it was taken up at Lesneven, carried on at Rodez, and completed at Grenoble. Each change was made by an arbitrary exercise of authority, and often there was abundant reason for it, for Sarcey is perfectly frank and ingenuous in telling his story, but he does it in such a way as to show admirably all the faults of such a system of centralization. Teaching classics in each of the successive classes, then rhetoric, then philosophy, there was no question of consulting the teacher's own fitness, or even that of his colleagues, for their respective tasks. The principal of each local college has a certain limited authority, but it is thrown into the shade by the inspectors, who come di-

rectly from the central bureau at Paris, are clothed with something of the sovereign power vested there, and make and unmake the professors by their reports, which are of course often influenced by personal and political likes and dislikes, and are always hidden under the veil of official secrecy, so that no man subject to the power of the minister knows when and how it will reach him. The only thing certain is that, after thirty-five years of work, there will be a pension of three hundred francs as the final outcome of a life of toil and sacrifice and struggle. So strong is the native French love of order and orderly occupation that nothing short of the crass stupidity of the Empire drove some of its ablest opponents from the comparative obscurity of their subordinate posts under the government, in the multifarious administration, into public life, and, of course, into active opposition. In this way the ranks of those who were growing bold in their attacks and outspoken in their opinions were recruited from the teachers, the Normal School especially supplying subtle minds and trained pens. Sarcey took the tide on the flood, and after the success of a few experimental essays in the *Figaro*, resigned his appointment and began his new life in Paris. His souvenirs end at

this point, and it rests with the public to decide whether or not they shall be continued, so as to tell the story of his later triumphs and the advantages of his assured position. His book is an admirable example of the merits of his style, with the clear, crisp, sharp, sententious writing that comes from thorough training, and long experience of just what to say and what to leave unsaid. It gives a capital picture of the life of the class of which he is so good a representative, of plain, honest, modest, industrious *bourgeois*, raised above the peasant in intelligence or education, and free from the vices and the faults of the aristocracy, but ambitious to learn and to do, proud of its hard earned successes, and thoroughly alive to the distinction that lifts the man of letters, who has made his mark, out of the rank and file of the great army of office-holders. The story of Sarcey's training and of his emancipation from the bureaucracy into the noble army of free lances of letters is a characteristic bit of modern French life, little known outside the charmed circle, and well worth the reading, both because it is so well told, and because it deserves the telling, as a side light upon the shifting drama of the France of our own day.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

DOUBTLESS there are persons so happily constituted by nature that, metaphorically speaking, they can "shut up shop" at a moment's notice, and go junketing with a merry comrade, or at least can enjoy all the legal holidays in their lot without suffering Black Care to follow them. But the most of us live under a very different dispensation: when we are not pursuing our occupa-

tion, our occupation is diligently pursuing us; in truth, we are not long in discovering that there is no earthly paradise but our tyrant has an extradition treaty with that country; no reputed free soil, but a fugitive slave law is in force there. Everywhere we meet our fellow-runaways. From being runaways ourselves, we are able to detect others in like case. Moreover, some of

these fled too hastily to fit themselves with a proper disguise, and therefore their shop garments do bewray them. And again, while we have been in conversation with them, — even as the word was upon their lips, have they not been nabbed by the Demon of Brown Study, and spirited away before our very eyes? We smiled indulgently upon the unceremonious manner of their leave-taking, knowing that in this respect we had much to be remitted to ourselves. All vocations are represented by these refugees; and where any two of like occupation meet, a third person shall overhear much that might be termed shop-talk; thus merchant converses with brother merchant, school-teacher with school-teacher, farmer with farmer, each two in an idiom of their own, the import of which but vaguely reaches the intelligence of the uninitiate. Of all these fugitive shop-keepers, the writer, though seemingly most free, is perhaps least able to snap the charmed tether that binds him to his occupation. Wherever he goes, he still must be gathering, in the interest of a recondite and incalculable fund technically known as *Material*. So, although he may decree to himself a vacation, drop his faithful implement, the pen, and leave behind him the four walls of his shop, it is only to find himself in a larger shop, where the abundance of riches is like to prove an embarrassment. His scope of inquiry has a Socratic breadth, including all manner of men, their occupations and amusements. It is his business to know something of everything, from the generation of antique gods to the combinations, human and circumstantial, that seat prime ministers and the presidents of republics. He aims to know what life is in a trapper's or a squatter's hut in the unkempt western wilderness, and what it is in the courtly circles of the metropolis. It is within his province to understand the processes employed in a paper-mill, and the delicate craftsman-

ship given to the making of a watch. To him there is nothing great or small, since with a stroke of the pen he can render marvelous the dullest commonplace, or can reduce a hero to the figure which he is said to present to his valet.

It is probably not well understood outside the profession how extreme is the impatience which seizes upon the *littérateur* at beholding any cultivable ground left fallow. I once heard one of the craft remark to another: "What a pity it is your friend does not write her memoirs, or at least put the material in some clever person's hands to work up: if I were you, I would *nag* her until she let me do it!" Such, commonly, is the writer's abhorrence of waste that his economic and utilitarian principles are applied selfward as well as to the outer world. With Heine he might affirm,

"Out of my own great woe
I make my little songs."

He can't afford to let any tender or romantic passage in his own experience go tithe-free; it must be turned to account to swell the bulk of *Material*. The note-taking instinct never slumbers. In the midst of some delightful vagary, he must catch himself up, to recall how it originated, and to determine whether it be worth clapping into some pigeon-hole of the memory for use hereafter; if he walks with Nature, he looks and listens with shrewd inquisitorial eye and ear, having intent to report every trick of manner, every tone and syllable of her artless confidence; if he reads a book, he is not without the impulse to lay up serviceable quotations.

It may be observed that the literary adept has a way of engaging his friends and acquaintances in conversation upon the particular subject in which he happens to be interested. He does this in so skillful a manner that his obliging fellow-conversationalists never suspect the turn they have served; indeed, it takes one of his own trade, acquainted

with all its methods and exigencies, to discover his social thrift. Otherwise, how should I have guessed that the distinguished preacher, who came down from his study to chat with us for a few moments, was endeavoring to compensate for the interruption by laying us all under contribution to the sermon left unfinished upstairs? With an apparently careless, "I have been thinking," he drew the conversation into the channel in which his own thoughts were running. So I surmised at the time, and was agreeably corroborated in my supposition when a few days later I had the pleasure of reading the sermon in print.

It not infrequently happens that those who live under the same roof with a literary workman acquire an almost professional zeal in looking after the interests of the shop, constituting themselves a reportorial association to lay before him whatever in their daily experience and observation they may deem of use as Material. Such service being based upon love, and totally disconnected from lucre, is a department in literary backwork which has never yet received the recognition to which it is entitled by desert.

— It does not seem to me that Henry James has quite got at the heart of the matter, when he says in his recent article on George Eliot that the marriage of "the nunlike" Dinah Morris "shocks the reader, who sees in it a base concession." He calls it a "*trouvaille*" of Mr. Lewes', and rejoices to exonerate George Eliot from having conceived it. Nevertheless, her responsibility as an artist and moralist is deeply involved in the marriage, as she declares in one of her letters that she "accepted the idea at once, and from the end of the third chapter worked with it constantly in view." This statement proves that the union was deliberately planned all through the development of the story and of the characters, so that it cannot

be considered in the light of a convenient concluding accident. If Dinah be "nunlike," she was nevertheless created for marriage; but to apply the term "nunlike" to her indicates a confusion of ideas. Her saintliness is not of Catholic origin. Methodism and Quakerism produce spiritual and ascetic women without the tendency to celibacy. Lucretia Mott is an instance of such development on a stage of action which gave her character some historical significance, and she was a wife at eighteen; and George Eliot's aunt, whose religious experience suggested Dinah Morris to the author, was herself a married woman.

The essential reason for the marriage, however, lies in Adam's own nature and history. In real life, such a man would certainly marry, and in the novel, it is artistically right that he should marry the woman who serves as a link to bind together all the various persons and interests of the story. This office of Dinah's, as the unifying principle in the story, must not be overlooked in any adequate criticism. To say that a more buxom mate would have been more suitable to Adam, if marry he must, is simply, as George Eliot remarks of a criticism which some one made on the plot of *The Mill on the Floss*, to say that a book entirely different from *Adam Bede* should have been written. Surely, it would not have been well to end with the vague statement that after a while Adam married somebody, and it would also have been poor art to introduce another woman into the body of the narrative, who would have diverted attention from the contrasted characters of Dinah and Hetty. I contend that it is not only natural that Adam should marry, but it is artistically necessary, in order that the tragedy may not be over-weighted. Neither Arthur nor Hetty is a character of sufficient moral import to entail lasting consequences of a fatal nature on deeper

souls. The agony of Hetty's wanderings and death; Arthur's lifelong regret, with the especial sting in it, that it is useless; Adam and Dinah so pained that they can never take any after happiness quite joyfully, — these suffice. George Eliot knew life and art too well to destroy the harmony between cause and effect by making the tragedy greater still. She was not young when she wrote, and she had known how the heart heals even over a wound from which the soul never quite recovers. Hetty is too slight a thing to move more terrible issues. Had the result of their sins been greater, the reader might have been stirred to irritation against Arthur and Hetty, but George Eliot wishes them to be seen through the medium of pity, — a sort of light which, if not in all senses an artistic light, seems still to partake intimately of the nature of divine art.

— Probably few of us would be greatly strengthened in the secretly cherished dogma of auto-infallibility, could we foresee to what mutation our present opinions, tastes, desires, sympathies, and adherencies would be subject during the next twenty years. We are right to think and feel as we do now (no doubt of that!). Shall we be right also when, by and by, we find ourselves at the very antipodes of our own present estate of thought and feeling? We are not mood-slaves, nor faith-breakers, nor time-servers, yet what vagrancy and zigzagging our line of travel presents! Stability wins our allegiance; any fickleness of judgment or of will offends us, and turns us away from him who betrays it; we so repel the thought of unsteadfastness in our own purpose and conduct that we are almost ready to announce it a species of virtue to be established, though for the worse, and a species of vice to be changed, though for the better.

As to mental mutability, the world might be divided into three classes: those who frequently and inconsequent-

ly change their minds and who are scarcely more conscious than are other ephemera of the metamorphoses undergone; those who *consent* to change their minds, dreading not to forsake the old domicile of opinion and purpose if the spirit's growing life shall be better accommodated in the new; and those who change their minds *under protest*, grieving at what they regard as evidence of instability in themselves. Such, —

“Knowing the heart of man is set to be
The centre of this world, about the which
These revolutions of disturbances
Still roll,”

consider that it is laid upon them to maintain a kind of centric immobility, failing of which, nothing less than the destruction of their whole starry system would result. Apparently, they forget that the “heart of man,” as well as its fluctuating satellites, has an orbit to accomplish in space, which it does, by its own law of motion.

We should perhaps feel less poignantly those alterations which, without our fault, come over our spiritual existence, if we but reflected that, however sudden and startling our discovery of them, their progress has been steady, and not violent. “Yesterday this day's madness did prepare;” so, if the case be lamentable, the votive cup of our tears belongs to yesterday rather than to the present day. We might do worse than to temper the sharpness of regret, thus, with a drop or two from the vial of fatalism. Who does not feel that in himself are various selves, each destined, by a hidden but just plan of rotation, to have its turn and ascendancy? It belongs to the statesmanship of self-government to find and declare the unity running through all these successive administrations. But it is urged, “There is in me a Protean spirit that baffles inspection.” How then? Is not our Proteus like its namesake of old, that after so many antic transformations and sly evasions was at last cornered and brought to reveal

to the Argive heroes returning from Troy what they sought to learn regarding their fortunes?

If the physical self is completely renovated once in every seven years, and if in the course of a lifetime we have been provided with so many different tenements, why may there not have been as many different tenants? In one view of the case, it would seem a pity that nature should give us so many new bodies, and there make a stay of her benevolence, leaving us with the same old minds!

If, some grounds of former belief or action having been relinquished, I am accused of unsteadfastness, nothing daunted, nothing disheartened, let me reply, "You are mistaken; I have not changed my mind, — but my mind has changed me." I would not stand out against the authority of this resident vicegerent, obeying which it is possible to feel an almost jocund irresponsibility as to consequences. I would heed the royal edict of Antoninus, "Reverence the faculty which produces opinion."

Observing that Nature abhors a standstill not less than she does a vacuum, that growth and change are everywhere bound together, and that it is the inorganic and senseless which change least effects, I no longer covet static existence; rather am I thankful that the mind in me is of convertible stuff, and so constituted that it can beat Change on its own ground. It might have been reverie — yet I thought myself fully awake, when lately I heard the Muses chanting this song,

OF THE CONSTANT.

I AM not constant as yon constant rocks,
That have their bases under ocean's floor,
That yield no piteous span, receive no score,
Though ships make thither, waves deal shocks on
shocks;

I am but constant as the sea, whose flocks,
How wide soe'er they wander, evermore
Morning and evening crowd the vacant shore
At beck of her who smiles through silvery locks, —
Constant but as the oak, now bare and dry,
That soon the genial season shall restore

And its gray arms with fluttering honors fill, —
Or as the violet, that seems to die,
Yet can its azure angel lift it still
To greet the coming springtime as before.

— In Lounsbury's Life of Cooper (of which let me say, in passing, that it seems to me a model for that kind of writing) occurs the following comment: "There are those with great faults which please and impress us far more than those in which the component parts are better balanced." The criticism is applied to Cooper's novels, which the biographer considers as belonging to the class here described. Whether we think this judgment just or not with respect to Cooper, the remark contains a general truth, easily recognized as applicable to certain of Cooper's fellow craftsmen; to Dickens, for instance, whose extraordinary powers will always continue to impress those who are the quickest to see and feel his imperfections. But the above-quoted sentence struck me at once on reading it as being significant with regard to Cooper himself as well as his works.

Cooper was a man whose worst defects were more readily seen by the outside world in general than his good qualities. It is not surprising that his brusqueness of manner, which in the excitement of discussion often looked like violence, his lack of patience with other people's opinions, his contempt for which he sometimes was not at the pains to conceal, should have repelled a great many of his acquaintance. Yet those who could see below the surface, and who had opportunity to observe him in his domestic relations, must have felt that while there was much in him to forgive there was also much to love and honor. In this respect Cooper is a type of many others, men and women, whom I, for one, find no difficulty in tolerating, even liking, partly, perhaps, for the reason that they fare so badly with the majority. It is a question of taste, doubtless, and they who

prefer a negative character, incapable of giving offense, to one in which faults and virtues are prominent alike, have a right to their preference. It is very unwise and a mark of inexperience to undervalue an amiable disposition; but, on the other hand, the lack of it may be compensated for by other admirable and lovable qualities, and pure negativity is often the most irritating thing possible. That the irritation is not altogether reasonable and justifiable does not help the matter. Yet complain as we may of the superficial judgments so common in the world, and however much we are disinclined to follow or be led by them, it is impossible to deny that such surface estimates are after all the only ones practicable, as the world goes. The fact is unmistakable, whether we like it or not, that our acquaintance judge of us by the appearance, the outside, not by the inner truth of our being. It can hardly be otherwise. Inner and outer ought to correspond, but who will give us credit for lovely qualities of the spirit that persist in hiding themselves shyly?

Cooper and those who resemble him forget the outside,—do not realize that to escape the imputation of arrogance, violence, and conceit they must avoid the appearance of anything that may be mistaken for these unlovely traits, since a world not made up of Solomons will not spend time or thought in distinguishing show from substance. Every day

one lives, the plainer it becomes that one's influence depends almost wholly upon one's personality, and not only on *what* one says and does, but *how* it is done and said. The speech or action gains weight and credit from the speaker or doer; the same thing said differently by a different person will produce comparatively little impression. Let a man give utterance to what is in reality a well-considered opinion in an eager and hasty fashion, the opinion will be taken not for what it is worth in itself, but as partaking of the ill-advised rashness with which it has been pronounced. Few people are sufficiently interested in an impersonal subject, in the discussion of any more or less abstract truth for its own sake, to overlook anything not to their taste in the manner of their interlocutors, or to prevent prejudice with regard to the speakers from biasing their reception of the words spoken.

Whoso is a really ardent advocate of a special truth or theory, let him then take heed to the fashion of his advocacy, since a small thing may lose him his cause. It will be little comfort to complain of the folly of his hearer, whom, had he had been wise and well informed, the pleader would have had no need to enlighten. Our characteristic modes of behavior and speech may not express us wholly, and therefore not altogether truly; yet how can we deny that, after all, these traits are our own, and so to a certain extent the manner is the man.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

History. A new edition, two volumes in one, has been issued of George W. Williams's *History of the Negro Race in America, from 1619 to 1880*. We have already received the work, and this edition does not appear to contain any additions or changes. — *Military Manners and Customs*, by I. A. Farrer (Holt), is a *résumé*, in readable form, of the principal points in the history of war, such as treatment of prisoners, rules about spies,

the change of weapons, the meaning of parts of dress. The study, it appears, is to be called *belology*. There can be no objection to calling it so, the author says. Yes, there is. We do not want any more mixed technical terms. *Machiology* would be better, and it is just as disagreeable a word. We like the conclusion of the book, for the author, after his industrious explanations in the antiquities of the subject, turns to the ethical side,

and shows that the disintegration of the war spirit may be looked for in the exercise of the individual conscience, by which the soldier ceases to be, as now, a non-moral agent. — American Presbyterianism, its origin and early history, together with an appendix of letters and documents, many of which have recently been discovered, by Charles Augustus Briggs. (Scribners.) A close study of the facts of the subject, untouched by any imaginative light, but strictly, dryly, matter of fact. It has all the appearance of thoroughness, yet we are a little puzzled over the account of New England Presbyterianism. The casual reader would suppose that New England was founded by Presbyterians, but that there was some subtle influence called Congregationalism, which had the effect to shorten the chapter in Dr. Briggs's history. — New Light on Mormonism, by Mrs. Ellen E. Dickinson, with an introduction by Thurlow Weed. (Funk & Wagnalls.) Mrs. Dickinson's new light is thrown chiefly upon the origin of the sect, and especially on the invention of the Book of Mormon. — The third volume of Taine's *The French Revolution* has been published. The translation is by John Durand. (Holt.) — Russia Under the Tsars, by Stepiak (Scribner's Sons), gives a lurid picture of Russian despotism. Like *Underground Russia*, the work is a series of detached studies.

Biography. The latest volume in the American Statesmen Series is Samuel Adams, by J. K. Hosmer. (Houghton.) Mr. Hosmer has the first requisite of a biographer, hearty interest in his subject; and he has given Adams his place, which is not on a pedestal, but on the pavement, with much skill and animation. The town meeting, as a political force, is well understood and described; but the most serviceable part of Mr. Hosmer's work is his individualizing of this man of the town meeting, "always awake, though others might want to sleep; always at work, though others might be tired." We are not so sure that he has clearly defined the limitations of Adams's political thought. — In the Men of Letters Series (Houghton), the latest number is Nathaniel Parker Willis, by Henry A. Beers. Barring a tendency to imitate his subject's jauntiness, Mr. Beers has written with a clear sense of Willis's light weight. He has been commendably patient and thorough in his sifting of material, and since Willis was the best representative of one phase of our literary history, it is a satisfaction to have so clean and complete a picture of the man and his surroundings. In taking account of Willis's character, however, has Mr. Beers sufficiently considered the self-indulgence which enfeebled a writer who might have been light without being weak? A man who is indifferent to his pecuniary obligations is not the one to have the most sensitive literary conscience. — Louis Pasteur, His Life and Labors, by his son-in-law. Translated from the French by Lady Claud Hamilton. (Appleton.) The French title of this work was felicitous: *Histoire d'un Savant, par un Ignorant*, and describes the attitude taken by the author. He might not like to be called *un Ignorant* by any one but himself, but he intends to say that he writes for the average reader concerning the work of a most

interesting man of science, translating the technical phrases which Pasteur would use in addressing his colleagues, and omitting whatever is too abstruse for the laity. The author is plainly the hero's son-in-law, and not his valet. — Chinese Gordon, the Uncrowned King; his character as it is portrayed in his private letters. Compiled by Laura C. Holloway. (Funk & Wagnalls.) A mosaic which cannot help giving some hints of Gordon's character, in more ways than the compiler supposes. — Henry Irving, by William Winter (Geo. J. Coombes), is a collection of critical articles which originally appeared in the columns of the N. Y. Tribune. It is seldom that dramatic criticism gets the chance, or deserves the chance, to repeat itself as literature. Though the reader may not always accept Mr. Winter's point of view, and so fail at times to share his enthusiasm, the impression will remain that these essays were well worth preserving in book-form. For instance, it would have been a pity to have such charming and thoughtful chapters as *The Golden Age of Acting* and *The Influence of the Stage* lost in the oblivion of yesterday's newspaper. The woodcut portraits of Mr. Irving and Miss Terry narrowly miss being very poor.

Philosophy and Religion. Dr. McCosh's Philosophic Series (Scribners) has advanced to its eighth number: Herbert Spencer's *Philosophy* as culminated in his *Ethics*. By this short cut one may at once know what Mr. Spencer maintains, and also how idle his speculation is. — *The Nature and Reality of Religion*; a controversy between Frederic Harrison and Herbert Spencer. (Appleton.) In this philosophical duel, each combatant blazes away after he has been killed. — *Sermons* by Bishop Matthew Simpson, of the Methodist Episcopal church. Edited from short hand reports, by Geo. R. Crooks. (Harpers.) Bishop Simpson was a great orator; he was also a man of great administrative power. He was probably more like John Wesley than any of that founder's successors. These qualities are suggested by this volume, rather than directly expressed in it. The vitality of the sermons was so much in the man, that one feels at once the need of the human voice; yet the man was so subordinated to his work that a book could fairly set him forth, and these sermons, direct, large-minded, impatient of petty considerations, disclose something of the secret of the bishop's power. — *The Protestant Faith, or Salvation by Belief*; an Essay upon the errors of the Protestant Church: by Dwight Hinkley Olmstead (Putnams): a not very forcible tractate against the error which makes intellectual belief the basis of religion. Mr. Olmstead's reasoning is too restricted to reach very important results. An inquiry into the bases of Protestantism would disclose more fundamental truths.

Travel and Nature. — *Life and Travel in India*: being recollections of a journey before the days of railroads, by Anna Harriette Leonowens. (Porter & Coates.) The author, well-known by her work on Siam, has thrown into this record of travel a good deal of personality, and evidently takes more interest in the persons of India than in the antiqui-

ties or natural scenes. It is odd that she should describe the feats of jugglers without apparently having her own curiosity so far aroused as to venture on any explanation. — *Home Studies in Nature*, by Mary Treat (Harpers): A very unpretentious and agreeable record of observations, by a patient observer, among birds, insects, and plants. We welcome such books, not only on their own account, but because they constitute a rational corrective to a too analytical and, so to speak, inhumane study of nature. — *Boots and Saddles, or Life in Dakota with General Custer*, by Elizabeth B. Custer (Harpers): a lively, fresh narrative of domestic life in the cavalry service, and when one considers what that domestic life must have been, one readily sees that Mrs. Custer's book has plenty of adventure in it. It is possessed by a refreshingly hearty spirit. — *The Rescue of Greely*, by Commander W. S. Schley and Professor J. R. Soley (Scribners): a plain narrative, with all the official documents, and useful maps. The pictures have the general fidelity of photographs, but little artistic value. — *Fly Rods and Fly Tackle*: suggestions as to their manufacture and use, by Henry P. Wells (Harpers): a very full and unconventional treatise, based on personal experience, and enlivened by accounts of personal adventures. — *In a Trip to Hawaii*, published by the Oceanic Steamship Company of San Francisco, one finds a guide-book of the customary external seductiveness, but the interest in it is increased by discovering that it is written by Charles Warren Stoddard, whose *South Sea Idylls* formed an agreeable addition to literature a few years ago. It is a guide-book after all, and rather a cheap piece of literature. — *De Paris à San Francisco*, par Lambert de Sainte-Croix (Calmann Lévy, Paris), is a bright little volume containing the notes and impressions of an intelligent Frenchman, who looks at America through rose-colored spectacles, and shares his pleasant experiences with the reader. A traveler of this sort is a *rara avis* in the United States.

Fiction. — Fitz James O'Brien's *The Diamond Lens* and other stories has been republished in a paper-covered edition. (Scribners.) There is a vividness about O'Brien's best work which is pretty sure to attract anew successive generations of young readers. — *The Adventures of Timias Terrystone*, by O. B. Bunce (Appleton), is a novel in autobiographic form, which recalls Sterne by its mannerism, but being written in the latter part of the nineteenth century is less broad and less long. It is an amiable little book, by a man who plainly is in love with literature and art. — *Across the Chasm* (Scribners) is rather a severe title for a light, agreeable book. It is in effect a study of manners among gentlemen in the North and the South. The author apparently intends to make much of deeper distinction, but forgets herself and relapses into what is more of a young lady's judgment of men. The book is, nevertheless, so graceful in many ways that its timidity and faintness of touch become almost virtues. — *Within the Capes*, by Howard Pyle (Scribners) is a story rather than a novel, and has a special element of attractiveness in its representation of

life, apparently, on the Delaware. The time is the early part of this century, and the scenes are amphibious, half on water and half on land. — *Pulpit and Easel*, by Mary B. Sleight (Crowell), is a serious story which rests for its principal concern on the choice of a profession. Shall one be a minister or an artist? and if an artist, may he not still be a religious man, and in some subtle way a preacher? The art of the book is hardly equal to the sermonizing. — The Harpers have begun a Handy Series, issued weekly, and containing miniature novels like *Mignon*, or *Bootle's Baby*, by J. S. Winter. — In the Franklin Square Library (Harpers) recent numbers are *Boulderstone*, by William Sime; *Gerald*, by Eleanor C. Price; *Lester's Secret*, by Mary Cecil Hay; *The Shadow of a Crime*, by Hall Caine; *A Week of Passion*, by Edward Jenkins; *Captain Brand of the Centipede*, by H. A. Wise; and *Lazarus in London*, by F. W. Robinson. — *Without a Home*, by E. P. Roe (Dodd, Mead & Co.), is published in quarto paper form. The publishers state: "The other works of E. P. Roe are not published in this form, and can be had in the regular 12mo edition only, at \$1.50 per volume." We believe the same legend is at the head of *Opening of a Chestnut Burr*. — *Tales from Many Sources* (Dodd, Mead & Co.) is a collection of brief tales principally from one source, — the English magazines. The first three volumes of the series, which is a very good one, embraces stories by Thomas Hardy, F. Anstey, Stevenson, Norris, Charles Reade, William Black, and the author of *John Inglesant*.

Social and Economical Science. — *The Life of Society*; a General View, by Edmund Woodward Brown. (Putnams.) Mr. Brown treats his subject in a thoughtful manner, but it is his manner rather than his matter which suggests thought. There is a serious consideration of commonplaces, but a failure, we think, to get hold of radical principles. For example, he speaks as if man became a social and political being, and does not seem to conceive of him as essentially social and political. It is a little odd also to find a volume upon society and scarcely a hint of the nation as determining society. — *Working People and their Employers*, by Washington Gladden (Funk & Wagnalls): a volume of sermons in form but containing a freer and more candid handling of the theme than one generally finds in sermons. Dr. Gladden has a strong desire to bring the immutable truths of the gospel to bear upon the problems which especially concern laborers and employers to-day. He has translated Paul into American. — *Man's Birthright, or the Higher Law of Property*, by Edward H. G. Clark. (Putnams.) Mr. Clark, starting with the premise that the earth belongs to mankind, and the land of the United States to the people of the United States, proceeds to the conclusion that persons occupying land are tenants of the people and should pay rent in the form of an income tax; that the money thus collected should pay all the expenses of government, federal, state, and municipal. The book is in a measure a correction of Mr. Henry George's doctrine of the nationalization of land. — *Pocket Tariff of the United States Customs Duties*, by

John G. Wilson (G. W. Sheldon & Co., New York), contains full information arranged in alphabetical order. It also has full shipping instructions for importers and tourists. We are pleased to see that Chinese bombs as fire-crackers have to pay a duty of 100 per cent. — A Primer of Tariff Reform, by David A. Wells (Cassell), like most catechisms, arranges the answers according to the views of the catechizer. The catechumen is gagged. — Society in London, by a foreign resident (Harpers), is apparently written to catch some of the breezes which have been blowing Society in Berlin into popularity. It is scarcely so penetrating as that clever work. It is indeed little more than a rapid survey of the subject such as a dozen journalists in London might make on demand. — Two recent numbers of Questions of the Day (Putnams) are The Progress of the Working Classes in the last half century, by Robert Giffen, and Defective and Corrupt Legislation, the cause and remedy, by Simon Sterne. — Alfred F. Sears presented to the American Society of Civil Engineers an interesting paper on Commercial Cities; the law of their birth and growth, which has been published in the Transactions of the society. He reaches the conclusion: "Railroads have increased the commercial wealth and machinery, but as yet they have not, and I dare to say they never will, divert trade from the line of direction of natural channels." — The third biennial report of the Bureau of Labor Statistics of Illinois has been issued by the state printer. (H. W. Rokker, Springfield, Illinois.) The little biographies of blacksmiths and other laborers are interesting reading, all the more so, that no names are given. Here is one of No. 41, a laborer, Irish. "Earnings of father, \$400. Condition: Family numbers six — parents and four children, three boys aged one, two and three, and one girl five years of age. Occupy a house containing three rooms, for which they pay a rental of \$10 monthly. *The parents are intelligent, and seem to be satisfied and enjoy life. Being young people, they take little interest as yet in labor organizations.*" As the newspapers say, the italics are our own.

Humor. Flatland, a Romance of Many Dimensions (Roberts), is a diverting skit by some mathematician, who has amused himself with imagining a world made up wholly of two dimensions, length and breadth. — Lyra Bicyclica: sixty poets on the wheel, by Joseph G. Dalton. (E. C. Hodges & Co., Boston.) Parodies and other frivolities which may have amused the writer, and have done him no harm. A reader, however, with choice of torture, might prefer to be broken on another wheel.

Conduct.—Oats or Wild Oats? common-sense for young men, by J. M. Buckley. (Harpers.) The readers presumed by this book are young men of vague notions about their plans of life. Accordingly, a survey is attempted of various professions and occupations from farmer to dentist, and advice is given on the choice to be made, as also upon various other subjects of conduct. The multiplicity

of subjects saves the writer from being tedious on any one of them, but the common-sense and commonplace are pretty interchangeable. — Words of Advice, for Parents, and Young Men and Women, by a Father. (Cleaves, Macdonald & Co., Boston.) More good-sense: more commonplace. But, after all, is not commonplace safer than paradox?

Science. A Reprint of Annual Reports and other papers on the Geology of the Virginias is the title of a work drawn from the several publications of the late W. B. Rogers. (Appleton.) The reports originally proceeded from the Geological Survey of Virginia, and are reprinted in their order of appearance from 1834 to 1841, while later papers appearing as late as 1882 are added. Very interesting and complete colored maps and charts accompany the volume. Professor Rogers was at the head of the survey, and the lapse of time of course does not impair the value of results. The book is in effect a directory to the mineral wealth of the slumbering commonwealth. — The Lenape Stone, or the Indian and the Mammoth, by H. C. Mercer. (Putnams.) A boy picked up a stone in the field of a farm in Pennsylvania. He sold it to another boy, and the second found another stone, nine years after the first, which fitted the first find. The Lenape Stone, thus found, contains a rude scratching of a mammoth, as well as some scenes in Indian life. Hence a laborious examination, much agonizing on the part of scientific experts, and hence this serious little monograph, in which all the facts are carefully garnered, and a whole museum of similar facts brought together for purposes of comparison. — Jelly-Fish, Star-Fish, and Sea-Urchins, being a research on primitive nervous systems, by G. J. Romanes, constitutes the forty-ninth volume of the International Scientific Series. (Appleton.) The book, besides its uses to the general reader, appeals to the working physiologist. We miss a reference to the nervous prostration of Medusa. Sea-urchins could scarcely be expected to be thus affected. Their business naturally would be to make others nervous.

Medicine and Hygiene.—How to Drain a House, practical information for householders, by George E. Waring, Jr. (Holt.) Colonel Waring appears as the housewife's ally in her contest with the plumber, by providing her with an intelligible conception of what can and what cannot be done in house drainage. It is a comfort to learn that we really are better off with drains than without, and that the tendency is toward simplicity of apparatus. — A convenient volume, Diet for the Sick, has been prepared by the experienced Mrs. Henderson. It is a treatise on the values of foods, their application to special conditions of health and disease, and on the best methods of their preparation. Its most practical service will be as a cook-book for the sick room. (Harpers.) — The Invalid's Tea-Tray, by Susan Anna Brown (J. R. Osgood & Co.), is an attractive and admirably arranged little volume that really supplies a want, — which can hardly be said of most new cookery-books.